Saturday Review

February 15, 1964 25¢

EDUCATION

# WHY ART IN EDUCATION?

By Kenneth M. Scollon

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*Delphic Sybil, by Michelangelo, Sistine Chapel, Rome (see Education)*

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# Where are you most apt to run into a Picasso, Chagall or Cocteau? It may come as a shock.

That starry playground, the Riviera, has become one of the great museums of modern art.

If this startles you remember that nobody appreciates beautiful country, beautiful food and beautiful models more than a French painter. So, many settled in the hills of the Mediterranean.

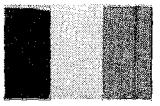
Cocteau illustrated the seaside chapel of Villefranche. It's so enchanting it turns the plainest wedding into a fairy tale. Matisse created his masterpiece nearby. The red, white and blue chapel of Vence.

Picasso's bronze *L'Homme au Mouton* stands smack in the square of Vallauris, a pottery town near Cannes. Many of the ceramics he made there are on view in a gorgeous villa in Antibes.

Léger's 150-foot mural and most awesome stained glass window are in Biot. And Menton boasts a unique collection of Chagall, Dufy, Modigliani and Utrillo.

The Riviera is bountiful with galleries and museums. But you don't have to be a painter or an art buff to go there.

You'll do just fine if you appreciate beautiful country, beautiful food and beautiful models.



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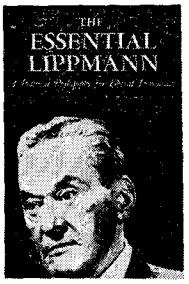


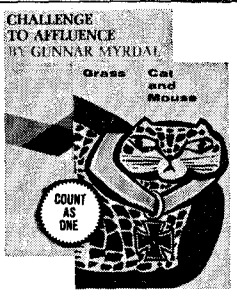


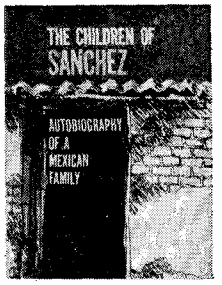


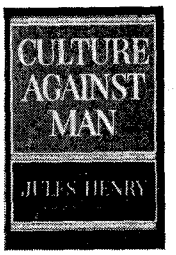


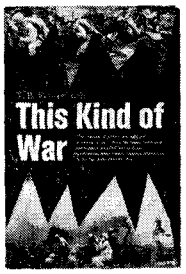


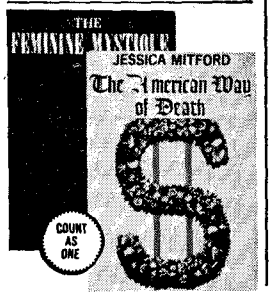


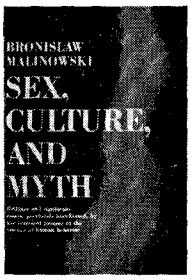


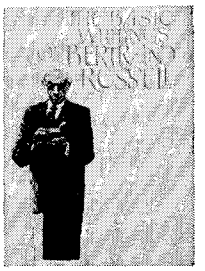


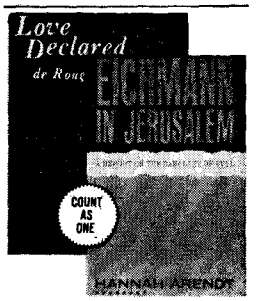


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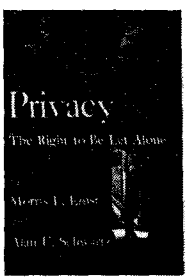


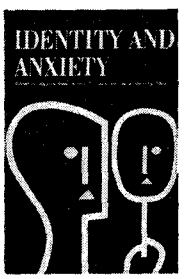

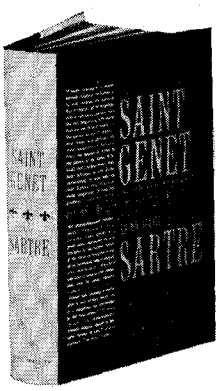


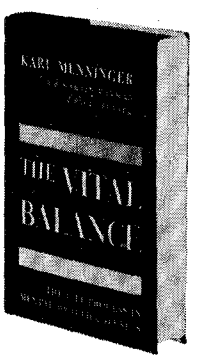


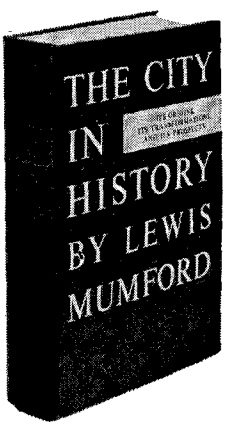


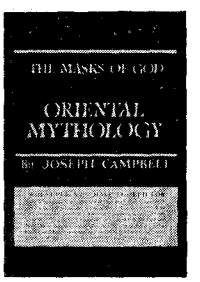


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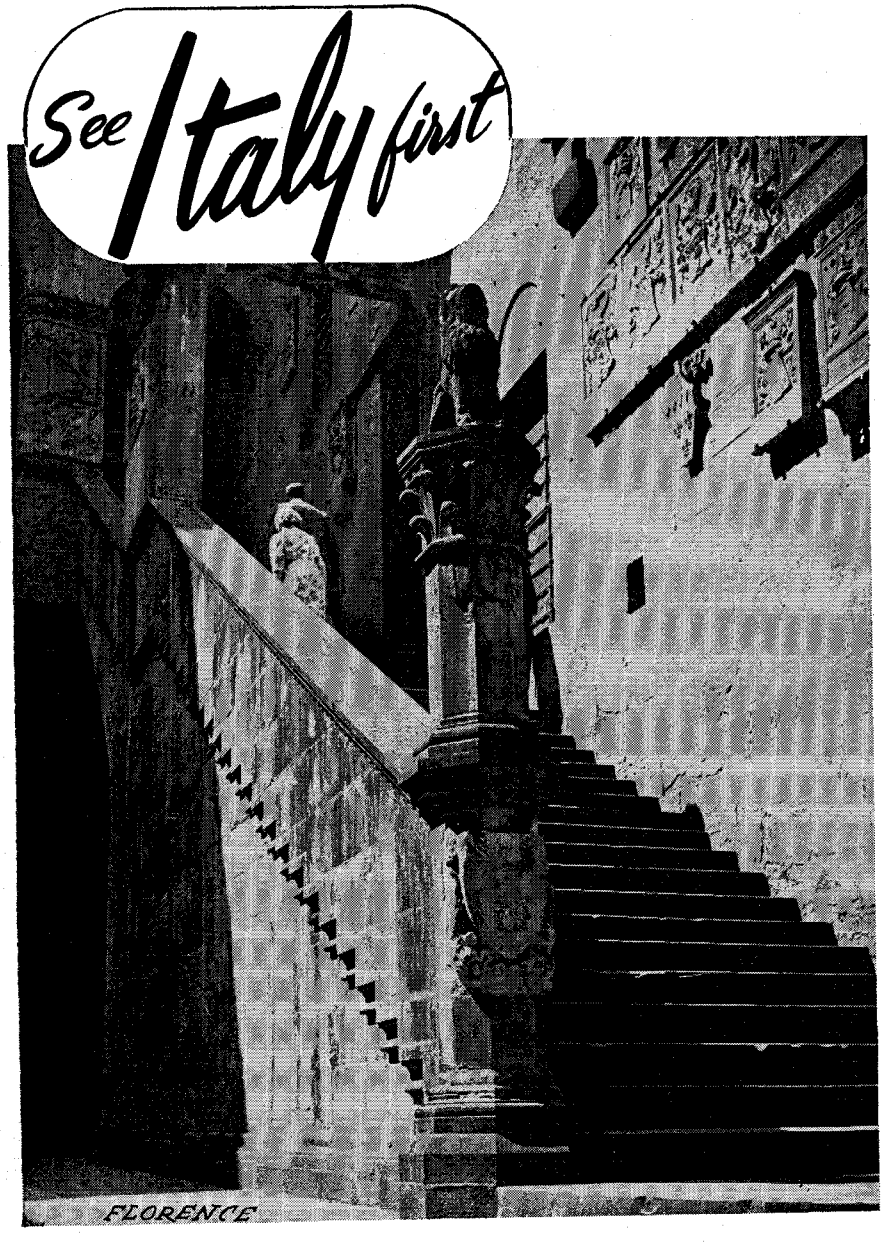


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*Saturday Review*

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## THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

### Primitive Wonderland

IT is the nature of things that a large body of Americans (I don't mean any particular large body) has a big strong wish to return to the primitive. If you have been wanting a real report on one phase of the primitive, you have at last arrived at Checkpoint Charlie's.

A farm may or may not be primitive. I don't call a farm primitive that has a tractor that starts easily on below-zero mornings; that has electrically heated waterers for the livestock; that has automatic gas furnace heat; that has hired hands for the plain and dirty. It may be primitive for the hired hands, but it is not primitive for the well-favored fellow who lies abed on a down pallet until all hours and oversees farm operations with a rheumy, Simon Legree eye.

Let us peek at a primitive kind of farm operation like my own. A farm is primitive when the morning bedroom is so cold your wife's dry skin cream has the superb spreading quality of homogenized, hardened, fat-saturated peanut butter. A wood-burning furnace may or may not hold on to the flame of life overnight. When it doesn't and the temperature drops to 20 below zero outside, which is frequent, the temperature inside may drop to 30. The budgy droops his ghost-pale lids and peeps for the tropics. It is not exactly grass-skirt weather for a bedroom when you can see your breath. Fortunately there are wood-burning Franklin stoves in the dining room and the kitchen, and in a matter of minutes there can be a good, roaring, gluteus-searing radiance. Any good salve will ease the pain.

A farm is primitive when the snow has drifted waist-deep in the driveway, which happened every day last January. The master of the manse gets the tractor and snow plow and clears a path so his wife can drive to the village to do her shopping. It is primitive, and even obscene, when the tractor will not commence. In such errant cases there is a substance called "Starting Ether," which is squirted into the carburetor intake. If the "Starting Ether" is going to work at all, it starts the tractor with a bang that may blow your hat off and retract your eyelashes. Often the ether just puts the tractor into a deeper sleep. Then the master puts a heat lamp against the tractor's great chilly underbelly and goes back into the house to sip espresso and wait for the great thaw. A color portrait of a Miami palm tree leaned against the sparkplugs will do as much good.

The frozen water in the livestock's drinking fountains! A long, tedious thesis for a Ph.D. on winter animal husbandry could be written regarding the endless hauling of hot water tea kettles from house to barn to thaw pipes so the animals can get a drink.

In sum, the mark that has been aimed at here is a peevish suggestion for city dwellers that there are some kinds of primitive life having nothing to do with lying around on a bearskin rug, drinking rural Pernod, growing whiskers longer than three days, and living it up reading T. S. Eliot until five in the morning. —ROBERT LABOUR.

### The Simple Life

### Do Not Disturb

SEE the Large Building, Children. The Large Building is a Hospital. It is a very Old Building. It has been Condemned by the Fire Commissioner.

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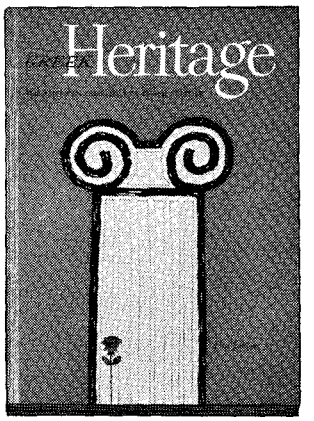


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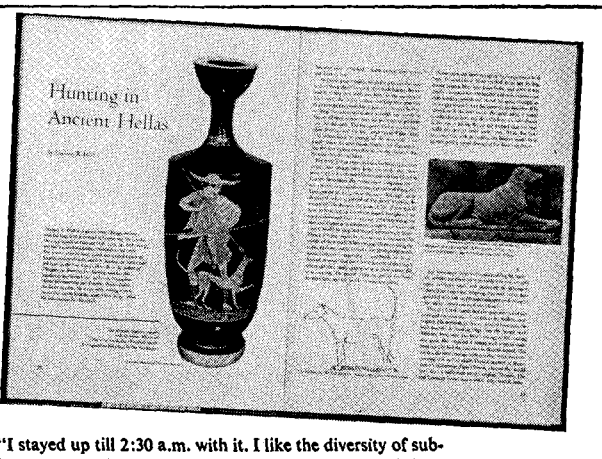


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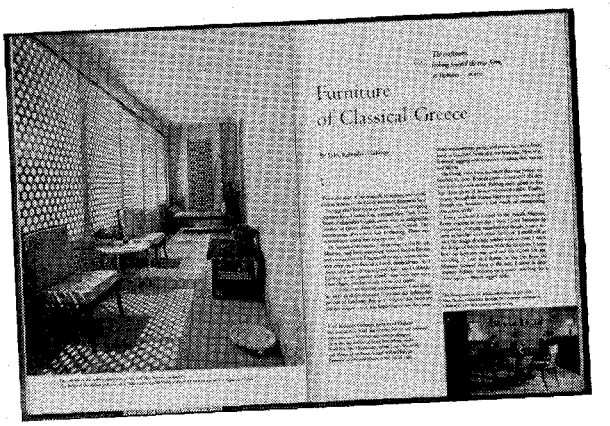


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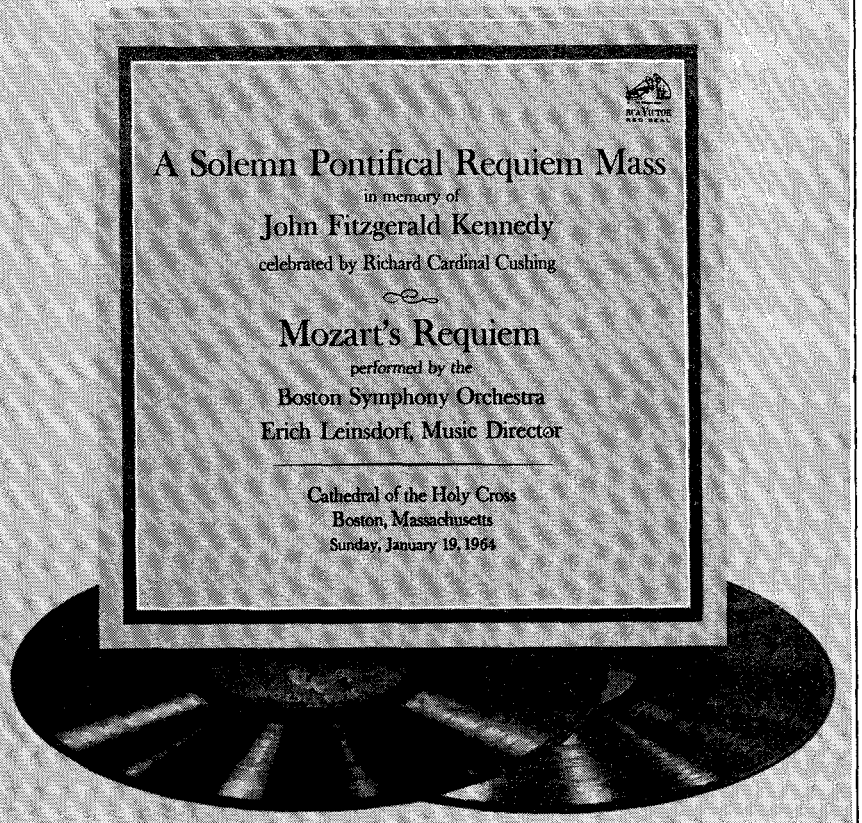


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There are many People in the Hospital. People who are Sick go to the Hospital and get Well. People who are Well go to the Hospital and get Sick. Everyone has to Pay to get into the Hospital. It is Quite Expensive.

Can you guess what This Room is, Children? No, it is not a Broom Closet. It is a Private Room in the Hospital. See the Bed in the Private Room in the Hospital. Be Careful. Do not open the Door too wide. The Door will bump the Bed. No, the Patient is not in the Bed. The Patient has walked down the Hall. The Patient is looking for a Nurse.

Nurses are Very Busy. They must not be Disturbed. See all the Pretty Lights shining over the Doors in the Hall? Inside each Room is a Patient who has turned on the Light. All the Patients are waiting for the Nurse. Where is the Nurse? Perhaps she is Sick and has gone to Another Hospital.

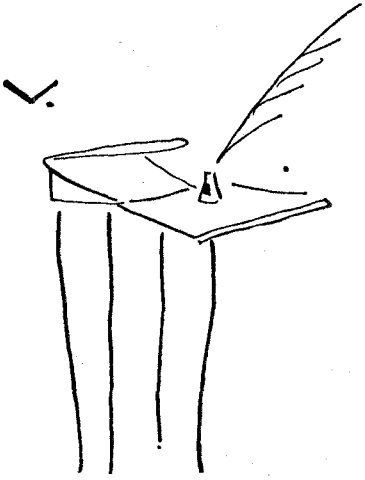
Here is Another Private Room, Children. Open the Door carefully and we shall Visit the Patient. Why is the Patient sitting in the Chair? He is waiting for Sheets and Blankets. The Laundryman must be Very Busy.

Do not be Frightened by the Loud Noises, Children. The Loud Noises come from Outside. Many busy Workmen are building Large Apartment Buildings across the Street from the Hospital. Other busy Workmen are Blasting a new Tunnel beneath the River. Yes that Strange Odor comes from the new Chemical Plant around the Corner from the Hospital. What an Exciting Neighborhood!

Here at last come the Visitors, walking up the Stairs. The Elevator has broken again. Now that the Visitors are here to Cheer the Patients, we can leave the Hospital. Be Careful, Children. Did you see the Visitor slip on the Waxed Floor? The Visitor broke his Leg. Poor Visitor.

Now the Visitor is a Patient.

—ELIZABETH FROMAN.





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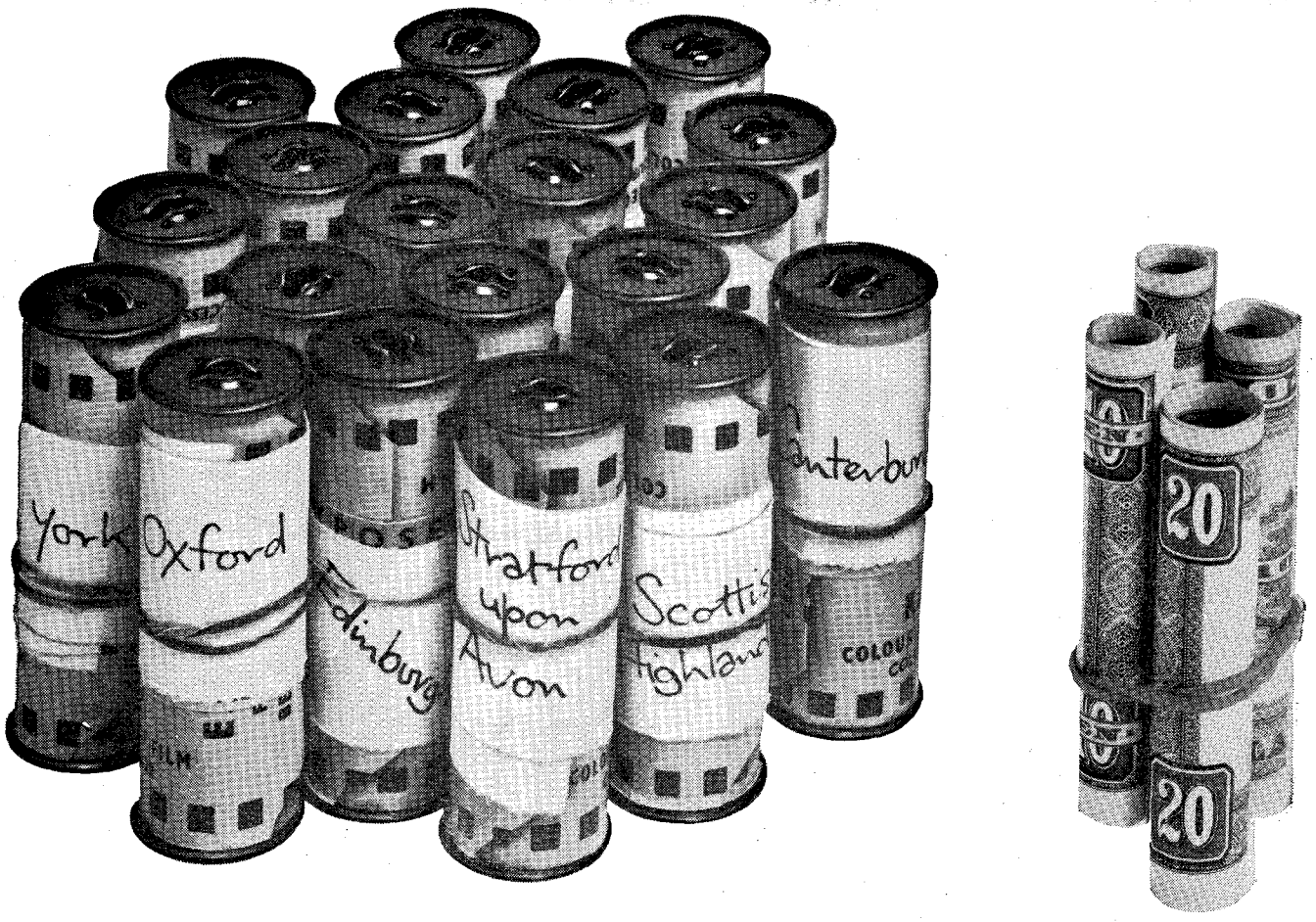


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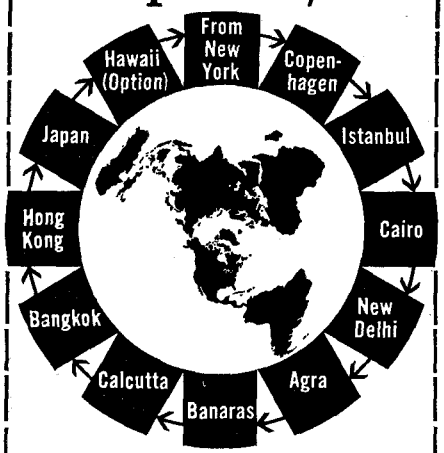


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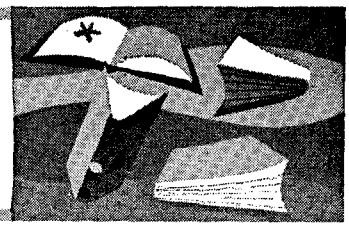
# Trade Winds



**There must be** an awful lot of advertising men in Panama, the way they've been running things up the flagpoles to see who salutes.

**I think automation** is reaching the end of its rope. I heard John Diebold telling someone on the radio that machines are now being developed that will be activated by your voice rather than by tape or pushbuttons. If you want to telephone someone in Switzerland, you say to the machine, "Get me So-and-So in Switzerland."

As usual, they are "ironing out the bugs." The bug in this one is that the

machine gets confused over female voices and Southern accents. I know you're not going to believe me, but I swear that the solution to this problem, as stated by the scientific geniuses who are working on it, is not to make the machine more sensitive, but to teach everyone to speak in the same tone of voice! That's what automation is doing to us. Of course, I have a better way out. Instead of machines, we could hire girls who would ask, "Number, please?" and you would say, "Get me So-and-So in Switzerland," using your Southern female voice if you cared to.

**On page 124** of Gerald Gross's *Editors on Editing*, notes Rick Rofman, is a discussion of proofreaders and how vital their art and sharp eyes are. "Their sole motive," it goes on to say, "is to turn out as fine a book as human fallability will allow."

**Roads on a** housing estate to be built at Stapleford, Nottinghamshire, England, will be named after the four American Presidents who have been assassinated. A spokesman for the development firm offered this explanation; "Some people may think it is morbid, but we needed four names and these just sprang to mind."

Let's see, now, if I were building a housing development here and I needed to name the streets, these would just spring to mind: Mary Queen of Scots Avenue, Cromwell Lane, Edward VIII Boulevard, Lady Jane Grey Circle, and Lord Haw-Haw Road.

**Because he knows** we have put our feet down on any more Tom Swifty nonsense, Everett Burtt, Jr., gets around it by inventing the anti-Swifty, of which these are the first and last five I shall print:

"Pass me the lemons," he said sweetly.

"These knives are dull," he said sharply.

"That's a good dog," he purred.

"Watch out for the bull," the farmer shouted hoarsely.

"They've taken him away," he added.

**Television has found** a new villain: the unscrupulous publisher. On a program called *The Patty Duke Show* the young heroine played by Patty writes a novel. Her mother and father think it is terrible. They are surprised when the publisher sends a contract and then comes in person to discuss the advance—$1,500! It turns out that Patty is to give the advance to the publisher. Her father curls his lip and asks, "Are you by any chance one of those vanity publishers? People pay you to have their books published, do they?"

The way he says, "vanity," you know it is terrible. The publisher reels, then shows his true colors by pointing out

that Patty has already signed the contract, "air-tight," and can't get out of it. But he sees Patty and finds she is a minor. In the end he agrees to publish 100 copies of the book at his own expense, to keep Patty's father from "exposing" him in his newspaper.

I thought I'd seen the basest of villains when that undertaker appeared on the Dr. Kildare show a few weeks ago. Some California morticians thought so, too, for they petitioned the FCC for "equal time" to reply. But this vanity publisher brings his nefarious schemes right into the American home. It's TV's idea of shady publishing, and I think shady publishers should request equal



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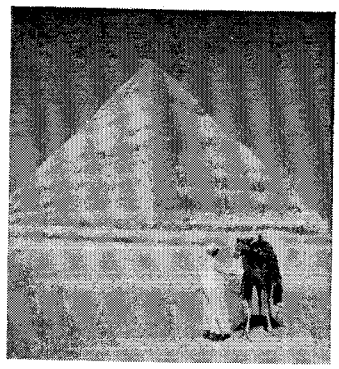
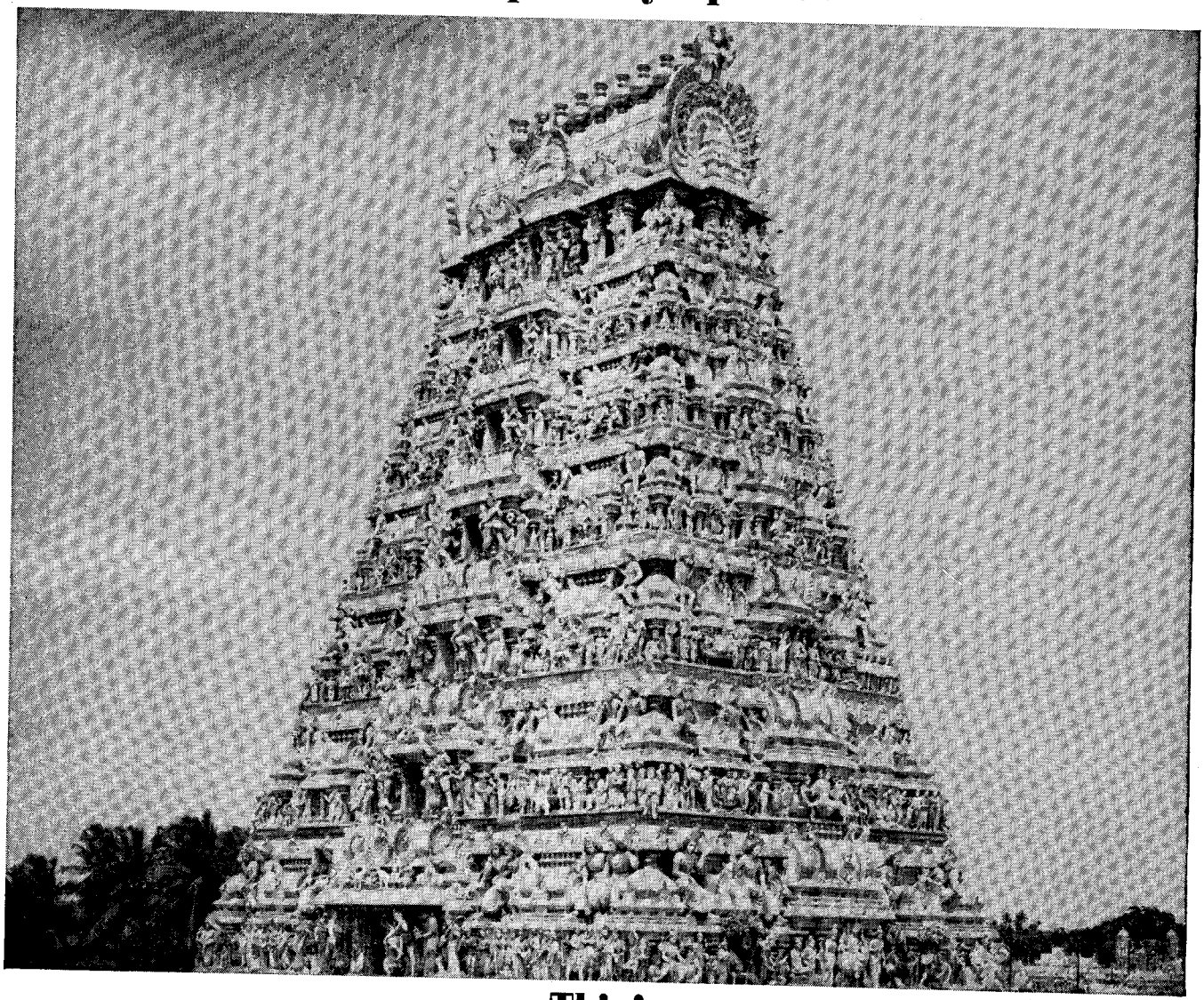


# What in the world could possibly top this?



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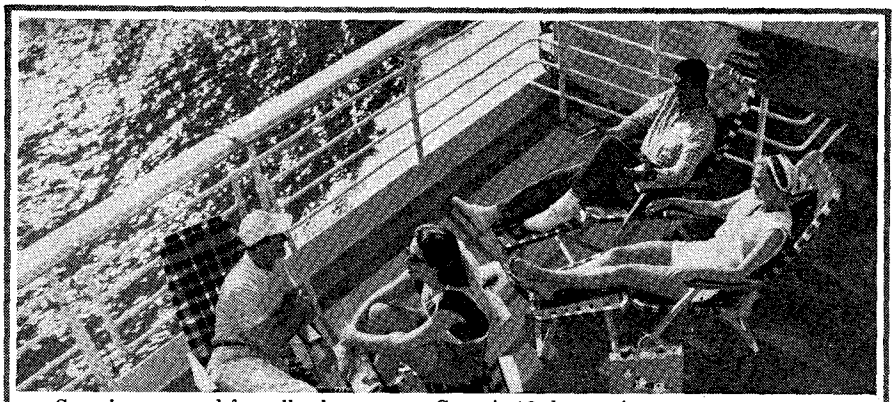

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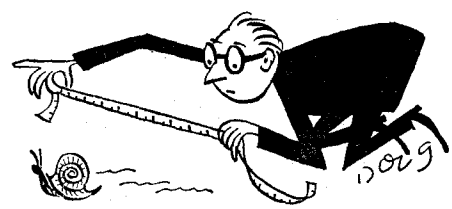
time. (Say, how about a shady television producer for a villain some time?)

**A unique** political argument was overheard by Pyke Johnson, Jr., on the railroad platform at Old Greenwich, Connecticut. One man said, "It's pretty disgusting. To leave New York City you'll have to go out the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive to Kennedy Airport, paying your tolls with a Kennedy half-dollar."

His partner shut him up by responding, "Why don't you save up enough Lincoln pennies, buy a ticket to Hoover Dam, and jump off?"

**Sharps and Flats:** The National Geographic Society has sent me a release that informs me, "A snail's pace has actually been measured. One study disclosed that a certain type of snail travels 23 inches an hour."




► Martin Miller says a joke I used was to be found in the Canton (Ohio) *Repository* of October 7, 1863.

► In a recent issue of the *New York Times* I learned that 1) Mayor Wagner smokes more than two packs a day and 2) his Health Commissioner is getting ready to set up "withdrawal clinics" for those who need help quitting. I wonder if the Mayor will cut the ribbon at the inaugural ceremonies of the first withdrawal clinic.

► Gabe Perle, a lawyer, tells me that Santa's helpers are known as subordinate clauses.

► Do you know what one young uninflated balloon said to the other? "What are you gonna be when you blow up?" —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1557)

R. Hanser:
*THE LAUGHING LINCOLN*
(*Sat. Rev.* 2-8-58; suggested by F. J. Roberts)

Humor was both his sword and his shield, a defense against the slings and arrows which pelted in upon him, and a weapon more precious than Excalibur, for with it he could parry, feint, and strike back without killing or maiming.



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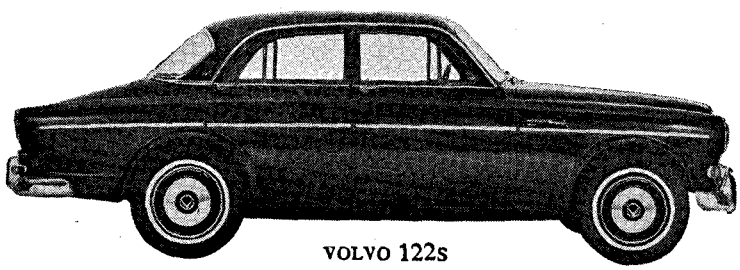

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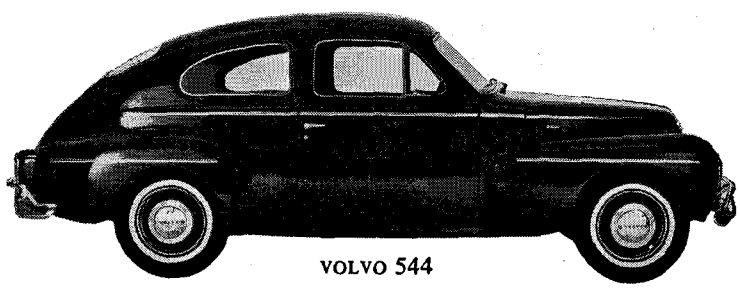

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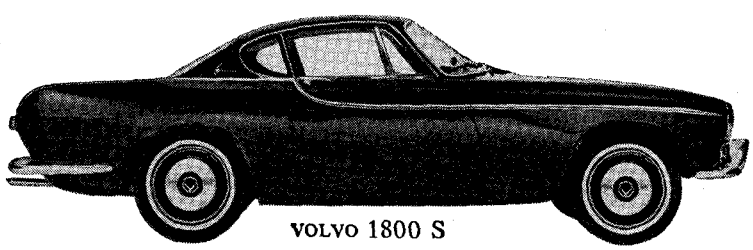
**Been entered in more races and won more races than any compact ever made.**



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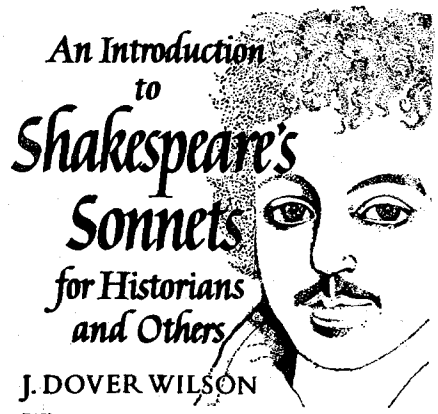

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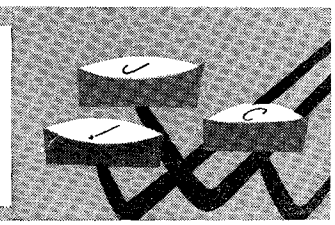
# Manner of Speaking



**I'm Dreaming of an Endowed Christmas:** Christmas and disaster are not entirely synonymous. Even an avalanche, given room enough, may break harmlessly. In any case, our Christmas avalanche slid down the calendar with its usual hollow roar, but came to rest benignly enough in a talus of torn paper, ribbons, strewn boxes, turkey bones, and buzzing booby traps.

Such casualties as we did suffer were light. Jonnel (who insisted on a series of Comanche yells over every box he ravaged) was mercifully silenced by a mild hoarseness. Benn nibbled too much at too many neighborhood kitchens and suffered a minor upchuck (that slowed him down for all of eleven minutes). Myra got her eyebrows tied into a knot because her two glamorous hostess outfits were tight in the pants (but the knot untied itself at the exchange window). Both parents, having been up until five to stack the loot and having then been manhandled out of bed at eight for the grand opening, went through it all a bit haggard with joy. There remained the checkbook to dream of balancing and the charge accounts to think of paying off, but let it be reported that even Daddy was still breathing (which is a good sign—for him) and that in general, all the survivors pulled through.

For one more year, I began to imagine, I should not have to walk into all the toy stores of central New Jersey in my ho-ho-ho imitation of the last of the big-time spenders. Conceivably, Judith and I might even put something away for a month or two (at least *in* a month or two) for our Old Age Champagne Fund.

From the look of things, however, we shall do well to make it into the sunset on American wine—if we are not forced to settle for beer. The racketeers have won. I suppose it has always been the toy-makers' dream to find the land of perpetual Christmas, but only with the final victory of the battery-driven toy have they made a reality of it. It took a total of twenty-seven batteries to power the assorted launching pads, moon bases, aircraft carriers, buzzing airliners, blinkers, walkie-talkies, tape recorders, and pushbutton games that spilled out of the boxes. At 20 cents apiece twenty-seven batteries cost $5.40. Knowing a demon when he gives me the hotfoot, I had even set up a toy endowment, slipping ten silver dollars into each stocking as a Fund for Joyous Power Sources. Then I discovered I could get batteries marked down to 2/29¢ (as the tag read) at the discount house, so I tossed in a bagful of those, twenty of them for $2.90.

As a further mercy, the boys got two new transformers apiece for their trains and their road-racer layouts, and several of their toys plug directly into house current, the favorite being something called a Vacu-Form that heats and molds plastic sheets.

Christmas, as I write, is ten days gone, and I have just taken an audit. Judith picked up six more batteries, the boys bought fourteen, and at the last count eighteen of them are still functioning. We have, that is, used up forty-nine batteries in ten days—all right call it eleven (I am writing late at night). Even at discount-house prices, Christmas seems to linger on and to run an overhead of well over a dollar a day for batteries.

In long-standing custom, as you may be sure, I am playing both ends against the middle. We happen to be heavily invested (for us) in Union Carbide (doing nicely, thank you). If any of you really want to go on buying batteries at this rate, be sure to ask for them by the proper trade-mark, and be assured that the Carbides, in their large way, and the Ciardis, in their small way, will welcome the business down to the last blinking monster and to the last, buzzing, battery-driven, non-cleaning, electric toothbrush.

But it does seem a hard way to run up a stock, and come another Christmas, Daddy is going to turn wary of all the battery-driven whirligigs.

Nor can even Saint Nick's newly found appetite for D-batteries stand at the trough beside the real Trojan Horse in the gift-garb. That one turned out to be Benn's Vacu-Form. The trick of this Satanic mill is to place a sheet of plastic (approximately three inches square) on a hinged holder above a heating element for about two minutes, after which the holder is to be swung over a pre-set mold, a handle is to be pumped hard to create suction, and—presto—the sheet is sucked onto the mold and shaped to it.

The contraption came supplied with something like a hundred sheets of plastic; by the time Benn and Jonnel and Myra and the neighborhood kids had had their first enthusiastic fling at



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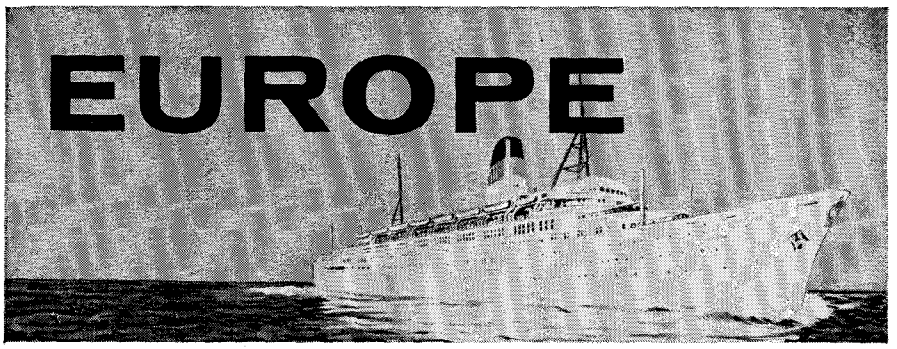


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it, the original sheets were used up in the first afternoon. Automatically, that put a new supply of plastic sheets first on the next day's shopping list, so off went Benn with ten silver dollars jingling in his pocket. Back he came with four packs of plastic sheets, sixteen sheets to a pack, for fifty cents a pack.

It was, I am happy to say, his own suggestion that he couldn't afford to be a plastic molder, and I drove him back to the store to return them for a refund. To be sure, I'll sneak a pack for him now and then, but much as he likes being a molder, his ten dollars wouldn't last a week at the going rate. We've talked it over and have decided that perhaps a penny a sheet, though it wouldn't be cheap, might be a fair price. I told Benn I would advertise accordingly, and if anyone out there knows where he can get his supplies at a price

Benn can afford (especially if Daddy pays for them), he would welcome information and stands ready to spend the two dollars he has saved for them. He thinks maybe he will go into business and sell the things he molds to the neighborhood kids, but right now the cost of raw materials has him priced out of the market.

AND so, I suppose, Merry Christmas for as long as it lasts, with every sign that free enterprise has finally set it up to last forever. It was fun to start with. Perhaps it can go on being fun, but what the American parent needs now is a foundation to endow the long run ahead. Christmas, I was taught, comes but once a year, and in my easygoing nostalgia, I kept arguing with Judith that we should shoot the works. Right now, however, I have the feeling I have shot myself out of my class and right under the shadow of Uncle Sam's January 15 payday.

And once that comes, can April 15 be far behind?

A Merry *what?*

—JOHN CIARDI.



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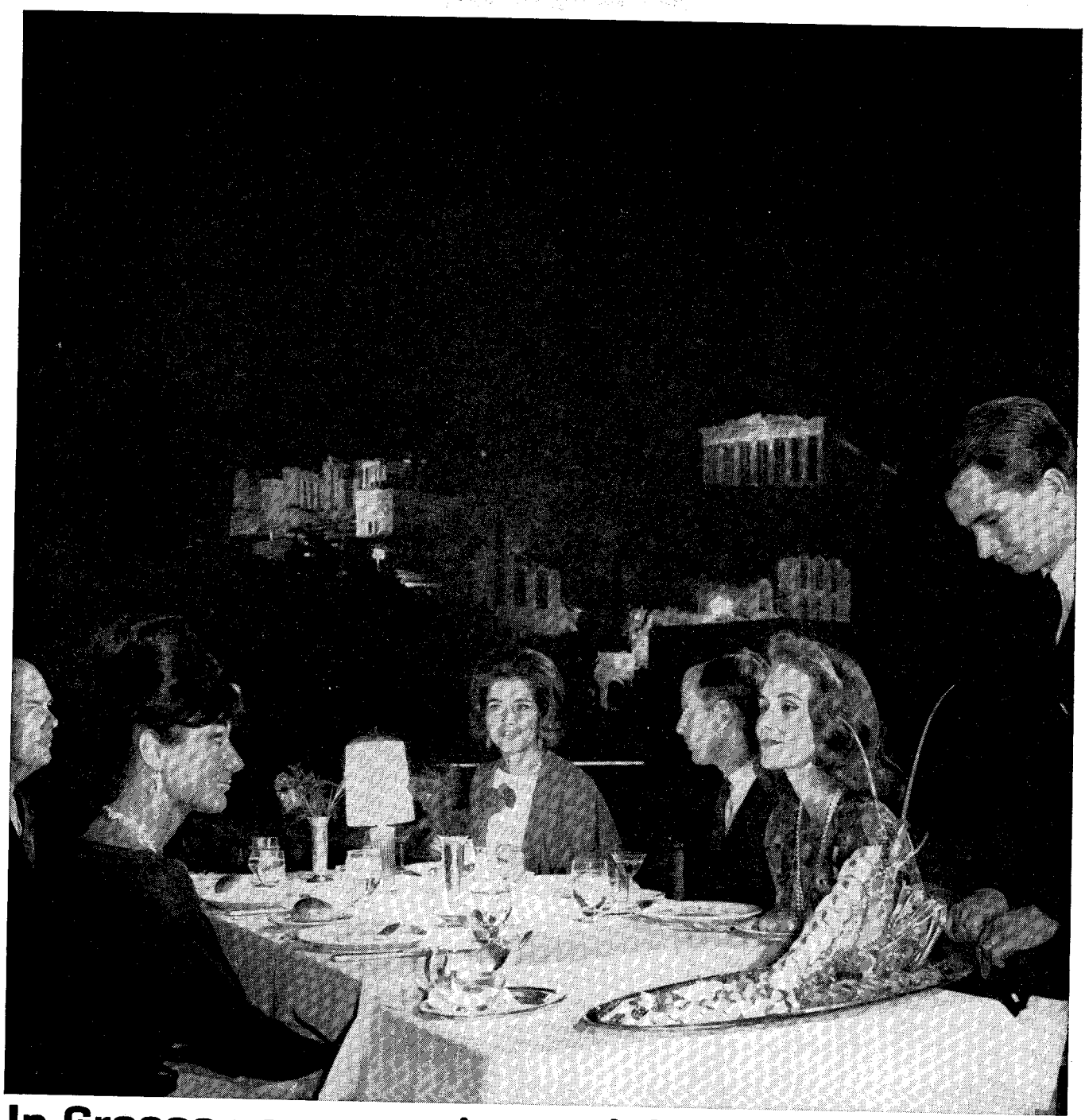

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# GREECE



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# SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

### *Anthologies*

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE. By Arthur Waley. Knopf. $7.50.

THE WORLD OF LOVE. Edited by Isidor Schneider. Braziller. Two volumes, $17.50.

### *Archeology, Anthropology*

IN QUEST OF THE WHITE GOD. By Pierre Honoré. Putnam. $5.95.

NEFERTITI. By Evelyn Wells. Doubleday. $4.95.

### *Art*

MODERN FRENCH SCULPTURE. By Giuseppe Marchiori. Abrams. $25.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF WASHINGTON, D.C. By John Walker. Abrams. $7.50.

### *Business, Economics*

THE CORPORATION TAKE-OVER. Edited by Andrew Hacker. Harper & Row. $6.

THE GREAT TREASURY RAID. By Philip M. Stern. Random House. $5.95.

### *Crime, Suspense*

THE CASE OF THE DARING DIVORCEE. By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow. $3.50.

COOL SLEEPS BALABAN. By Donald MacKenzie. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

THE SHRUNKEN HEAD. By Robert L. Fish. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

GREENMASK! By Elizabeth Linington. Harper & Row. $4.95.

### *Current Affairs*

GREAT BRITAIN OR LITTLE ENGLAND? By John Mander. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

THE MILITARY AND SOCIETY IN LATIN AMERICA. By John J. Johnson. Stanford Univ. Press. $7.

THE POLITICS OF HYSTERIA: The Sources of Twentieth Century Conflict. By Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff. Harper & Row. $4.95.

SOUTH VIETNAM: Nation Under Stress. By Robert Scigliano. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

### *Education*

EDUCATION AND THE IDEA OF MANKIND. Edited by Robert Ulich. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

### *Fiction*

BUDDENBROOKS. By Thomas Mann. Knopf. $6.95. (Reissue with text of Lübeck lecture.)

CAPTAIN SUTTER'S GOLD. By Jonreed Lauritzen. Doubleday. $4.95.

FOR TIME AND ALL ETERNITY. By Paul Bailey. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE LAND BREAKERS. By John Ehle. Harper & Row. $5.95.

THE NATURE OF WITCHES. By Joan Sanders. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

NEXT DOOR. By Johanna Moosdorf. Knopf. $3.95.

ONCE UPON A DROSHKY. By Jerome Charyn. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

PASSION FLOWERS IN ITALY. By Rosalind Erskine. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

PHANTOMS AND FUGITIVES: Journeys to the Improbable. By José M. Gironella. Sheed & Ward. $3.95.

WHEN THE LION FEEDS. By Wilbur A. Smith. Viking. $5.95.

WINTER OF MADNESS. By David Walker. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

### *History*

ARMAGEDDON: 1918. By Cyril Falls. Lippincott. $3.95.

CONCISE HISTORY OF ISRAEL. By M. A. Beek. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DRESDEN. By David Irving. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

EISENHOWER, BROWNELL AND THE CONGRESS: The Tangled Origins of the Civil Rights Bill of 1956-1957. By J. W. Anderson. Univ. of Alabama Press. $3.95.

ILLUSION AND NECESSITY: The Diplomacy of Global War, 1939-1945. By John L. Snell. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

OZONA COUNTRY. By Allan R. Bosworth. Harper & Row. $4.95.

### *Miscellany*

FREDERIC REMINGTON'S OWN OUTDOORS. Edited by Douglas Allen. Dial. $7.50.

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO MAN-HUNTING. By Dr. Albert Ellis. Lyle Stuart. $4.95.

LANGUAGE IN THOUGHT AND ACTION. New revised edition. By S. I. Hayakawa. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.25.

THE MASTER IN THE KITCHEN. By Donn Pierce and Charlotte Turgeon. Knopf. $8.95.

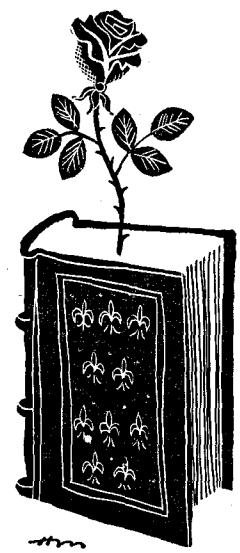
NAMING THE BIRDS AT A GLANCE. By Lou Blachly and Randolph Jenks. Knopf. $3.95.

VENTURE INWARD. By Hugh Lynn Cayce. Harper & Row. $4.95.

### *Music*

A CONCISE HISTORY OF CHURCH MUSIC. By William C. Rice. Abingdon. $2.50.

THE LAST SAVAGE. By Gian Carlo Menotti. Drawings by Beni Montresor. New York Graphic Society. $5.95.



### *Personal History*

FERDINAND MAGELLAN. By Hawthorne Daniel. Doubleday. $4.95.

PROFILES IN COURAGE. Memorial Edition. By John F. Kennedy. Harper & Row. $3.95.

### *Psychology*

HUMAN BEHAVIOR. By Bernard Berelson and Gary A. Steiner. Harcourt, Brace & World. $11.

THE THREE CHRISTS OF YPSILANTI: A Psychological Study. By Milton Rokeach. Knopf. $5.95.

### *Reference*

JANE'S ALL THE WORLD'S AIRCRAFT, 1963-1964. Edited by John Taylor. McGraw-Hill. $39.50.

### *Religion, Philosophy*

AND YOUNG MEN SHALL SEE VISIONS: Letters from Father Andrew M. Greeley. Sheed & Ward. $3.95.

CROSS CURRENTS OF PSYCHIATRY AND CATHOLIC MORALITY. Edited by William Birmingham and Joseph Cunneen. Pantheon. $6.95.

THE ETERNAL LEGACY FROM AN UPPER ROOM. By Leonard Griffith. Harper & Row. $3.

THE HUMANITY OF CHRIST. By Romano Guardini. Pantheon. $4.95.

THE HUMOR OF CHRIST. By Elton Trueblood. Harper & Row. $2.50.

LETTERS TO MALCOLM: Chiefly on Prayer. By C. S. Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.50.

LOGIC AND REALITY. By Gustav Bergmann. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. Hardbound, $7.50. Paperback, $2.95.

MARY, A HISTORY OF DOCTRINE AND DEVOTION. Volume I: From the Beginnings to the Eve of the Reformation. By Hilda Graef. Sheed & Ward. $5.95.

MEDITATIONS ON EARLY CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS. By Michael Daves. Abingdon. $2.75.

MIND IF I DIFFER? A Catholic-Unitarian Dialogue. By Lucille Hasley and Betty Mills. Sheed & Ward. $3.95.

PROCLAIMING THE WORD. By Ronald E. Sleeth. Abingdon. $2.75.

THE TEACHING OF CONTEMPT. By Jules Isaac. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.

### *Sociology*

ABUNDANCE FOR WHAT? and Other Essays. By David Riesman. Doubleday. $6.50.

BANDEIRANTES AND PIONEERS. By Vianna Moog. Braziller. $6.95.

THE CHILD IN THE GLASS BALL. By Karin Stensland Junker. Abingdon. $4.

FROM RAGS TO RICHES: Horatio Alger, Jr., and the American Dream. By John Tebbel. Macmillan. $4.95.

GENTLEMANLY POWER: British Leadership and the Public School Tradition. By Rupert Wilkinson. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.

HOW TO GET ALONG WITH AUTOMATION. By Dr. Donald A. and Eleanor C. Laird. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

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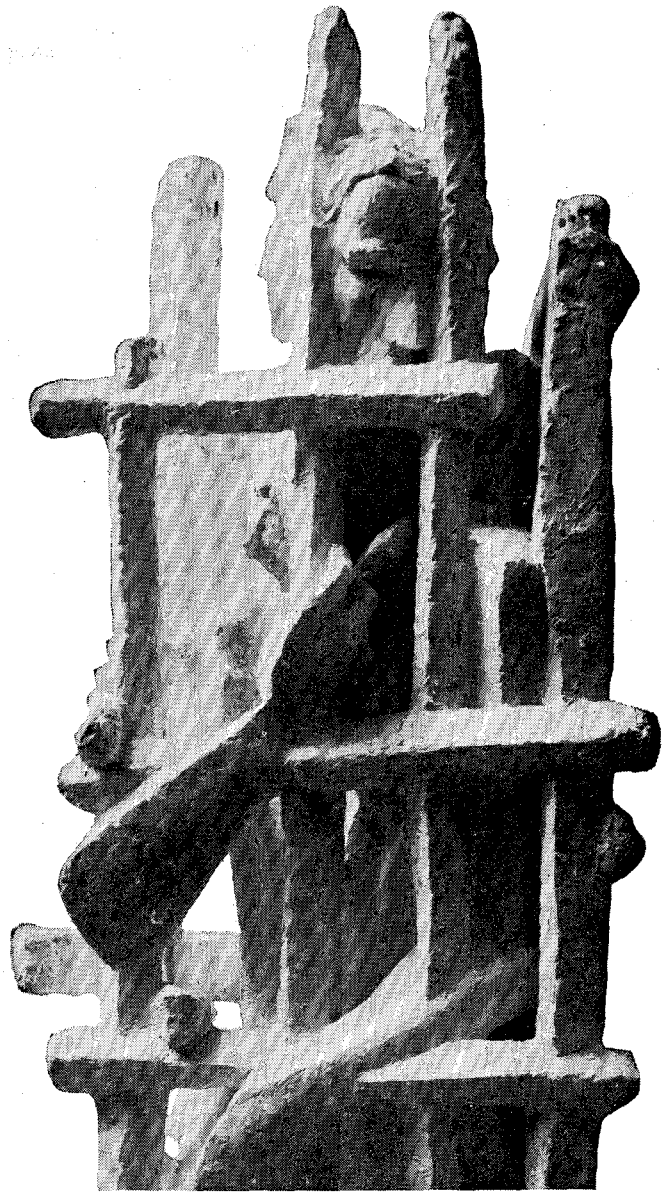

*Sculpture, "La Prisonniére" by Ossip Zadkine*

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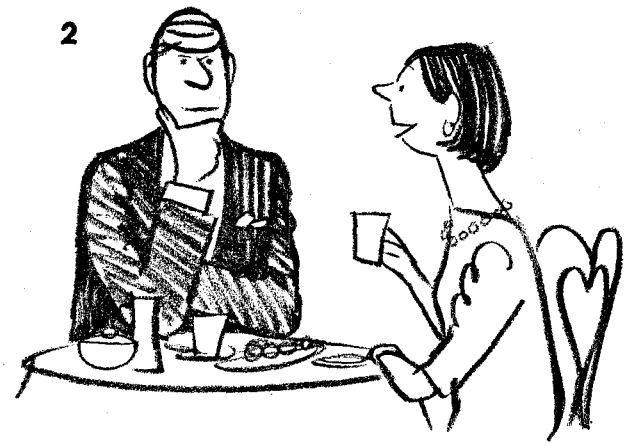
1

*If I don't miss my guess, I'd say George has the makings of a top lawyer.*

*I see him more as the scientific type—an engineer or physicist.*

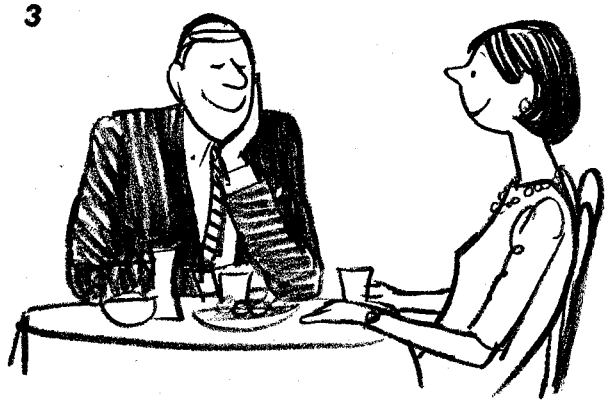
2



*I say lawyer because he always seems to prevail, no matter how forcefully I make a point.*

*Yet look at the way he works with his hands.*

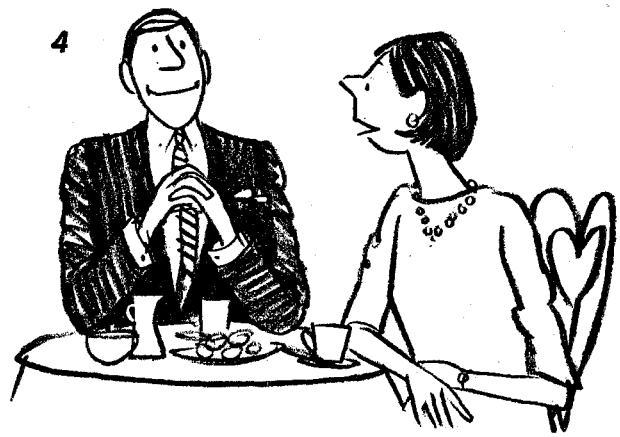
3



*I think we're both jumping the gun in predicting his career.*

*Well, he is only 3. It's possible his interests may still change.*

4



*But he definitely is college material.*

*No doubt about that. The only problem is—where are we going to get the money to put him through college?*

5

*Oh, we'll have the money, all right.*

*John, do you have a nest-egg you're keeping secret from me?*

6

*No, but I have something just as good—Equitable's College Policy. It guarantees money will be there to help pay for George's education. Pays double the benefits if I'm not there. And by getting the policy now, we can afford it easily, because we can spread the premiums over a long period of years.*

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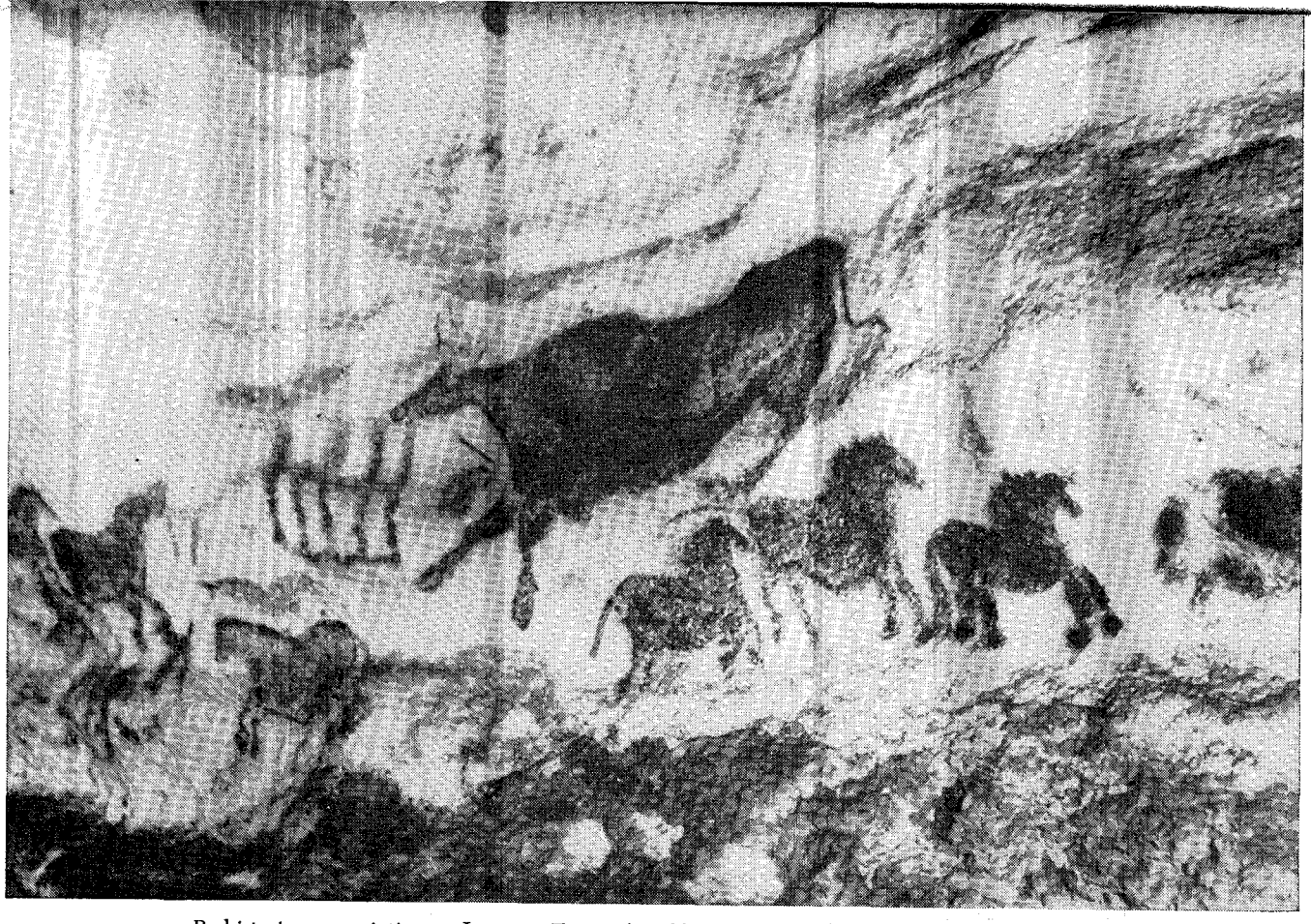

Prehistoric cave paintings at Lascaux, France (ca. 20,000 B.C.)—What do they say to men today?

# CONVERSATIONS WITH THE STONE AGE

By JOHN GREENWAY

SOME years ago, during the reign of King George V, the Crown had occasion to communicate with one of the Empire's humbler subjects in the Northern Territory of Australia. The recipient of the message was a young man whose legal identity derived from a physical characteristic that would have been concealed had he worn clothes, but since he was an Old Stone Age aboriginal, he had neither trousers nor shame. Because the matter was a serious affair, concerning what the Commonwealth held was murder and the natives called a tribal execution, the message delivered to the aboriginal began with a salutation of regal dignity:

George V, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, by our trusty and well-beloved servant, Sir Isaac Alfred Isaacs, Knight Commander of our noble order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor General and Commander-in-Chief in and over our Commonwealth of Australia, to our trusty and well-beloved servant, Tommy Hairyarse, greetings. . . .

Squatting in the red dust of central Australia surrounded by all his worldly possessions—two or three fire-sharpened spears, a spearthrower, and a couple of boomerangs—poor Tommy understood this missive about as well as he would have done had it begun with $E=mc^2$. He lives as our Paleolithic ancestors must have lived, scratching in the dirt for ants to eat, fighting nature with sticks and stones, placating the vast Unknown with futile ceremonies, and explaining it with simple myths. In our intellectual evolution of 100 centuries he shared not at all; Einstein in his tribe might have used his fingers to count to four. Communication with Tommy is hard, especially when the language used is a pidgin that neither communicator finds adequate, and that is why, as one anthropologist put it, "readers of non-Western oral literature are . . . about as rare as nuclear physicists who read Bulgarian poetry."

It is a pity that so few modern scholars have tried to get into the minds and the emotions of our primitive contemporaries, for, though Tommy and his friends have nothing to tell us about physics, they feel the shocks and joys of life perhaps even more than we do, and they have expressed themselves on these things from the time when the Neanderthals first rubbed red ochre on their dead and buried them with sustenance for the long journey that we fear as deeply today. As a great teacher said a generation ago, "These two things endure: poetry and pottery." The treasures of the past are gone, destroyed or transmuted into the wealth of strangers,

---

Mr. Greenway's new book, *Literature among the Primitives*, a comprehensive survey of the verbal art of nonliterate peoples, will be published next month by Folklore Associates of Hatboro, Pennsylvania.

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and the people who made them we know mostly by what they threw away —pieces of broken pottery in midden heaps—or by what they scratched on rock walls. Poetry is far older than pottery; thousands of years before man burned clay into culinary ware, the Paleolithic people of Ariège painted a ritual dance on the walls of a cave, a dance that was certainly accompanied by singing. And poetry is far more important than pottery; many peoples get along well without kitchenware, but none is without some form of literature.

If we can cross the barriers of time, language, and culture, the primitives have much to say that even the most sophisticated *littérateur* can appreciate, for human emotions are universal. In a recent issue of the *Journal of American Folklore* Helen Hartness Flanders points out some extraordinary similarities in themes between the folksongs of her native New England and the oldest stories in the world—recently translated from the clay tablets of Sumer. But, as we say, communication is hard.

NEVERTHELESS, it can be done, and done well, if both communicators have the universal qualities of the poet —the ability to feel deeply and to express that feeling. We have had too many unfeeling communicators like the Germanic scholar who, more than a half-century ago, began a translation of a Hottentot tale like this:

> Girls (*goati* "daughters") went walking (*sari* narr. pass.) to the (*//ga*) kraal of the Aigamucha woman; and when they got there (*si*, with the personal suff. of the sub.) one (*/gui*) of them ("a persons," *kxoi's* fem.) is pregnant (!*gom*); this one is addressed (*mi* "to say") like this by (*/a*) the Aigamucha woman: "Come (*/kxi*), let yourself (literally: 'and *e* [imperative], I *-ta*, massage you *-si*') be massaged!" (!*guri*, cf. Care of the Skin, pp. 207 and 215).

To which any reader must exclaim, like Chaucer's Host, "Namoore of this, for Goddes dignitee!"

Yet it was a pidgin-speaking aboriginal much like Tommy whom Harney found in the Northern Territory singing out his agnosticism to the message of the "god-men" (missionaries):

> The god-men say when die that Jesus came
> To save our sins and let us know
> The right from wrong and in his name
> To die and into heaven go—
> Might be, might be; I don't know.
>
> The god-men say when die go sky
> Through Pearly Gates where river flow,
> The god-men say when die we fly
> Just like eaglehawk and crow—
> Might be, might be; I don't know.

Beauty is in the ear as well as the eye of the beholder, and both must be trained to the craft of appreciation. Though many Australian aborigines now acquire guitars before trousers and the Puka Pukans in the remotest South Pacific have forsaken their own song for American hillbilly tunes, the primitives came to their appreciation of the artistic unfamiliar as we must, by relentless indoctrination. When one of the first European sea captains to sail into the Pacific regaled a group of Polynesians with his violin, the natives were aswoon with admiration for the white man's digital dexterity, but regretted that the demonstration had to be accompanied by such dreadful noises. Much later, when Raymond Firth whiled away the evening hours on distant Tikopia with recordings of the best music of his culture, he was embarrassed to find that so far as the islanders were concerned, "the finest notes of our most famous tenors and sopranos appealed to them merely as efforts at humor." Alice Fletcher attained a rare objectivity in appreciating the nature of the esthetic gap between the Indians and ourselves:

> Our difficulty in hearing the music of the Indian is equalled by the trouble he has with our instruments. His attention is engaged by the mechanism. He hears the thud of the hammer, 'the drum inside' the piano, the twanging of the metal strings, and the abrupt, disconnected tones. Until he is able to ignore these noises he cannot recognize the most familiar tune.

Poetry is not only a manner of expression but also a manner of listening and understanding. Occasionally we can apply the criteria we absorbed in English literature courses to the verbal art of people without writing, to test its worth to us, but it is doubtful that the primitives had much recognition of what we would call literary standards beyond an unanalyzed appreciation that some pieces were more satisfying than others. Their lack of standards as we understand the term is due to the comparative irrelevance of such standards—like judging an automobile by its taste. In a conscious way their measure of quality is in terms of spiritual power, in drawing *mana* from the spiritual dimension for the terrestrial purpose at hand. Not the most willing suspension of esthetic criteria would commend the following song to us:

> O ha le, O ha le
> Through the air
> I fly upon a cloud
> Towards the sky, far, far, far,
> O ha le, O ha le!
> There to find the holy place,
> Ah, now the change comes o'er me!
> O ha le, O ha le

But it is perhaps the "best song in American Indian literary history, for it gave power to Geronimo, the ferocious Chiricahua Apache shaman and war chief who was a nail in the white man's knee until well into this century. Geronimo himself described it:

> The song that I will sing is an old song, so old that none knows who made it. It has been handed down through generations and was taught to me when I was but a little lad. It is now my own song. It belongs to me.
>
> This is a holy song and great is its power. The song tells how, as I sing, I go through the air to a holy place where Yusun will give me power to do wonderful things. I am surrounded by little clouds, and as I go through the air I change, becoming spirit only.

Geronimo's song excites no cupidity in us, but in view of his amazing success against the white oppressors of the Indians, we can understand how envious his fellows were of his exclusive ownership of this powerful medicine song.

But if it be not fair to me, what care I how fair it be? In studying art it is impossible to exclude value judgments, since one is dealing with an esthetic and therefore an estimable endeavor. However much we may sympathize with the "little elfmen" of the world—

> He slightly frowned, and with his eyes
> He looked me through and through—
> "I'm quite as big for me," said he,
> "As you are big for you"

—they must abide our question when we speak of literature. This is still another reason for the shying away of the anthropologists, who have seen the harm that comes when value judgments of a culture are equated with the racial characteristics of its carriers. Nevertheless, the fact is there: some literatures have greatness thrust upon them; others are condemned by their culture to sterility. There seems to be a limited amount of artistic energy available to each society, which can be concentrated on one form of endeavor or apportioned out more or less equally and thinly on many. The Pueblo Indians channeled their energy into ceremonialism, sparing little for their poetry, which beside the magnificent song texts of their Navaho neighbors is wretched stuff. England has a hundred writers for every composer or painter of note, a thousand writers for every sculptor—ratios that other European nations may reverse. How many Flemish authors can be put over against Flemish painters—the Brueghels, Rubenses, Memlings, van der



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Weydens, van Eycks, van Dycks, or van der Goes?

It is almost an anthropological truism that no aspect of a culture can be appreciably far in advance of the whole of the culture, but this principle breaks down in regard to art. Magdalenian culture generally was nearly as poor as any in the thousand-century history of *Homo sapiens*, yet Magdalenian painting is at least as good as anything turned out by modern artists. So, too, are myths of a high order among the Australian aborigines, whose material culture is scarcely superior to that of the Magdalenian Cro-Magnons. And then there are poor cultures that have little of anything. The Eskimos, Chukchee, Yukaghir, Yakut, Tungus, Ostyak, Samoyed, and Lapps spread a belt of poor literature around the polar world, disguised somewhat by the façade of grandeur erected by those curious people who find pleasure in living in the Far North, the Arctic explorers. Rare indeed among these sympathetic visitors is an ethnographer like Rae, who recorded precisely what he heard, like this Samoyed song:

O ya ya yo, very fine house, yaya yo yaya.
O strange men, yay o ay ya, no talkee our tongue, yaya.
Go ya Kanin Nos, ya yo, much cold, yo yo ya ya.
Angliski plenty money got, ya ya yee yaya.
Go Kanin Nos ya, never come back, ya yee, no more.
Lots reindeer on tundra ya, Kanin o, yee, ya.
Doktor o ya, very 'andsome man, ha hee ya yay ya.
Plenty vodka get, ya ya, good good o ay ya.

The American Indians came to this country through the polar world, and brought the poor literature of the north with them. The American Indians generally sang the slightest songs—a few meaningful words surrounded by masses of nonsemantic vocables and droned tensively to a drum that only occasionally coincided its rhythm to that of the song. Even contact with American civilization has not changed that pattern:

We-a he-a, We-a he-a,
We-a he-a, We-a-he-a,
We-a he-a, We-a he-a he yo ha,
We-a he-a, ya ya, We-a he-a ya ya.
When the dance is over, sweetheart,
I will take you home in my one-eye Ford,
We-a, he-a, he yo ha,
We-a, he-a, We-a he-a ya yaaa.

Still, unaccountably, we find literary riches even in this unlikely field. The Navaho, who came down like a wolf upon the Pueblo fold only a few centuries ago with nothing in their cultural pack except ferocity and envy, transmuted the dull Pueblo ritual singing into some of the best literature in the primitive world. As for example, this beautiful lyric to the horse of the sun, riding on "precious hides" (clouds) across the Navaho sky:

How joyous his neigh!
Lo, the Turquoise horse of Johano-ai,
How joyous his neigh!
There on precious hides outspread standeth he;
How joyous his neigh,
There on tips of fresh flowers feedeth he;
How joyous his neigh,
There of mingled waters holy drinketh he;
How joyous his neigh,
There he spurneth dust of glittering grains;
How joyous his neigh,
There in the midst of sacred pollen hidden, all hidden he;
How joyous his neigh,
There his offspring many grow and thrive for evermore;
How joyous his neigh!

And while the Navaho sang, the Pueblo —especially the Zuni—turned their energies to prose tales, transmuting exhausted European stories into fresh and magnificent re-creations.

BEAUTY is where beauty is found. The poorest culture may yield a lofty thought exquisitely expressed. No one has ever successfully indicted the Cheyenne as a poetic people, but even in this culture that spent its energy killing off its young men, Natalie Curtis found a pathetic last song of a dying warrior trying to make the best of a bad end:

Nay, I fear the aching tooth of age.

The Andamanese are too primitive to know how to make fire, according to some who have studied them at second hand, but they felt deeply enough to join the sadness of nature and man in a lyric too starkly translated by Edward Man:

thou heart sad
sky surface there look-at
sky surface of ripple
bamboo spear.

Only the frequency of beauty can be predicted. In the New World, the most consistent high quality in cultures without writing is found among the Navaho; in the Old World, among the Polynesians. From their curses to their cosmologies, the Polynesians express themselves on a level not often attained by our own best literatures. Their account of Creation makes *Genesis* read like the comic strip *Tales from the Great Book.*

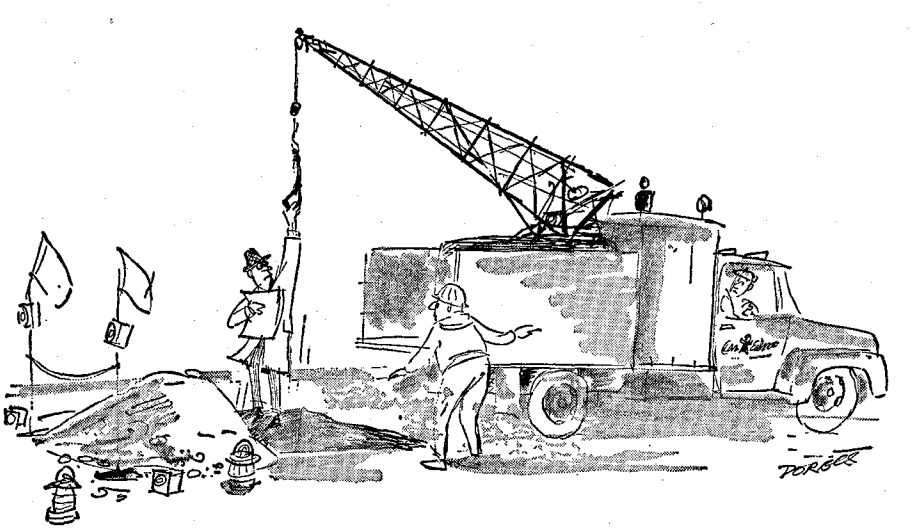
But literature everywhere walks in beauty—even in aboriginal Australia, where Tommy squats in the sand, recalling the farewell of his culture hero, Nagacork:

And the old man Nagacork went on a long walkabout to see all the blackfellows, the birds, animals, fish, and reptiles.

And as Nagacork traveled through all the different countries of the tribes he sang.

"Allo, allo, allo, allo, allo, cha nallad, wirritt, burra burra, cubrimilla, cubrimilla, bo, bo." This means, "Oh well, all you people who belong to me, you have changed into black fellows, animals, birds, reptiles, fish, sun, moon, and stars. I go now. I go forever. You will see me no more. But all the time I will watch about you."

And the black fellows say that they can see the old man Nagacork lying among the stars. His lubra is lying near him with one arm behind her head. And the black fellows say that the stream of stars that the white man calls the Milky Way is the smoke of Nagacork's campfire drifting across the night.



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# Saturday Review

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# Fluoridation

EVER since John Lear published his first article on fluoridation in *SR*'s science section more than two months ago, the editor's mailbag has been a busy battlefield. As the following letters pages may indicate, many leading scientists, physicians, and public health authorities have joined in the discussion. They have provided copious documentation to support their position.

On the basis of these and other materials, we have no remaining doubt that fluoridation accomplishes its main objective. It fortifies the teeth of children against decay and thus prevents the illnesses or diseases that have their origin in poor dental conditions. The research on this question is much too deep and broad to warrant skepticism about the efficacy of fluoridation as an anticaries agent. Allowing for these facts, however, the central question about fluoridation yet to be fully answered is this:

*Even in the small quantities proposed for fluoridation, are there harmful side effects?*

The preponderance of the evidence favors the position of the proponents of fluoridation that side effects are negligible. The research projects of the U.S. Public Health Service, the American Medical Association, the American Dental Health Association, and private and public universities provide considerable evidence that fluoridation represents no health hazards in its side effects.

Here we come to what seems to us to be the main point. *The case for fluoridation is substantial but it is not yet complete.* The case against fluoridation does not require equal evidence to be commanding. It requires only that degree of evidence necessary to support a reasonable doubt. Where the public health is involved, any reasonable doubt concerning the possibly harmful side effects of a chemical added to the water supply is a potent and possibly determining factor in creating public policy.

Is there, then, enough contrary scientific evidence to support a reasonable doubt? Here are some of the items of evidence that may be pertinent to this question:

1. The Swedish government, on the advice of Dr. Hugo Theorell, Nobel Prize-winner in medicine, has postponed its decision on fluoridation pending further research on questions involving side effects. In a telephone conversation with *Saturday Review*, Dr. Theorell emphasized that he has not changed his position on the fluoridation issue, as had been erroneously reported in the United States.

2. *The Journal of Dental Medicine*, October 4, 1961, contains a paper by Dr. R. Feltman and George Kosel reporting a fourteen-year study on minimum amounts of fluoride in drinking water. Their investigation revealed that 1 per cent of pregnant women and children under ten years of age could not tolerate even the low-level dosages of fluoride that have been recommended by public health officials.

3. *The Bulletin of the National Academy of Medicine* in France (Vol. 143, 1959) raises the question of a possible connection between fluoridated water and a malfunctioning of the thyroid gland. A study of 300,000 births shows a small increase in mongoloid births in those cases where mothers drank fluoridated water against those who did not. It is believed that mongolism may be connected in some way to malfunctioning of the thyroid gland.

4. A 1958 Japanese report (*Folia Pharmacology Japanica*) indicates a possible correlation between goiter and fluoridated water, even when the level of fluoride is extremely low.

5. One hundred and seventy American communities that have adopted fluoridation have since discontinued it. Reasons for discontinuation have varied. For the most part, these reasons point to difficulty in maintaining the prescribed low levels of fluoride, sludge formation in the mains, and damage to household equipment.

6. The effects of fluoride on individuals are not uniform. There are indications that poor nutrition tends to lower the tolerance levels. The *Indian Journal of Medical Research*, as early as 1940, reported a crippling form of "fluorosis" associated with ingestion of relatively small amounts of fluoride in water. These findings were amplified in the British Medical Journal *Lancet* two years ago in a paper by A. Singh, S. S. Jolly, and B. C. Bansal. On the basis of these and other papers, there would appear to be reasonable grounds for concern that children who are malnourished or in inferior health will accumulate fluoride in their bones, with consequent danger of osteosclerosis.

• • •

We emphasize that some of these studies are indicative rather than definitive. But they, and other studies like them, would at least appear to give rise to that degree of reasonable doubt that warrants suspension of final judgment. The studies listed above may be extremely small in number and scope alongside the research projects favoring fluoridation, but they do serve the purpose of raising legitimate questions.

In general, research would appear to be called for in the entire area of fluoride metabolism. A chemical in the

(*Continued on page* 58)



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## The Fluoride Debate

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Lear's articles on fluoridation (SR, Dec. 7 and Jan. 4) have produced a voluminous and often stormy response. Many of the negative letters have been addressed to the editor of SR, protesting the stand and the manner of presentation of the science editor. In the following pages an attempt is made to reflect the nature and balance of this correspondence.*

IN YOUR DECEMBER 7 issue—in your moving and eloquent tribute to the late President Kennedy—you counseled that "the best defense to spiraling madness is to carry on, to strengthen the belief in a rational society and in the natural sanity and goodness of man." In particular you said that "we can give not just added protection but added dignity to public office and reduce the sense of loneliness of public servants who are regarded as easy game for the predatory attacks of extremists."

In that same issue, your science editor joins the predators. He takes wild potshots at a government agency for advocating what it believes to be a desirable measure in the interest of the public health. The U.S. Public Health Service, he says, is engaged in a drive "to force" fluoridation of public water supplies on the American people and "is pushing the sale of chemicals for purposes clearly not vital to public health."

I do not propose to argue the merits of fluoridation with Mr. Lear. The scientific literature on this subject is ample and convincing. Fortunately, the City Council and the Board of Estimate of New York were not swayed by Mr. Lear's "reasoning." It is heartening that New York has joined such major U.S. cities as Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Detroit, Washington, Cleveland, St. Louis, Baltimore, Denver, and Milwaukee in fluoridating its water supply.

What is disturbing me, however, is the implication of Mr. Lear's remarks. Will a government agency, particularly one with a professional mission, be accused of "forcing" its will on the people every time it seeks to encourage a beneficial health measure? Will it be charged with being in league with the chemical industry or the pharmaceutical industry or the suppliers of hospital equipment?

I fail to see how such an approach represents "reasoning together." Mr. Lear substitutes accusation for rational argument. He reduces reasonable discussion to the level of innuendo and name-calling.

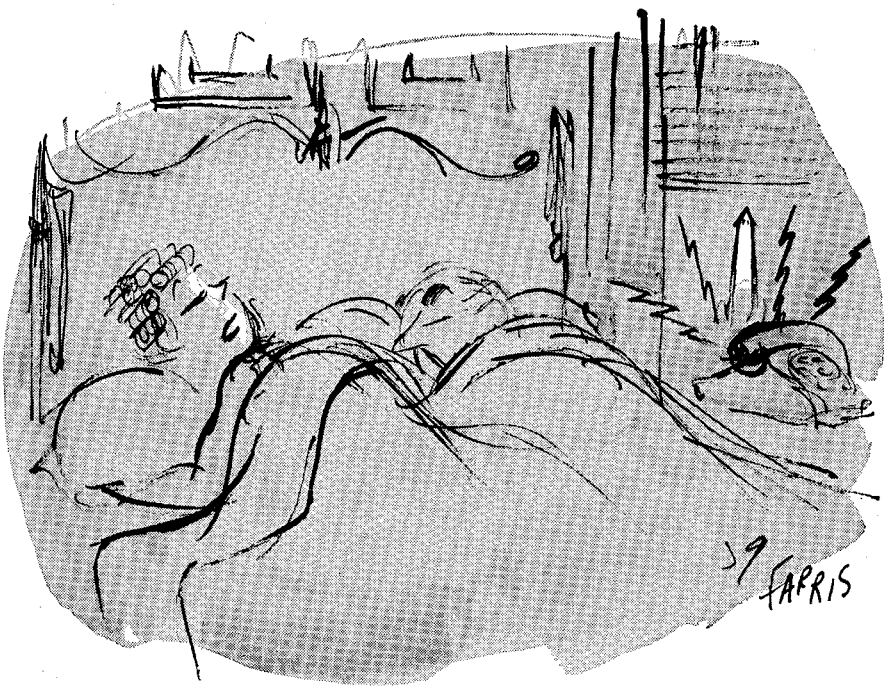
Mr. Lear not only has a gift for misrepresenting fluoridation, but he apparently has no notion of the meaning of public health. For your science editor to give the impression that public health in the mid-twentieth century is limited to fighting contagious diseases is, to say the least, most curious.

One of the primary jobs of the Public Health Service—and of health agencies at any level of government—is to study and evaluate new practices in the continuing campaign to improve the health of the people. We would be remiss if we did *not* make our findings known and if we did *not* promote all worthwhile measures to advance health. Dental health, environmental hazards, chronic and long-term disabilities, accidents, mental illness—all are as much the concern of modern public health as contagious diseases.

Neither Mr. Lear's intemperance with respect to the conscientious business of a public agency nor his apparent ignorance of public health in the world today does justice to *SR* and its enlightened readership.

We continue to believe, with you, in a rational society—a society which, in the words of your editorial, will "bring to bear on problems that combination of reason, sensitivity, and vision that gives a civilization its forward movement."

J. STEWART HUNTER,
Assistant to the Surgeon General
for Information.
Washington, D.C.




"Answer it. It may be L.B.J.!"

## Big Scare?

YOUR FIRST ARTICLE, "The Real Danger in Fluoridated Water," was a "beaut"—inaccurate, emotional, dishonest.

Your second article, "Documenting The Case Against Fluoridation," shows you trying just too hard to justify your earlier ill-advised, precarious position. Your technique of implying that you have uncovered recent, extensive research material not readily available to the masses is cheap and shallow and your technique of "the big scare" is really overworked.

When you found that your argument had run its full course and yet might not be fully convincing, you threw in the cancer scare. If you did your homework a little better, you could have dug up other outrageous assertions such as "fluoride on the brain" and "100 per cent increase in deaths due to heart disease." Then, of course, there are the other arguments—satyriasis, nymphomania, ad nauseum.

I will make one admission: You will probably increase the circulation of your journal (with all the insecure and inadequate personalities in our great land), and, perhaps, down deep, this was the basic intent of your shallow scheme.

How is it that you are fourteen years too late in saving humanity? Did you know that the Public Health Service endorsed fluoridation in 1950? That applied, controlled fluoridation was first inaugurated in 1945—nineteen years ago this May? That fluorides have existed in public water supplies since time began—when "God created the Heavens and the Earth"?

And finally, I might ask, did you know that you know very little about this subject? Yet you have the audacity to write about it with an air of assumed authority? How is it that you do not deplore the Public Health Service's support to its many other activities?

As I stated in my first letter to your publisher, you are guilty of demagoguery, and I feel you have violated the implied responsibilities of the freedom of the press. It is a pity that out of 8,000 source references on fluoridation, you sum them up with the inaccuracies and emotionalism as presented in your "Documenting the Case Against Fluoridation."

LEONARD F. MENCZER, D.D.S.,
Public Health Dentist,
Hartford Health Department.
Hartford, Conn.

SCIENCE EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Menczer has put his finger on an important date. The United States Public Health Service did en-*



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*dorse fluoridation of public drinking water in 1950. That was five to seven years before completion of the three community-wide tests that were undertaken in 1945 at USPHS instigation to determine whether fluoridation would be an effective and safe procedure. The Science Editor wonders why USPHS was unwilling to wait until the experiments were finished and the results could be carefully evaluated. Nor does he know why the children to whom fluoridated water was given in the three community-wide tests were not examined for effects of fluoride other than the dental effect and the amount of excretion of fluoride in the urine.*

## An Editor's Responsibility

UNTIL THE DECEMBER 7 issue of *SR* I have always enjoyed and respected John Lear. His remarks on fluoridation, however, leave me not only disappointed but amazed—amazed that he has presented a report not in the manner of an objective science reporter, but apparently in the spirit of the "emotional" opponents of fluoridation. Small children do constitute only one-quarter of the population, but has it occurred to Mr. Lear that small children do become adults and that eventually the benefits of fluoridation would be of help to all?

How many dentists—and how selected—did the science editor talk to, and what of the opinions of the thousands he did not talk to? And what in the world do the American Dental Association's "polished sheets" have to do with the merits of a scientific question?

Does the science editor really mean that only distinguished physicians opposed fluoridation at the New York hearings, but none of distinction favored it?

Does he disregard the many statistical records of improved dental health in communities with fluoridation and the number of cities with naturally fluoridated water that have shown no evidence of harmful effects on their populations?

As an individual, Mr. Lear has every right to his opinion on any issue. As a science editor he has a responsibility to his readers to give them unbiased and objective reporting.

This he has not done.

GORDON B. SMITH, M.D.
Rutland, Vt.

## Hollow Victory

THE RECENT ARTICLE "The Real Danger in Fluoridated Water" replays the "encroachment-on-freedom" theme popular these days in anti-fluoridation circles now that there can be no sound scientific objections.

The only fairly accurate statement made is "that the problem of tooth decay is a simple matter of population arithmetic." This statement may not be 100 per cent accurate, but even if it is, it merely supports one argument for fluoridation, namely, the size of the problem.

An amazing suggestion is that "the obvious solution is to train more dentists." This is like saying that the only solution to disease is more doctors, or to crime, more policemen. Preventive measures hardly need your magazine's support to establish their efficiency, but it is nonetheless surprising to observe your science editor swinging so wildly at this principle, one on which modern society rests.

As for other measures being equally effective, this is simply not true; at least not in the sense that all children possess parents equal in their intelligent application of dental hygiene, or in their ability to pay for dental care when it is needed.

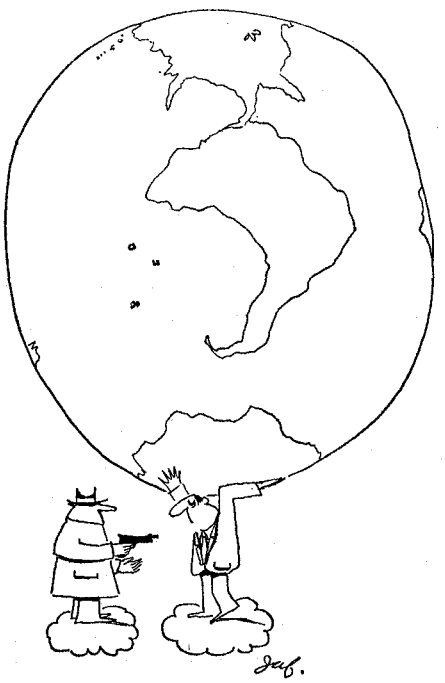
Finally, what about those adults who seriously insist on their "right" to drink fluoride-free water, thereby denying to generations of children a chance for healthier teeth? This is certainly a hollow "victory" for freedom! Moreover, in view of the natural distribution of fluoride in the soil, freedom from this substance, relative at that, is only an accident of geology. Even conceding that the right to drink non-fluoridated water is a freedom, should not adults be willing to relinquish this small freedom so that our children may have a larger one, namely, freedom to enjoy better dental health?

NORMAN A. HARVEY, M.D., F.A.A.P.
Glens Falls, N.Y.

## Reasons, Moral and Medical

WE ARE EXTREMELY appreciative of the excellent articles written against the artificial fluoridation of public water supplies by John Lear in two recent issues of *SR*. Had not the holidays intervened, a grateful acknowledgment for his first article would have been sent sooner. But, as scientists, we feel Mr. Lear's second article in the January 4 issue even surpasses his first one, since he has so carefully presented accurate documented evidence to substantiate the moral reasons for opposing this form of forced mass medication.

Like your science editor, we are not against fluoridation on an individual basis for those who may desire it, but it is completely illogical and unscientific to force this toxic and cumulative drug, which requires a prescription by federal law, upon entire populations. Moreover, in a municipal water supply *it is impossible* to control the dosage of this potent medication (see Fluorol under Table of Doses in *Dorland's Medical Dictionary*), despite claims to the contrary. To us, it is incredible that this hoax upon both the American people and this nation's medical profession has been allowed to spread as it has! From speaking with numerous physicians, we believe that many are finally beginning to realize that artificial fluoridation of the water supply is contrary to the concepts of individual medication as has been practiced in America up to this time. However, too many of these professional people have been falsely reassured and even pressured by paid promoters in influential positions. They are only now beginning to awake to the moral threat to their professional standing and to read of the hazards in this alleged "health measure" which have recently been reported in scientific literature.



Therefore, Mr. Lear's articles have been a new and much-needed light in a great area of darkness. We hope they will encourage many others to inform themselves of the facts and speak out against artificial fluoridation before it is too late.

A check will follow for our new subscription to *Saturday Review* in the hope that John Lear's honest editorials will be allowed to continue despite the tremendous pressure that has been exerted upon him during the past month. When there is an attempt to castigate Mr. Lear by smear tactics and coercion, just request published scientific data refuting the documented reports that have already proved fluoridation harmful to some people at 1 ppm. and less. You will undoubtedly find that they do not exist, and that most of the promoters' claims are based on the personal opinions of their so-called experts.

DONALD B. FOSTER,
Department of Biology,
Ithaca College.

LOIS J. FOSTER,
Registered Medical Technologist,
American Society of Clinical Pathologists.
Ithaca, N.Y.

## Hoax?

WE ARE DELIGHTED with the two articles in *SR* exposing the fluoridation issue for the hoax it is.

Inasmuch as there are many methods of individual fluoridation, it is hard to understand the frenzied tenacity with which promoters ignore all scientific data against fluoridation as if it were nonexistent, and insist that the waters of the nation must be needlessly polluted with fluoride.

If the real reason for artificial fluoridation were "the kiddies' teeth," as fluoridators would like us to believe, then the promoters are guilty indeed of denying the children the alleged "benefits" of this insidious cumulative poison for lo these many years. Like every other medication, this one could also have been used individually in many ways, at very low cost. Tablets and drops, in fact, could have been made available without charge by the Public Health Service years ago, at much lower cost than public water fluoridation.

The promoters' bombastic claims are



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bluster and are contrary to fact. Their tactics are to smear, belittle, and threaten anyone who dares speak out in opposition to this un-American plan of mass medication by force. Their attitude generally is one of arrogant infallibility, despite existing scientific information in medical and technical literature which establishes beyond doubt that fluoride has already been proved harmful to some people; and that the long-range hazard is simply not known —by opponents or proponents.

The whole fluoridation program is ridiculous and unbelievable beyond words, and one wonders just what is behind this promotion to force everyone in the world to take medication for children's teeth.

We sincerely hope Mr. Lear will not be coerced by these professional promotors, some of whom do not hesitate to make up stories to fit the occasion. . . .

P. A. PATTERSON,
Chemist.

Detroit, Mich.

## Research and the Record

"COME, LET US reason together." A recent article by John Lear presents a number of arguments opposing fluoridation of public water supplies. He questions the scientific justification for the advocacy of fluoridation by the U.S. Public Health Service, when in fact no public health measure in history has had as much intensive research regarding its effectiveness and safety before it was recommended as has water fluoridation. It may be true that the author is not familiar with pertinent research studies, but this does not mean that they do not exist. Over 5,000 titles of scientific articles bearing on the physiological effects of fluoride are available.

His vague references to "useless buildings and machinery" is one of the easiest to repudiate. The personnel of waterworks have demonstrated repeatedly that the addition of fluorides to a municipal supply of water is practical from an engineering standpoint.

Experience in hundreds of communities shows conclusively that fluoridation is an inexpensive procedure and can be instituted at a cost per capita that will not be a financial burden to anyone. The average cost is about nine cents annually per person. The savings from fluoridation by its proven ability to reduce dental caries are so great that a community cannot afford to waste money by using fluoride-deficient water. The U.S. Public Health Service has recently estimated that it is costing the nation $452 million in needless dental bills in the communities that are not fluoridating.

The author's contention that fluoridation benefits children only and that the remaining three-fourths of the populace receive no benefit whatever from fluoridated water, thereby making the whole procedure suspect, is refuted by a state supreme court which found: "A health measure is not necessarily arbitrary because it affects primarily one class. It may, even so, be in the interest of the public generally." Numerous scientific studies, on the other hand, have produced evidence that the caries-inhibiting effect of fluoridation continues into adult life in individuals who have used a fluoride-bearing water during the developmental period or beyond.

The suggestion that fluoride pills could be dissolved in the drinking water of children whose parents so desired is open to serious question, because such a procedure will not reach all children in the population. Precisely controlled levels of fluorine can be ensured by trained water-plant personnel, but home responsibility prompts caution. The Board of Health of New York City has concluded that the use of tablets as a vehicle for fluorides has an unknown effectiveness, is difficult to regulate, is inconvenient, and is an accident hazard. Approximate cost annually per person would be about $3.65 compared to nine cents per capita for fluoridation of water.

The article's statement that most dentists the *SR*'s science editor talked to are opposed to fluoridation suggests that his acquaintances among the profession are limited. An overwhelming majority of dentists are proposing fluoridation and actively supporting it. In Buffalo and Erie County, the dentists have actively and rigorously supported fluoridation, and none have publicly opposed it.

The group that endorse fluoridation are the country's foremost scientific health organizations and official bodies. Among these groups are the National Research Council, the American Medical Association, the American Dental Association, and the American Public Health Association.

The author implies that fluorides endanger those people who drink large quantities of water. Actually, it would not be possible to endanger their lives by drinking excessive amounts of water that contain 1 ppm fluorine. Leone has shown that to consume the 4.0 to 5.0 grams which are recognized generally as providing the toxic dose, it would be necessary to drink 16,000 to 20,000 times the trace-amount contained in an eight-ounce glass of fluoridated water at 1.0 ppm.

A summary appearing in *Water Fluoridation Practices in Major Cities of the United States* effectively answers the question of crustation and accumulation of fluorides. "Neither the length of line, time of flow, age of pipe, nor materials to which water is exposed affect average F ion content in distribution systems significantly. In no instance is pipe-line corrosion traceable to fluorine content."

In commenting on the article's discussion of toothbrushing, reliance on individual responsibility and effectiveness, it must be pointed out that from a practical viewpoint years of dental health education have not been effective in motivating proper toothbrushing techniques.

In conclusion, it would be most appropriate to substitute the following pertinent quotation of our beloved late President John F. Kennedy in place of the one quoted in the article which could apply to almost any situation: "I urge parents, dentists and health organizations to renew their efforts during National Children's Dental Health Week to improve the dental health of the nation's children, by stressing the value of dental education and by advocating such preventive measures as fluoridation of public water supplies."

WILLIAM E. MOSHER, M.D.,
Commissioner of Health,
Erie County Department of Health.

Buffalo, N.Y.

## Assumptions and Antagonisms

I WAS INTERESTED in John Lear's article on fluoridation in the December 7 issue, which

"Guess who our class voted most likely to succeed, Benson."



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reflected somewhat our experience in Durham.

We adopted the use of fluoridation a couple of years ago. As a member of the opposition, I encountered the same failure of the fluoridationists to deal with the multitude of facts that question the wisdom of the practice.

Opponents to fluoridation were described as ignorant, fanatic, unteachable, enemies of public health, or well-meaning but misguided. We were compared by a physician to a local farmer who threatened a doctor with a pistol for having performed an appendectomy. A judge suggested to the city council that our evidence not even be listened to since all experts were in favor of fluoridation.

I have been at a loss ever since to explain the reason for this attitude. Perhaps it is the result of the fact that conflicting evidence on the subject automatically means that fluoridation is a public medical experiment. Perhaps it is the assumption that any government welfare project should be supported. Or perhaps it is the natural unwillingness to listen to anything which opposes a point of view one has espoused. Whatever the cause, it is clearly no basis for undertaking a project so far-reaching in its implications as is the fluoridation of public water supplies.

PAUL WILLIAMS.
Durham, N.C.

## Where Are They?

I PERSONALLY have never met another dentist or physician who was against fluoridation. I know that there are a few, as there are a few science editors who are against it, but these are not the men who have done the research on the subject. Their objections are not scientific.

Incidentally, I am mad enough that I will not renew my subscription.

DONALD R. WHITE, D.D.S.
Detroit, Mich.

## Science or Sensationalism?

AFTER READING THE eloquent defense of your antifluoridation stand, I am amazed at your obvious lack of knowledge of the fundamentals of physiology and nutrition.

Also, basing your conclusion on one review of admittedly questionable background is certainly poor scientific judgment. Why not read all evidence regardless of its being pro or con before coming to your conclusions? You are obviously more interested in sensationalism than in disseminating scientific information. The biggest laugh is putting an article such as this one under "Research in America."

It's certainly a black eye to *SR*. I'm very disappointed, not in your conclusions, but in your methods.

MAXWELL KATZ, D.D.S.
The Bronx, N.Y.

## Troubling the Waters

I DO NOT believe you confused so many of your readers by "failing to provide documentation" for the point of view expressed in "The Real Danger in Fluoridated Water." The "great majority of letter-writers" (against you) referred to in "Documenting the Case Against Fluoridation" surely must have recognized, as I did, that your point of view is incompatible with the title of science editor of *SR*. In any event, your more recent article certainly documents the case against "science editor" John Lear.

"Documenting the Case" bases itself on a lengthy history and discussion of one Canadian paper, references to two other published items, and an interpretation of some findings of a respected dental scientist, Dr. Finn Brudevold. The Canadian paper, "Accumulation of Skeletal Fluoride and Its Implications," which "tipped the balance of *SR*'s science editor's judgment on the question of artificial fluoridation of public water supplies" is, in my opinion, a useful review article making reference to seventy-one publications. It reports no new work or data, adds nothing to the fund of knowledge in the field, and it should not have tipped anyone's balance. The five recommendations with which it concludes might better have been expressed as "has been" instead of "should be"; *e.g.*, "The effect of various dietary factors *has been* studied . . .", etc. As evidence, the annotated bibliography "The Occurrence and Biological Effects of Fluorine Compounds, Volume 1, The Inorganic Compounds" (Kettering Laboratory in the College of Medicine, University of Cincinnati, 1958) contained 8,700 abstracts. The preface to "The Role of Fluoride in Public Health" (Kettering Laboratory, 1963) begins: "No element which occurs naturally in the environment of man, and therefore in trace amounts in his tissues, has had so much attention in the scientific and popular literature in the past thirty years as has fluorine. . . . few elements have been examined so extensively in relation to human health generally in industries using fluorides or for their effects upon animals . . . or with regard to their behavior in isolated organ systems . . . as well as on plants and microorganisms."

There can never be enough "time" and "research" to satisfy those whose real purpose is to trouble the waters so they can fish in them.

BENEDICT B. KIMMELMAN, D.D.S.,
Assistant Professor of Medicine,
Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital.
Philadelphia, Pa.

SCIENCE EDITOR'S NOTE: *In addition to considering the point made in the following letter and statement by Dr. Laubengayer, head of the Chemistry Department at Cornell University and a researcher in fluorides for thirty years, Dr. Kimmelman might also wish to read the complete text of the preface to the 1963 Kettering Laboratory bibliography from which he draws his information. Among other things the preface says: "A compilation of the entire extensive literature on the subject would be of little assistance to those who are concerned with the welfare of their community, not only because of the number of publications, but because the scientific reliability of some is highly questionable. How selective the bibliography is, Dr. Kimmelman can learn for himself by attempting to locate references to antifluoridation items published in reputable scientific journals and screened by competent editorial referees prior to publication.*

## "In Complete Accord"

I WOULD LIKE to thank you for your very excellent discussion of fluoridation in the January 4 issue of *SR*. This is certainly a careful, well-considered, well-documented summary of the whole issue and one with which I am in complete accord. Your general conclusion that there is need for more scientific study rather than statistical surveys on the subject agrees with my own conclusions. Last year I made an extended study of the literature published by the Public Health Service on which the pro-

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motion of fluoridation of community water supplies is based, as well as a study of the experimental data and arguments which lead to the opposition to such fluoridation. As a chemist with a background of thirty years of experience with the chemistry of fluorine and fluorides in university teaching and research, I approached the problem with an open mind, but soon became convinced of the folly of community water treatment. The issue of fluoridation came to our city last year and was finally rejected by our Board of Public Works, which had the final say in this matter.

It requires courage to take an opposing and honest stand on this subject today, especially in light of the pressures from various governmental and medical groups, and I wish to express my admiration and appreciation to you and to your editors for publishing this article. I shall look forward to other scientific articles in SR.

A. W. LAUBENGAYER,
Professor of Chemistry,
Cornell University.

Ithaca, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Herewith excerpts from Professor Laubengayer's testimony at hearings on fluoridation in Ithaca, New York, on March 27, 1963:*

HAVING HAD EXPERIENCE with the chemistry of fluorine and fluorides in my university teaching and research for some thirty years, I have naturally become interested in the current proposal to fluoridate the Ithaca community water supply. Like most of the public, I have been confused by the broad claims and counterclaims that have been circulated and especially by the emotional appeals of the pressure groups pushing the proposal. Apparently reputable scientists and health authorities are lending their names to both sides, and numerous organizations are endorsing or disapproving the project. Therefore, to get at the facts, I have recently read a great number of the original scientific papers originating with the scientists of the Public Health Service and other scientists who deal with the effects on the consumer of fluoride in community water supplies. It soon becomes clear from such reading that determining these effects is a very complicated problem and one which is far from settled. A great deal of long-time, painstaking, and expensive research remains to be done.

The following facts are well established and generally accepted by scientists:

1. The fluoride ion is exceptionally reactive and is known to associate strongly with other substances. The possibilities, therefore, of its reacting in a great variety of ways when introduced into the body to produce harmful or beneficial effects are great and, unfortunately, as yet mostly unknown. In the laboratory the hazards of handling fluorides are recognized by all chemists and great care is exercised in working with them.

2. PHS scientists have shown by statistical studies that continuous use of community drinking water which contains only small amounts of fluoride, say eight parts per million, by children from birth to eight years old (when teeth are developing), produces severe damage (disfiguring mottling, staining, erosion) of practically all the individuals. This dental fluorosis is so bad that communities having such fluoride content in their water supply have been obliged, on the advice of PHS, either to treat the water to drastically reduce the fluoride content or to find new water sources. Statistical data on many communities indicate that the severity of dental fluorosis decreases as the fluoride content of the water goes down. At a fluoride content of 1 ppm something less than 10 per cent of the children are likely to develop a very mild but still disturbing fluorosis and at 0.1 ppm the danger becomes negligible.

3. PHS scientists also have discovered that in communities with water of 1 ppm or higher fluoride content, children using it continuously through their first eight years enjoy, on a statistical basis, a greatly reduced tendency to develop dental caries. As the fluoride content goes down, this beneficial effect decreases.

4. Both dental effects are restricted to young children during the period of formation of the teeth. Older individuals do not benefit dentally by ingesting fluoride ions. However, recent research is becoming more and more concerned with the likelihood of other cumulative harmful effects on adults of continued exposure to fluoride over their lives. Since these may be con-

# *Strange Bedfellows*

IT IS SHOCKING TO READ in a respected national publication an example of biased, irresponsible, and unscientific reporting such as is contained in your January 4 issue under the heading of "Research in America."

The opponents of fluoridation make strange bedfellows. Still, it is surprising to find the science editor of *SR* joining members of the John Birch Society, groups devoted to anti-Semitism, and those opposing aluminum cooking utensils, chlorination, pasteurization, and immunization against disease.

Although done in a much more subtle and sophisticated manner, the article in the January 4 issue appears to follow the precedent set by others: it casts doubt by raising vague questions based on a slanted interpretation of a few articles from the literature.

The intent of the article is clearly indicated by the title "Documenting the Case Against Fluoridation." By careful selection of writing to be quoted and by subtle misinterpretation of the evidence, it would be possible to make a similar "documentation" against any health measure in use today. Such an exercise, although it may gratify the author's desire to advance a particular political or philosophical viewpoint, does not seem to serve the interest of informing the "popular intelligence."

One current bibliography, which lists only the more significant scientific papers relating to water fluoridation, contains more than 150 references. It is quite evident that the science editor did not attempt to make an objective review of the evidence. Instead, a few papers were highlighted which seemed to raise doubt, and the extensive studies showing the safety and effectiveness of water fluoridation were largely ignored or dismissed with casual depreciation.

The latter tactic is well illustrated in the comment that ". . . the comparative studies in Newburgh, Grand Rapids, and Brantford were failures, for other forms of oral hygiene were intensified at the same time that fluoride was added to the drinking water." In the first place, there is no evidence that this statement is true. Second, it is amazing that these monumental studies, among the more comprehensive research projects of our generation, were dismissed in two sentences, while other reports—most of which are of questionable validity, to say the least—were highlighted at length.

The writer's bias is revealed again by the title of the second article, "Fluoride's Checkered Past." This article contained a brief summary of the studies that Gordon, the distinguished epidemiologist from Harvard, has said ". . . justifiably rank among epidemiologic classics. . . ." The record of this outstanding research work (which won many honors, including the Lasker Award, for McKay and Dean) becomes, in Mr. Lear's version, a "checkered past."

It is pointed out that controlled water fluoridation is nearly twenty years old. For more than a decade controversies have been stirred up in communities where the measure was under consideration. Yet, to my knowledge, only very recently has *SR* devoted any extensive space to the subject. In this light, it is fair to ask whether the present articles represent balanced, objective reporting of scientific affairs by a national magazine or whether Mr. Lear is using this opportunity to express his own personal political views. It is odd that fluoridation did not become newsworthy until a controversy arose in his own home town.

There is probably no health measure today that was studied as extensively before adoption as water fluoridation. Abundant evidence of its value and safety is available for those who wish to study it objectively. Irresponsible articles such as these merely muddy the water and make rational public policy decisions more difficult. Mayor Wagner and the other officials of Mr. Lear's community will probably not suffer from this attack, but the children of today and tomorrow may.

WESLEY O. YOUNG, D.M.D., M.P.H., President,
American Society of Dentistry for Children.

Lexington, Ky.



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tributory to other well-recognized conditions, it probably will take much careful research to uncover them.

The very attractive possibility of using fluoride to promote dental health therefore hinges on whether it is possible to arrange for a daily dosage for children in their first eight years sufficient to reduce dental caries for a high percentage of the individuals without exposing them unduly to the danger of dental fluorosis. Unfortunately, according to the PHS data, there seems to be very little leeway, especially since there is good evidence that there is considerable variation in susceptibility from one child to another. Carefully controlled daily fluoride dosage for children up to eight years old is needed. And this should be accompanied by periodic dental examinations to spot the first signs of fluorosis in individuals of low tolerance and end their dosage.

The fluoridation of the community water supply to 1 ppm does not make sense. It will not provide controlled daily dosage to each child because the consumption of water per child per day varies over wide limits. It is estimated that if each child drinks one quart of water per day he will receive the optimum amount of fluorine specified by PHS. But we all know that the actual daily water consumption per child varies from a small fraction of a quart up to many quarts. One child will therefore receive very much less than the optimum dosage per day and will not benefit. Another will get a total dosage per day many times the optimum, which will expose him to the danger of fluorosis. The only way to insure that each child gets the optimum dosage will be to see that Johnny drinks just one quart of water per day, clearly an impossibility. Furthermore, it is unreasonable to fluoridate the total water supply, most of which will be used for laundry, dishwashing, baths, flushing toilets, air conditioning, sprinkling lawns, industrial use, etc., where the fluoride contact can be of no use and may be harmful, in order to supply the one quart of water per day we hope each child will drink. In addition, fluoridation of our water supply will expose people of all ages to the possibility of cumulative ill effects. Fluoridation of community drinking water looks like a mighty poor gamble. —A. W. Laubengayer.

## Collector's Item

Enclosed find $5. Please send me $5 worth of copies of the January 4 issue and one copy of the January 25 issue. I want the January 4 issue because in it is the finest "exposé" of fluoridation on record. What a science writer! Copies of the January 4 *SR* are selling in some cases for one and two dollars a copy—collectors' items.

Why do I want $5 worth? No, I don't want to profit. I want to leave a copy in the office of every dentist in the Valley—dozens of dentists who feel the same way Mr. Lear does but who are afraid to speak out, for fear of blacklisting by the American Dental Association.

P. R. Rotelli.
East McKeesport, Pa.

## Commended for Courage

You are certainly to be commended for presenting the article "Documenting the Case Against Fluoridation." Few publications would have the courage to print such a report, even though it basically concerns something so vital as human rights. Our respect for your magazine increases with every issue.

John and Martha Stewart.
Hartford, Conn.

## Off Balance

Data I have collected from two doctors at this hospital concerning your ". . . Case Against Fluoridation" lend "conclusive, irrefutable, and unbiased proof" that the prestige of *SR* is down and dental caries up.

Nelson E. Bailey, D.M.D.,
Massachusetts General Hospital.
Boston, Mass.

## Friends in Court

We regret that we did not write to support your article on fluoridation in the December 7 issue, but we now wish to commend you for it, and also for the January 4 pieces. It takes great courage for liberals to take a stand against fluoridation, since its proponents have successfully associated opponents with John Birchism, lack of progressiveness, etc. You are helping us to hold up our heads, because although there are many communities where fluoridation has been defeated, others, such as Rochester, have not had the referendum privilege.

A true liberal is one who takes each issue and evaluates it on its own merits, rather than accepting or rejecting it because of what a professional or political group says. Liberals have been caught napping on the issue of fluoridation, and it is to your credit that you have been awake and thinking.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Newcomb.
Rochester, N.Y.

## To Reach the Public

Congratulations to you and your science editor for the very illuminating article on fluoridation. It is encouraging to find that *SR* has not been dragooned into line in the great promotional campaign being waged by those who would have everyone drinking sodium fluoride.

You are no doubt aware of the tactics being followed by the promoters. It is to avoid debate on the subject and to try to give the impression there is not even a case against fluoridation. The present policy is also to avoid the matter being put to a vote in any place unless there is absolutely no chance of getting the thing put across without vote.

One of the most dangerous features of the promotional campaign is the well-thought-out policy of calling on the newspaper and broadcasting heads in each community to enlist their aid in the scheme. This usually ensures that the case against fluoridation is never permitted to reach the public, creating the desired impression that no such case exists. This is why the article in *SR* is so very valuable and why you have performed a real service in the cause of public enlightenment by printing it. I am quite sure you will have now discovered—if you were not aware of it already—the fury of the fluoridationists at the public's being permitted to see both sides.

W. D. Smith.
Vancouver, B.C.

## Dissenting Votes

I have always followed your articles and have been impressed by them. However, this is my field—dentistry—and from now on, all that you write will be suspect.

I am deeply disappointed in you.

Morton G. Morris, D.D.S.
Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

## "A Masterpiece"

I am a trained dental assistant and I must tell you, your article in the January 4 issue is a masterpiece. Bravo!

Mrs. Dorothy Donohue.
Hawthorne, N.J.

## Problems in the PTA

Since you began the year with an apology, I feel that I must do the same. Your December 4 article on fluoridation was received with much gratitude at our house. It was negligent and thoughtless of us not to write our sincere appreciation sooner. We agree that fluoridation is mass medication and have opposed the program on that basis. After eight years of struggling fruitlessly in this direction, your articles have given us

"Every night we stay home and look at these stupid drawings on the wall!"



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renewed hope that fluoridation will be stopped one way or another in the forseeable future.

At a State PTA Convention workshop over a year ago, I asked a representative of the Oregon Public Health Service if any attempt were being made to explore other methods of treating children's teeth with fluoride. His reply was that there is no other method. Water fluoridation is the *only* inexpensive, practical plan. The complete allness of his answer was too much to take silently. I replied that since we are all interested in the welfare of children, it would behoove us, especially the scientist, to work toward a solution that is more mutually acceptable.

Although the entire incident took not more than five minutes, I received a sharp rebuke from the chairman for "trying to monopolize the discussion." Thinking about it later, I could understand why. Just admitting opposition to fluoridation is an act of heresy in PTA.

MRS. ED BANCROFT.

Portland, Ore.

## The Smoking Debate: Readers' Response

I FIND MYSELF in the unusual position of disagreeing with you. In your editorial "The Danger Beyond Smoking" [SR, Jan. 25] you raised several provocative questions. I should like to counter them with a few of my own that will, I'm sure, be of great assistance to you in your proposed research.

How long can we continue to regard individual life as precious when humanity itself is proliferating at an almost cancerous rate? How sacred will senility be to the youth that has to support it?

These are deliberately brutal questions. If they are not valid now, I have the dreadful feeling that they soon will be. No drastic measures are being taken to curtail the birth rate, but there is a massive drive to wipe out disease and prolong life.

To this, add the inexorable march of the machine, the frustrating red tape of a burgeoning bureaucracy, and the relentless lava flow of asphalt and concrete across the earth. Do you wonder that some smokers "really don't care"? The future looks bleak enough as it is without removing the comfort of nicotine.

Do we want to face the open advocation of suicide, or of planned euthanasia with its myriad moral and legal dilemmas? I think not.

I agree that all the dangers of smoking should be well publicized and that cigarette advertising should be restricted. If, in spite of this, there are those who prefer to take their chances, be grateful. Perhaps this can be a form of natural selection to weed out the weak-willed, the unstable, and the emotionally immature.

M. R. BOGERT.

Englewood, N.J.

AS AN INDIVIDUAL WHO has not given up smoking after publication of the government's report on the dangers of such action, I happily greet the report and have great expections for it, odd as it may seem.

I have observed some acquaintances kicking their addiction in response to the report (ah, the power of the written word!). In the true spirit of the Converted, the Reformed, the Chosen, they now have turned on their former usage. They express contempt for their past pleasure, taste, and master. They are freed from ignorance and slavery!

My great hope is that in my acquaintances' conversions, they also will develop a proper dislike for the seductive, treasonous, and incidentally ungrammatical jingle they once accepted. If smoking cigarettes is now bad form, can I dare to hope that anything that "tastes good like cigarettes should" will now be considered poor form, unhealthy usage, and incorrect grammar?

But alas, I also fear the workings of Gumperson's Law, which, you may recall, states that the contradictory of a welcome probability will assert itself whenever such an eventuality is likely to prove most frustrating. For, no doubt, some enterprising Madison Avenue defector will soon sing to us (with animated cartoons, of course): "Now that you've stopped smoking, doesn't food taste good like it should?" And meatballs will rhythmically bounce on spaghetti piles.

PETER SMITH.

Coronado, Calif.

CIGARETTE IN MOUTH, I sit down to make a few remarks on cigarette smoking, based on my own experience. The cigarette gives me the comfortable feeling of good nature and poise. I think you are unduly perturbed about the doctor who, while acknowledging the harm of cigarettes, has no intention of dropping the habit or any expectation that his patients, despite his advice, will do so. I am wholly on their side in their refusal to take all this official hullabaloo too seriously. The people who lived in Southern Italy danced and sang in the shadow of Vesuvius, and we shall light our cigarettes in the shadow of the atom bomb—in the face of widespread violence, cruelty, callousness to life, and cheapness of life.

Prior to the First World War, living in London, I smoked a pipe, a fitting instrument for reflection. It was not until the first Zeppelin and Gotha raids over London that, in moments that did not permit reflection, I took to cigarettes to tide me over.

When in the fall of 1917 I went on an official mission for the British government to Petrograd for six months, my sense of the human plight intensified. Cigarettes were sold by a horde of hucksters along the Nevsky; they were generously patronized. I, too, fell victim to the habit, for obvious reasons. If you saw a Red "hero" in soldier's uniform rushing to catch an already overcrowded trolley and in his rush knocking down a poor old woman in his way, causing the lounging soldiers on the pavement to laugh uproariously, and you a stander-by not even allowed to help because this was "counterrevolution," your hand instinctively reached for a cigarette. After all, are your lungs so much more important than your nerves?

There is a pathos, too, in this Petrograd experience. News reached my ear that Vassily Rozanov, a great Russian religious thinker of the time, was picking up stubs of cigarettes in Petrograd streets.

One morning in Greenwich Village I noticed an oldish fellow, looking miserable, sitting in a doorway. Something prompted me to hand him two cigarettes. The unsolicited action must have surprised him, for, to my embarrassment, he reached for my hand and kissed it with fervor. It was not the first time that I realized how starved a man could be for a smoke. And, indeed, I never refused anyone who asked for a cigarette, nor do I intend to refuse in the future.

On "bad days" I smoke far more cigarettes than on "good days." I should men-

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tion, by the way, that I am but a few weeks shy of eighty-three.

I hope we are not to be cursed with an era of prohibition of cigarettes, as we were with liquor. Bootleg cigarettes are bound to have more poison in them.

JOHN COURNOS.

New York, N.Y.

AFTER HEARING OF your recently announced cigarette advertisement policy, I would like to add my wholehearted support of this step. I wish to commend your publication's stand on this vital issue.

JANE PRESTON, M.D.

Houston, Tex.

CONGRATULATIONS TO *SR* for its stand on withholding cigarette advertising for the present and for its searching editorial on *the implications of smoking* in full knowledge of its dangers.

A word should be said of those who smoke in crowded rooms and buses, filling the already stagnant air with fumes that others have no choice but to inhale in small quantities. While they shorten their lives by a few years, surely they shorten the lives of all of us (statistically) by at least a few minutes. While I have no desire to live to advanced senility, I would hate to miss an apple tree blossoming for so poor a reason. Perhaps the coining of a term such as *"nicotine fallout"* would help to dramatize the irresponsibility of those who insist on shrouding their microcosm with smoke.

HOWARD E. EVANS.

Lexington, Mass.

AFTER TWENTY-SIX YEARS of steady smoking I quit and would never go back (I am now seventy).

The physician described in your editorial, who said that he and some of his heavy-smoking patients "didn't care" if some years of their lives would be lopped off by continuing the habit, is being untruthful. He and his fellow smokers are rationalizing to delay the decision to quit. The comfort of putting the white paper cylinder between the lips is more important. The physician has the greatest burden of guilt because he knows that he should set an example by not smoking. The I-don't-care attitude becomes an escape route away from other unpleasant decisions, and the "comfort first" habit is in to stay. . . .

HENRY GILBERT.

Duluth, Minn.

YOUR DOCTOR FRIEND and his patients would stop smoking if it were easy. It isn't because tobacco smoking *is a narcotic addiction.*

An addict gets "satisfaction" by relieving withdrawal symptoms. A beginner just gets dizzy.

Of course the tobacco industry denies this, but anyone who has stopped smoking after twenty-odd years of addiction (as I have) is quite aware that the narcotic effect is the key to the whole problem.

JAMES W. KASCH, M.D.

Oakland, Calif.

N.C. OVERLOOKS AN IMPORTANT, if silly human attitude: "It can't happen to me." A man who wouldn't dream of refusing a *polio shot for his child thinks nothing of* smoking excessively. He cannot, or will not, think of his own death; he certainly won't speculate on how or when it is likely to happen.

Even more important, I question the value of reverence for one's own life. The man who is too concerned for his own life could be the same man who shoots his neighbor to keep him out of his fallout shelter.

MRS. ROBERT E. BUECKER.

Oak Park, Ill.

"I've always meant to ask you, Henry—What are you, a Democrat or a Republican?"

THE EDITORIAL "The Danger Beyond Smoking" was of admirable quality—first in workmanship and secondly in N.C.'s unusual initiative and concern in writing the article in the first place. I hope the questions asked are not met with indifference. To me, and I hope to many others, the questions raised deserve answering and must be answered for the assurance of our country's security.

You ask if people's lack of concern for the preciousness of life has been caused by the failure of education, or the home, or the church, or any other institution. My own belief is that the fault does not lie in any specific institution, but in the general American I-don't-care attitude. Why do so many Americans have this attitude? Because the same Americans don't have any purpose in living and therefore find no *reason for caring for their bodies'* welfare.

Just what should be the main purpose in living? Maybe the answers can be found as close as a person's Bible. Instead of discarding this great book as being old-fashioned and a myth and substituting in its place man-instituted theology, it might be well, before it is too late, to look to it as a friend and a philosopher of the ages. In finding out why we should take care of our bodies, Romans 12:1 offers a pretty good reason. It states: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God to present *you bodies a living sacrifice, holy,* acceptable to God, which is your spiritual service." The Bible and the religious belief that it produces are a perfect background for a happy, profitable life. The only requirement it makes of a person is for that person to sit down, read it, and obey all commandments therein.

KATHY FRAZIER.

Lorenzo, Tex.

"THE DANGER BEYOND SMOKING" states that the reasons men continue to smoke should be the subject of an examination as extensive as the one conducted to determine the effects of smoking itself. I agree. The editorial goes on to say, "Nothing can be more dangerous to a nation than the feeling by a considerable portion of its people that they really don't care whether they live or die." This statement presupposes the results of the research that the article recommends. Do people smoke in spite of the detriment to their health because "they really don't care whether they live or die"? I think not. One hypothesis might be that such men are indifferent to their future. Another hypothesis might be that smoking is a psychological crutch, and that the need for smoking is greater than the need for perfecting one's health. Are men who smoke indifferent to life? Or are they merely favoring the psychological need for smoking in spite of the inhibiting factor of the probable loss of a few years of their lives? What is the effect of taking away the release of smoking? Is there such a release? Is there, in fact, any psychological need in the minds of smokers?

Does a man who lives longer live "more"?

Some of these questions could be answered by the research you suggest. Some cannot. I hope that the research, not our speculations, will provide the answers.

RALPH H. STALEY.

Hanover, N.H.



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## The Mechanics of Laughter

THE care and treatment of the last war's mental cases hardly seems a promising point of departure for comedy, but *Captain Newman, M.D.*, based on Leo Rosten's popular novel, so deftly blends horror with humor and shock with slapstick that the subject never becomes distastefully crude or depressingly clinical. And it could easily have been both. Too many films have viewed war in retrospect as one long romp, with an occasional bombardment or patrol action to mar the festivities. Others have exploited mental illness for sheer sensationalism. *Captain Newman*—or, more correctly, director David Miller—walks a delicate line. He does not slight the causes of crack-up in good men, or even suggest that there are cures for all, but he bears down on the combination of scientific skill and humanitarian spirit that can make many of them whole again—and, ironically, fit once more for active duty.

This irony is not lost on Newman himself, played with quiet dignity by Gregory Peck. The head of the neuropsychiatric section of an Air Corps base hospital, he ponders the question when faced with a colonel who, despite his bombast, has cracked under the strain of losing his men in combat; a catatonic captain unable to live up to the ideals he had set for himself; and a young corporal whose self-hatred on deserting a comrade has turned him into a psychotic. The war has blasted these men just as surely as if they had been splattered with bullets. And when, after enormous expenditures of time and training, the corporal goes off to combat and his death, Captain Newman's sense of futility is poignantly shared by the audience.

If none of this is precisely new or earth-shattering, it still has the distinction of being told with warmth, sympathy, and simplicity. The film emerges all the more dramatic for its consistent understatement.

What sends it winging into new dimensions, however, is the introduction of a fast-talking, ingenious, and genuinely funny aide to Captain Newman, Corporal Laibowitz. Tony Curtis plays him as a scrounger with a heart, a man born to deal with practicalities regardless of Army rules and red tape. Laibowitz, both laughable and lovable, proves to be the flywheel that keeps the entire film in motion. More than merely a foil for Newman, he operates largely on his own; and the script's astute juxtaposition of his frenetic wheeling and dealing with the more sober aspects of life in a mental ward gives the film its special flavor, lightness, and momentum. Thanks to polished writing, performances, and direction, these disparate elements fuse into entertainment that never loses sight of the essential grimness of its material, but never gets overwhelmed by it.

On the other hand, *Sunday in New York* hasn't a single thought in its pretty little head, but it is so consistently ingratiating and attractive that only the sterner realists are liable to object. Adapted by Norman Krasna from his own play, it takes advantage of the wide screen and Metrocolor to examine some of the less likely vicissitudes that a virtuous young girl might encounter in wicked old New York. Despite unbecoming costumes, Jane Fonda is a delight as the girl who decides to put her virtue to the test; Rod Taylor is engaging as the man she tests it on; and Cliff Robertson gives a lithe and amusing outline of an airplane pilot with a double standard—one for himself and one for his sister. But the film's top performance comes from Robert Culp, who, as Jane's disappointed suitor, flashes a jaunty smile at the moment of parting that plumbs an unexpected depth of heartbreak. Director Peter Tewksbury, stepping up from TV's *My Three Sons* and *Father Knows Best*, makes a welcome addition to the world of big-screen comedy.

THERE are flashes of acrid humor in *The Guest*, but comedy—unless it be the human comedy—was far from the intent of Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker*, from which this corrosive film was overliterally adapted. Once more Donald Pleasance insinuates himself into Robert Shaw's grimy room in a London tenement, fawning, wheedling, and eventually bullying the mild, demented man in persistent assertion of his "rights." Once more Alan Bates creates his fascinating, enigmatic portrait of Mick, Shaw's soft-spoken brother, with his startling outbursts of irony, cruelty, and sheer sadism. And once more Pinter's unorthodox play commands respect by virtue of his harsh, fully dimensioned characters, while leaving one utterly perplexed as to their ultimate fate or (perhaps symbolic) meaning. The play's fetid, claustrophobic atmosphere has been, if anything, intensified by director Clive Donner's insistent use of enormous close-ups throughout the entire film.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.


# A moving plea to subscribers on the move

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## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### Kónya's Lohengrin—Addabo, Calderon

IN THE time since he first (and last) sang Lohengrin at his Metropolitan Opera debut in November 1961, Sándor Kónya has brought his total of performances of Wagner's Swan Knight very close to an even 200 in a sequence that started in 1958. This could mean much or little, depending on where and with whom they have been sung. Fortunately, enough of them have been at Bayreuth for a real Wagnerian discipline to prevail, which means that the Lohengrin he sang lately is the best that has been heard at the Metropolitan in a decade at least.

As noted at his debut, his is a voice of quality as well as volume, freely produced in the area of A and B, where even the better Wagner tenors tend to become constricted. The gratifying signs of improvement this time were not so much what has been added, but what has been eliminated—a tendency to the sob, the catch in the throat that is sometimes confused (primarily by those who employ it) with "emotion." It is easily overdone in Italian roles, and it has no place at all in the German. Somehow, in some circumstance, Kónya has been persuaded that his Lohengrin can very well do without it, and the surgery has left the patient much better off than before.

Thus, this was a fluent, beautifully controlled vocal effort, from the opening thanks to the closing farewell to the swan, with the Narrative as a proper climax after an elegantly sung love duet. As he delivered it, one felt the full impact of the text in the recitation of his origins, making it in truth the narration it was meant to be rather than merely an exercise in vocal production. With so excellent a protagonist to build around, the long-wanted new production of *Lohengrin* at the Metropolitan should become a priority project if only to resolve the *mésalliance* of costuming that prevailed on this occasion, with Kónya in a blinding Bayreuth gold, and the others wearing whatever they had brought along. As for the "nobles" of Brabant, they were clearly an underprivileged lot.

For such a new production, Konya has a strong ally in conductor Joseph Rosenstock, who kept order among orchestra and chorus while forging steadily through the sea of troubles that are ever present in a Wagner opera. Here they tended to concern Régine Crespin's Elsa more than anything else, especially in the *a capella* quintet near the end of Act I, where she had a leading, off-pitch part. This is, on the whole, an equivocal role for her, as her natural disposition to a driving, dramatic production has to be constantly held in check to suit the lyrically limpid music Wagner wrote for his dream-wracked character. She made the effort with all conscience, and didn't overproduce, either for the Dream in Act I or *Euch lüften* in Act II; but the sound tended to be undersupported and thus fade from hearing. Once past the middle of Act II, Crespin's solid virtues, including an ability to dominate the strongest ensemble, made for very much better results. On the whole, her Wagnerian future would seem to be toward Elisabeth and Isolde rather than the lighter Elsa.

As the quibbling couple, Walter Cassel (Telramund) and Nell Rankin (Ortrud) gave little cause for regret that Wagner's fate for them was lethal. Each gets the text out, in time and on pitch, but the vocal sound adds little to the ear appeal of what they are doing. This did not deter some overwrought enthusiast from a hoarse "Bravo" after Miss Rankin's shrill delivery of her invocation to the gods in Act II. Ernest Weiman is short both of the top and the bottom for Henry's music, which left him a rather middle-class king. Little wonder, then, that in such company Kónya sounded more than ordinarily like a visitor from a distant land.

IF the first requisite of a conductor is to be an opportunist, both Claudio Abbado and Pedro Calderon showed themselves to be well equipped as associate conductors of the Philharmonic while Leonard Bernstein was enjoying a busman's holiday at the Boston premiere of his *Kaddish* symphony. They did, indeed, offer more varied programs than has prevailed with some of the Philharmonic's more celebrated guests this season, ranging from Mozart's *Impressario* overture, Prokofiev's *Chout* ballet suite, and the second symphony of Tchaikovsky on the Abbado program, to Rossini's *Semiramide* overture, the Haydn No. 83, and the Shostakovitch First Symphony at the Calderon pair.

Soloist for both conductors was Charles Treger, who showed the beautifully disciplined control of the bow and strings that won him first prize in the Wieniawski Violin Competition in Poland in 1962. The bow is mentioned even before the strings because of Treger's adroit use of it in the kind of refined, highly stylistic performances he provided of the Mozart G-major (with Abbado) and Szymanowski (with Calderon) concertos. His stroke was always at precisely the right place at the right time to give the emphasis and articulation for which he was striving. Aside from a fussy cadenza in the Mozart, Treger (who is head of the string department at the University of Iowa) made his first Philharmonic performances memorable ones.

AT his session, Abbado worked on an upper curve from competence in Mozart to distinction in Prokofiev and Tchaikovsky. Doubtless the heavier scoring of the Russian music assisted, for the Mozart was brittle in sound, a little hard-driven for its best interests. Nevertheless, there was conviction in everything he did, a clear sense of line and purpose, and, in the Prokofiev, a freedom from inhibition that permitted its bold colors full effect.

Calderon's objectives were a little less inclusive, but he also came closer to realizing them in a musically conceived, adroitly controlled performance of the Rossini overture, a lightly, but tightly, drawn estimate of Haydn, and an expressively disciplined Shostakovitch. He also collaborated well with Treger in the Szymanowski concerto. The winter book on the potentialities of these two young conductors might show a short price for Abbado in the immediate future, with Calderon a longer shot to prevail later on.

If there was a sinister aspect to the recital presented in Philharmonic Hall by Paul Badura-Skoda and Joerg Demus, it was, simply, because a large portion of the audience was arranged on the left side of the auditorium, the better to watch the pianists at work. Actually, though Badura-Skoda and Demus may sound like three, there were only the two of them, alternately performing solos of Mozart and Schubert, playing four hands on one keyboard, or arranging themselves at the two pianos for duets.

All this was thoroughly agreeable, for both are happily in the orbit of the composers they prefer, and together make a much more compatible couple than musicians who are the product of more diverse environments. Indeed, if there were some dissidents in the hall, they were on the dexter or non-keyboard side, from which it sounded as if more variety in the programing would have yielded greater dividends in interest. A sharp contrast or two from the

(*Continued on page 40*)



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## BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

### Quentin's Quest

WHATEVER drawbacks one may find in Arthur Miller's *After the Fall,* the size of its concerns are impressive, and one can think of no other new American play this season that would have been as appropriate for the opening venture of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theatre at the ANTA Washington Square Theatre. For just as this is a theatre that carries the future hopes of a too-often disappointed theatregoing public, so is *After the Fall* a play that intensely examines one disappointed man's right to hope in a world where incredible horror and violence keep cropping up to make on suspect the progress of the human race.

While this man, a lawyer named Quentin, is a rather special individual molded in his creator's own image, he has within him a number of nagging conflicts that are universally felt in our times. Quentin began life with the presumption that one is moving toward some elevation; that there were injustices for him to correct, good and bad people for him to judge, and fixed principles to be placed ahead of natural or selfish impulses. Looking back on this period, Quentin bitterly remarks, "Not to see one's own evil—there's power and rightness, too."

This evil Quentin uncovers for us by re-examining his true feelings about his parents, his shattered political religion, his two broken marriages, and a friend's suicide. In retrospect he sees that total love and total innocence are impossible, and that total marriage can be a way of forcing two separate people into betrayal, hate, and virtual murder. He sees the majority of men reconciling themselves to a life of insincerity and fake innocence. As he puts it, "I walk down the street, I see millions of apartment windows lighting up—I swear I don't understand how each man knows which door to go to. Can they all be in love? I don't think so; it's some kind of innocence, a deep belief that all their destinations are ordained."

Still, the purpose of this play is not negation, but Quentin's attempt to decide whether or not to enter into a third marriage with Holga, a German woman who has reconciled herself with—though not absolved herself of—the guilt she feels for war atrocities. Holga's formula is simply "to take the idiot child of her life in her hands and kiss it." Since both Quentin and Holga have fallen from innocence to the knowledge that we are all dangerous, this third marriage ultimately strikes him as, at least, feasible.

The play's method is also intriguing. Quentin stands onstage for three hours addressing the audience informally and jumping in and out of short scenes that are re-enactments of portions of his life, evoked by what comes into his head as he speaks to us. Furthermore, these re-enactments also include images and thoughts that occurred to him at the original moment.

Why, then, we keep asking ourselves, is the skilful and energetic stage action so much less dramatic and compelling than the same man would be if he were sitting in our living room telling the same story? While Quentin's lines to the audience do attempt to establish this living-room atmosphere, the open stage and the "large-size" acting it requires of the individual performers make every enactment imply an earth-shaking importance that tends to drown out rather than lead gently to Quentin's conclusions. This is especially so because Quentin often professes a cautious lack of definiteness in these conclusions, and even sometimes wonders out loud why a certain image occurs to him at this moment, or whether he hasn't perhaps wandered off the track of his thinking.

THERE is a second fault in *After the Fall,* which may be a temporary one. Although Mr. Miller does not want us to regard the play as biographical, its events so resemble what the public knows of the playwright's own life that it becomes difficult for us not to believe that we are seeing exactly what went on behind the closed doors. Take the instance of Quentin's marriage to Maggie, the sex-generous star who eventually dies from an overdose of barbiturates. Can one not regard her as the late Marilyn Monroe, who was Mr. Miller's second wife, particularly since, after a brief first-act appearance as a quite different-looking girl, Miss Loden switches in Act II to something that is as much like Marilyn's public image as she can possibly make her? Inevitably we find ourselves becoming less interested in Maggie as a part of Quentin's experience and more interested in understanding what seems to be the real-life story of Marilyn. Is it? Mr. Miller says it isn't, and those who knew the late actress are quick to point out important differences in her personality, her talent, her intelligence, and in some of the crucial incidents that partly excuse Quentin in the play.

To Mr. Miller's credit is the fact that he does have Quentin accept much of the blame for what happened, although almost everything bad about Maggie is demonstrated and almost everything bad about Quentin is only spoken by a man whom we tend to admire for the frankness of his admissions. After Quentin first meets Maggie, he tells his wife, "She's a stupid, silly kid, but one thing struck me. She wasn't defending anything, upholding anything, or accusing—she was just there, like a tree or a cat." Later, after he has married Maggie, Quentin tells her that she is really moral because she tells the truth even against herself. He admits that her past involvement with so many men gave him a problem of shame and doubt that one day resulted in his writing a letter, which Maggie understandably interpreted as betrayal. And at one point he reviles himself for having brought her the lie that she had to be "saved."

Quentin's guilt stops near the end when he tells the now addicted Maggie that she is setting him up as her murderer by giving him the bottle of sleeping-pills and then fighting with him to get them back *from him.* The implication is that Maggie had a death wish, that nothing he could have done would have stopped her from achieving it. Yet he confesses that out of self-interest he finally turned his back on her.

Almost everything else one says about the play must be favorable. Jo Mielziner's open-stage theatre is a beauty, as is his complex of steps and levels that constitute the scenery for the play. Because this is a temporary theatre, it does not have the forestage tunnels that are an absolute requisite for making open stages most usable, but that will come with the permanent theatre in Lincoln Center two years from now. Elia Kazan's staging brings characters onstage at full incandescence and arrives at a performance style that suits this theatre. Also, it makes it difficult to single out specific individual performances, except on the basis of their vitality and technical brilliance.

Jason Robards, Jr., not only survives a three-hour, nonstop ordeal, but keeps Quentin so human and off balance that we usually believe his confessions to be for their own sake, rather than an appeal for our sympathy. Barbara Loden does a remarkable job as Maggie, going beyond caricature. She also executes some sexual gymnastics that capture the essence of the act rather than degenerating into embarrassing obscenity.

However, one suspects that if this play is to achieve its full potential, it should either be rewritten to suit this style of performance, or be performed in a different style in another kind of theatre. Meanwhile, it remains a fine source book for an intensively searching but as yet not consistently dramatic play.

—HENRY HEWES.



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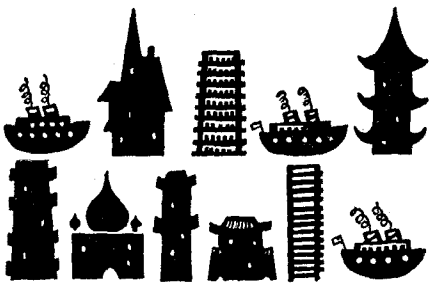

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## The Mysterious West

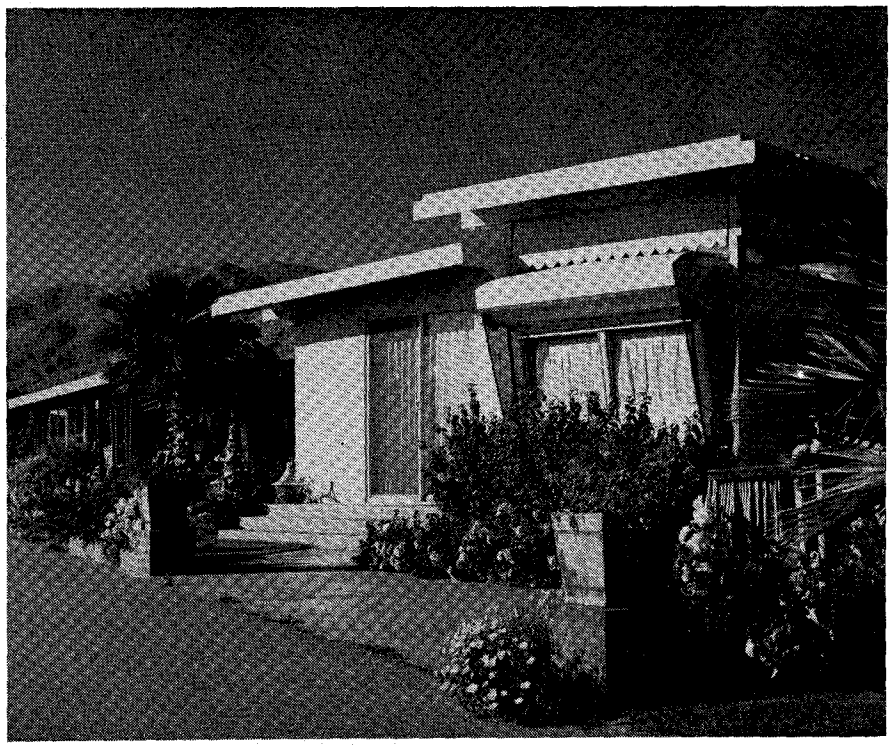
THOSE of you who attended last week's session will recall that I held forth at some length on the care and pruning of oranges, tangelos, March grapefruit, and other blessings of the Southern sunlands. Citrus culture, as I was saying, was only one of the courses in which I matriculated this winter, a season which I seem to have spent roosting in Florida, California, and other sanctuaries safe from the Arctic gales. In the West I took a cram course in trailer living, a curious practice of the natives and the migrants who nest in Southern California.

Trailers—or more elegantly, mobile homes—are not outsized shelters on wheels that are trundled from one tacky trailer park to another. At least not in Southern California. At a reservation for mobile home addicts called Blue Skies Village in Palm Springs, I was taken in hand by a diminutive fireball named Rex Thompson, who affects a narrow-brimmed skimmer, a dead cigar, and the air of a carny pitchman. Mr. Thompson is manager of Blue Skies Village, an enterprise of which Bing Crosby is president and Claudette Colbert an important stockholder.

Snug in Mr. Thompson's Fiat with-a-fringe-on-top, we cruised up Bing Crosby Road to Starlight Circle, a traffic roundabout with a pint-sized golf course enclosed in the infield. Despite the limitations dictated by its size, there are traps and water holes, USGA rules apply, and the Bing Crosby Golf Tournament, played inside the traffic circle, is Blue Skies' big outdoor event of the year.

To be part of the club at Blue Skies Village, an applicant must have a trailer, purchasable at anywhere from $10,000 to $40,000. (The average runs about $16,500 but there is one that costs $42,000.) The trailer, or for the euphemists who may be present, the mobile home, is just the down payment. Participants must also agree to spend at least $7,500 in one year on improvements to the property on which the trailer is parked. The standard improvements include a carport on one side of the trailer and a cabana, or enclosed room, on the other side. A roof spread over the top of the whole complex is called, so the natives tell me, a ramada.

Cabanas become living rooms, many of them with broad picture windows that may afford vistas of the desert's mountains or perhaps the neighboring mobile home. Some have pianos, big cushy sofas, and wall-to-wall carpeting, and it is not uncommon for passers-by



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to see uniformed maids pushing vacuum cleaners over the broadloom.

Those who come to roost along the country roads of Blue Skies Village pay from $60 to $100 a month for their lease, another $5 a month for membership in the club. Once the trailer is in place, Thompson shows them sketches of ramada and cabana complexes that follow specific themes, such as Western, Oriental, Egyptian, Italian, New Orleans, and just plain modern. They may adapt one of his plans, drawn up for him by local architects, or they may bring in their own.

As a result of this system, Blue Skies Village takes on the faint flavor of a mock-up for the foreign pavilion section of a World's Fair. Oriental motifs, in high vogue at the moment, can take a number of turns. The local "mobile" home of Betty Cargal, whose immobile home is in Beverly Hills, is a pagoda of white brick, decorated here and there with Buddha figures, a red Japanese gate, an Oriental bridge, and red, black, and gold trimmings. A muted reference to the mysterious East has been made by L. H. Strong of Salt Lake City, who has carried out the theme with black gravel, white rocks, and no bright colors at all. The Strongs also keep a guest trailer in the rear, in which they store visiting refugees from the East.

Long before the Cleopatra message flashed out of Hollywood, the A. V. Andersons of Snake River, Idaho, had adapted an Egyptian theme for their turquoise trailer, facing the ramada and the cabana with pyramidal lined structures in beige stone embossed with frescos of the pharaohs. Richard Bishop comes out from New York to spend winter months in his white Georgian trailer with white columns in front, a widow's walk on the roof, and a fountain splashing in a pool at the entranceway. There is a separate trailer in the back for the maid.

Perhaps an even more unusual waterworks, installed at a cost of $8,500, freshens the approach of the Obert Tanner place. At the flick of a switch, water cascades down a rock fall until it spills into a pool. The rest of the place is done New Orleans style, with the added al fresco feature of a rooftop sleeping deck which is not necessarily a specialty of the Delta. Mr. Tanner, who manufactures fraternity pin jewelry and who is on the Board of Governors of Stanford University, is the rooftop somnambulist. While the daytime temperatures are toasty in winter, the nights have fallen as low as 19 degrees.

Once you're planted in Blue Skies Village you're in for a spell, for you can't exactly uproot a pagoda or a reasonably exact facsimile of King Tut's tomb on the whim of a mobile moment. Many people, therefore, have what are

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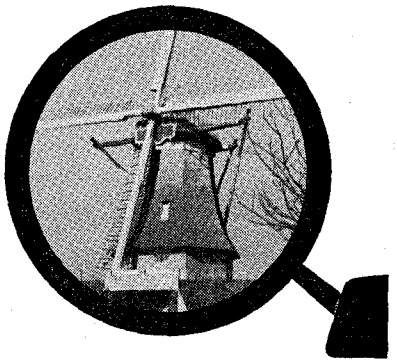

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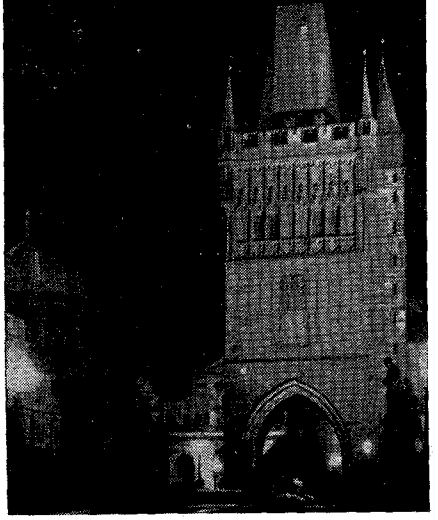


known as *travel* trailers, a seeming redundancy used for summer excursions to the seashore. Some travel trailers are also equipped with boats.

One may, with some justification, wonder just what the advantages are to owning a mobile home that is immobile. Says Rex Thompson: "If anyone is obnoxious around here, you can throw him out. If you own your own house you're stuck with your neighbor." There is also the advantage of that good old fraternal spirit that Thompson continues to promote. Besides the golf course, there are a pool table, horseshoe tournaments, bingo on Fridays, entertainment at brunches, and parties on Saturday nights. Dinner dances are catered, cost anywhere from $3 to $20 a plate. For the more extravagant evenings Thompson has paid as high as $3,000 for a show. He used eight acts from Sullivan telecasts last year. Once he staged a monster luau that began with the Villagers walking out into the desert, each carrying a flaming torch.

That old clubby feeling is promoted, too, at Sahara Park, a more sedate trailer colony located nearer the urban center of Palm Springs. Flat on the desert and

rimmed by a wall of mountains, the Sahara people are as deserty as Beau Geste, do everything to follow the theme save sing "The Riff Song" in chorus. Streets in Sahara Park are named Caravan, Oasis, Safari, Nile, Cairo, Tangiers, Aladdin, Tobruk, and Suez. I wouldn't be at all surprised if the management, which maintains offices in a building at the corner of Araby and Mecca Roads, were dunned for dues by the Arab League.

The mobile homes at Sahara Park are somewhat less bizarre—perhaps I should say they are more traditional—than those up at Blue Skies. Here the roads are lined with orange trees, sprinklers spray on the lawns, buggy whip cactus grows out of white stone beds, Bougainvillia spills down walls, and even carefully cultivated roses grow. Some back patios are shaded with olive trees, and some lawns are trimmed with hedges curving, like the quintessence of middlebrow suburbia, around picture windows. About the only frivolity in evidence at Sahara is a parking meter installed by one larksome


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resident, with a $1,000 bill stuck in it. Otherwise, Sahara squatters must agree to plant at least two-thirds of their plot in grass. Depending upon the location in the encampment, they pay from $60 to $85 a month rent for two adults, plus gas and electricity. The rent is modest enough, and though the life would seem designed for budgeting pensioners, many a carport shelters a Cadillac.

Without bothering with the car, the ladies, some of whom don't drive, can pedal up to the center square, called Mecca, which encloses shuffleboard courts, dance hall, television room, and lounge, as well as a swimming pool with a small therapeutic pool alongside for taking the kinks out of tired bones. Crones and cronies gather around the card tables in the cool of the afternoons, the art group meets Mondays at 9 a.m., dances are held on Thursdays, bridge and canasta are scheduled for Monday nights, and all the ladies gather for coffee and doughnuts once a month.

In Trailer Town, U.S.A., there is always something doing at the clubhouse and never anything doing at the tax collector's office. Since they don't own the land they are parked on, mobile home owners are not responsible for a tithe. Trailer parks done in this fashion give retired citizens an immediate membership in a community of people their own age with similar interests and similar problems. There is so much blue showing over Blue Skies that a new village along the same lines is being built in Las Vegas. Included in the plans, which are getting grander every minute, is a common laundry decorated like an elegant private living room. It will have deep sofas, soft carpets, and soft music. It will also have a bank of slot machines. It takes forty-five minutes to do the wash, and the management just wanted to make sure nobody would be sitting around with nothing to do.

—Horace Sutton.

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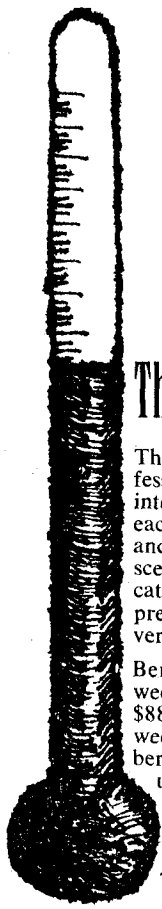

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# Music to My Ears

*Continued from page* 34

literature of Hindemith or Poulenc, Stravinsky or Busoni, would have been welcome. As for the Slavonic Dances of Dvořák in their original form: if Badura-Skoda and Demus program them, I will buy the first ticket myself.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

### Ariadnes auf Naxos

THE Met recently ventured two *Ariadnes* within nine days, using a different set of principals for each. This not only tested the company's casting resources, but also served to confirm at least one suspicion about the work: if the prologue is to make sense, it must be dominated by a Composer who can negotiate the high-lying finale with ease and power.

Teresa Stratas filled the bill nicely on January 27, but things had been different on the 18th when Mildred Miller took over. Despite her intelligence and attractive stage presence, Miss Miller was hampered by the fact that she is a mezzo, not a soprano. She had all too much trouble sustaining the tessitura and cutting through the Straussian fabric, over which Martin Rich wielded only variable control. The conductor's seeming disregard for the limitations of the human throat also provided some uncomfortable moments for the substitute Zerbinetta, Jeanette Scovotti. Heard last season in the modest measures of Echo, Miss Scovotti was singing her first Zerbinetta anywhere. Her pert characterization and musical security indicated that she only needs more sympathetic support from the orchestra to become a first-rate interpreter of this treacherous soubrette role.

Another cast change, this one necessitated by Leonie Rysanek's absence, brought Ingrid Bjoner to her first local Ariadne on the 27th. (Lucine Amara had sung the part splendidly before.) The long lines and sometimes awkward fluctuations between lyricism and drama posed no problems for her; she sang with style, feeling, and greater freedom than in any previous assignment here. Others who returned to the cast (this time under Silvio Varviso's direction) were Gianna d'Angelo, a charming Zerbinetta despite technical shortcomings, and Jess Thomas as Bacchus. Unlike his predecessor (Sándor Kónya), Thomas refused to be intimidated by Strauss's demands on his upper range. The results were not always beautiful, and Thomas may have to pay for his vocal generosity later. But on this occasion he gave an honest, even exciting performance nevertheless.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.



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# Books



LITERARY HORIZONS

## The Leisure to Love

AS THOSE who remember the old song will recognize from the title, Peter De Vries's new novel, *Reuben, Reuben* (Little, Brown, $5.95), is about the way men and women attract and repel one another. The theme is stated explicitly in the first paragraph: "Given a little money, education and social standing, plus of course the necessary leisure, any man with any style at all can make a mess of his love life. And given these, plus a little of the right to self-realization that goes with modern life, a little of the old self-analysis, any woman with any gumption at all can make a shambles of her marriage. Statistics show it every day. Romantic confusion, once the privilege of a few, is now within the reach of all."

So far, so good. De Vries is treating a subject that he has made his specialty, and he is on familiar ground—Connecticut suburbia. What is not so satisfactory is the way the novel is constructed. The first and longest section is in the first person, with a chicken farmer named Frank Spofford as narrator. The other two parts are in the third person, one centering in an amorous Scotch-Irish-Welsh poet, Gowan McGland, the other in his would-be biographer, Alvin Mopworth. The announced theme gives the book a degree of unity, but the various parts are awkwardly and strangely joined together.

Spofford, a widower of sixty-four, is a self-made philosopher and an incorrigible wisecracker, who will make an old pun do when he can't think of a new one. He is, he proclaims, an alien in his native Woodsmoke, because the town has been inundated by commuters. When his granddaughter and great favorite, Geneva, is snubbed by one of the well-to-do newcomers, he decides to make a study of the suburbanites, and, serving as handyman and baby-sitter, he carries on his espionage with more ingenuity than conscience. To the dismay of his daughter-in-law and her mother, he picks up the manners and speech of the people on whom he is spying, and he even mingles with them socially.

All this, of course, gives De Vries a chance to use his extraordinary knowledge of suburban life, and there is much shrewd observation. Although Spofford's gags sometimes grow tiresome, he is a well-conceived character, and he has real wit as well as a large stock of corn. (I had thought that humorous misspellings went out with Artemus Ward.)

In the course of his researches Spofford inevitably comes in contact with the visiting celebrity, Gowan McGland, who is having affairs with his hostess and various other ladies of the community. It is equally inevitable that Gowan should be attracted to Geneva, when she returns from a summer in South America. At that point Spofford bows out as narrator: "This is the end of my story. This concludes my part in this. It may go on, it probably will go on, but with other principals. I slip into the shadows, there to remain a minor character in action I have presipitated [sic]."

In Part II we turn to McGland, with a brief summary of his unhappy childhood, his beginning as a poet, his success as a radio actor, his disastrous marriage, his triumphant tour of America reading his poetry, his arrival in Woodsmoke. The reader is, of course, reminded of Dylan Thomas, but the resemblances are not close enough to suggest that De Vries is satirizing Thomas, though he may be satirizing the poet's admirers. In Woodsmoke, as we have seen, he continues his amatory adventures until a wronged husband takes an ingenious and cruel revenge.

Now it is the turn of Alvin Mopworth, once a successful television actor in England and later the self-appointed chronicler of McGland's career. In dealing with Mopworth, who has figured only casually in the preceding sections, De Vries introduces a new theme, the perils of a superficial acquaintance with Freudian theory: "We know today that

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41 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Reuben, Reuben," by Peter De Vries

42 The Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey

43 An Introduction to Brazil, by Charles Wagley; Bandeirantes and Pioneers, by Vianna Moog.

45 A Frieze of Girls, by Allan Seager

45 The Golden Fruits, by Nathalie Sarraute

46 Take Heed of Loving Me, by Elizabeth Gray Vining

46 A Winter's Tale, by Nathaniel Benchley

47 The Princes, by Manohar Malgonkar

47 Cooper's Greek, by Alan Moorehead

48 The Great Arab Conquests, by Sir John Bagot Glubb

49 Royal Raiders: The Tories of the American Revolution, by North Callahan



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everything is the opposite of what it seems. Thus lavish tipping conceals a niggardly nature, filial devotion the wish to do one's parents in, and sexual athleticism a basic doubt of one's masculinity." Mopworth, who, from an early age, has had a "great jolly keen yen for girls," is suspected of homosexuality, and the suspicion haunts his marriage.

For he does marry; he marries the beautiful Geneva. And De Vries is off on one of his hard-bitten scrutinies of the institution of marriage. He sets the tone with a quotation from an interview with Gowan McGland:

> Why do people expect to be happily married when they are not individually happy? You go on so in America about marital contentment. Every magazine has an article with Nine Keys to it, or Seven Steps, as though the quest had any more sense to it, or any more hope of fulfillment, than the search for El Dorado. In no other country is this really juvenile ideal so naïvely held out—and with what failure! How do you expect mankind to be happy in pairs when it is miserable separately?

After exploring some of the many varieties of marital unhappiness, De Vries lets Mopworth sum up: "We're no better off with our freedom than the Victorians were with their tyranny. Ours seems a world in which the Individual prospers at the expense of the Pair. Maybe the price of one is the decline of the other." Meanwhile Mopworth has discovered part of McGland's secret, but cannot make use of his discovery, and in any case has decided to give up the book and return to television.

THE novel is (as you see, a hit or miss affair. I felt that *The Blood of the Lamb* (*SR*, March 24, 1962) was badly constructed, but this is worse. Many different elements are included, and whether they hang together or not seems a matter of luck. I surmise, for example, that De Vries originally planned to have Frank Spofford tell the whole story, but then either got tired of Frank or decided that it would be too much trouble to make him the vehicle for all the themes the author wanted to introduce. The McGland section employs a wholly different approach, and the Mopworth section, which covers a period of several years, is off on a new tack. Yet I have no doubt that De Vries fans will enjoy the book, for the humor is at least up to par and the analysis of suburban life is first-rate. What puzzles me is why De Vries wouldn't bother to find a form that could do for his materials what they really deserved.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

**THE PUBLISHING SCENE**

# Take Three—They're Free

NOT SO many years ago, a man was known by the book club he belonged to. An evening spent at the Plabbs, let us say, with a cursory inspection of Plabb's bookcase while one sat out the dummy hand at bridge, soon revealed the family's literary affiliations. Proust, Toynbee, or the Lincoln biographies of Carl Sandburg were indisputable evidence that the Book-of-the-Month Club had gained entrée. The novels of Frank Yerby, on the other hand, bespoke the Literary Guild. Occasionally, one came across Theodor Reik's *Listening with the Third Ear,* or Harold J. Laski's *The American Democracy.* Here was a man who had been found by the Book Find Club.

A measure of social reassurance was suggested by these affinities; it was like belonging to the Century, the Lambs, or the Players. A pecking order of literary taste obtained; one knew what kinds of books he would be reading (or at least buying), and what the rewards might be for accepting, frequently, the books he didn't want in order to get those he did. (Plabb, for example, was well on his way to acquiring all eight volumes of Will Durant's *Story of Civilization* when his wife called a halt.)

All this has changed radically during the past few years. An evening of bridge at anyone's house these days is no help at all in snooping out a man's club life. James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time,* currently a premium for joining the Literary Guild, has also been offered by The Mid-Century Book Society, putatively a highbrow club, which returned the Guild's compliment by selecting Ian Fleming's *On Her Majesty's Secret Service. The American Way of Death* can be obtained from at least three major clubs. Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet,* or parts thereof, have turned up as Book-of-the-Month, Readers' Subscription, and Mid-Century selections. Another development has been the practice of the Book-of-the-Month Club of letting the Literary Guild launch its trial balloons. A Guild selection that "hits" will frequently turn up as a B-O-M alternate a month or two later. And it is no secret in the trade that the Guild has shifted its sights (upward) to aim for the audience formerly identified with the B-O-M.

These are just a few of the changes that have made the club life of the American reading public a little more uncertain. In 1927, when Harry Scherman started the Book-of-the-Month Club, much was made of its board of judges, the men who relieved us of the major obstacle to buying a book: deciding on which one. Later clubs adopted this idea in one form or another; but today the B-O-M is the only major firm that still retains the judging system—although in recent years it has deemphasized this aspect in its advertising in favor of giving the reader a free hand. "You buy what you please" is the slogan widely used in the club's promotion copy, which also goes in for a kind of literary phrenology. In these ads, jutting out from the profile of a face are the titles of recent books, *Caravans* appearing at brow level, *The Great Hunger* near the mouth (this is probably coincidence), and *Silent Spring* on the chin. Reading maketh a full head.

WITH almost all the clubs today the rigid selection system is giving way to variety of choice—the alternates, second alternates, "other outstanding books to choose from," the "especially recommended extra," etc. The net is cast wider. With the big clubs, too, after the primary selection is picked, an attempt is made to anticipate the coming best-sellers, or, barring this, to add best-sellers to the list once they have established themselves in the bookstores. Furthermore, Plabb may no longer know in what month a club selection was published, for even the idea of strict contemporaneity is losing out. For example, the Mid-Century's February choice, *The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald,* came out last October.

It would be nice to think that the cross pollination that has taken place in the field, with a resultant increase in yield per club, is the product of a newfound respect for the buying public's judgment. But the trend has also been influenced by intensifying competition, the "topping out" of the club idea, and the reduced "share of market" which the clubs, collectively, now command in the sale of books.

As for competition, the book clubs find themselves in the same situation experienced by all successful industries that have been invaded by new firms: the supply grows faster than the demand. There were ninety-three clubs in operation last year, not counting those for young people. Most of these are



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small and specialized, and a fair number are probably marginal; but even so they extract a share of the business. One club executive estimates that, aside from the public drawn on by the very large firms, the potential club membership in this country is about 200,000. New entries in the field have simply meant fewer members per club.

This is borne out by a look at membership figures. In the late 1940s, when the Book Find Club virtually had the intelligentsia to itself, membership was 90,000 with an acceptance rate of 50 to 60 per cent on each book. Today, Book Find is down to 45,000 members and shows a lower acceptance rate. Even so, it is larger than The Seven Arts Society, Mid-Century, Readers' Subscription, or the Hudson Book Club, all of which work the same general vineyard and share many of the same members.

For some reason, this membership "pool" has remained stationary. Even the large clubs have found during the past three years that their public has leveled off and that members are buying fewer books. Significantly, this has occurred in the face of a sharp increase in the sale of books in general. A report issued by the American Book Publishers Council, based on the sales of 182 publishers, points up this trend. In 1961 book club sales exceeded those of 1960 by about $1,000,000, compared with previous increases of anywhere from $3 to $8 million a year. In 1962, sales went down by $560,000. The trend becomes even more negative when one takes into account the fact that some of the dollar sales volume is absorbed by the increase in prices. On the basis of copies sold alone, sales in 1962 were down from the previous year by 12 per cent.

An even more disturbing figure (from the clubs' point of view) is their declining share of the market. Six years ago, book club sales just about equalled those of all adult trade books, both hardbound and paperback. In 1962 the clubs were doing only about 75 per cent as well as adult trade books sold by other means. Taking *all* book sales into account, a 20 per vent share of market in 1957 had shrunk to 15.6 per cent in 1962.

One of the major criticisms of the book clubs, one made by reviewers and educators over the years, is that they dominate the reading habits of a large section of the book-buying public. Today, the situation is being reversed. Buying habits now dominate the clubs' choices. A new kind of Galatea has been brought to life, and, ironically, she is beginning to exert her freedom. Who knows but what the time may come when the Plabbs will go it alone?

—DAVID DEMPSEY.



# The Goal: Economic Freedom

***An Introduction to Brazil,*** *by Charles Wagley (Columbia University Press. 322 pp. $5.95),* ***Brazil on the Move,*** *by John Dos Passos (Doubleday. 205 pp. $3.95), and* ***Bandeirantes and Pioneers,*** *by Vianna Moog, translated from the Portuguese by L. L. Barrett (Braziller. 320 pp. $6.95), in their different ways explain why the United States must take the explosive South American nation more seriously. Claude L. Hulet is an associate editor of the magazine Hispania. In 1960 he was an Organization of American States Scholar to Brazil, where he has lived for a great many years.*

By CLAUDE L. HULET

BRAZIL, probably the most important country in South America—certainly the largest and most populous—is also the least known to us. Most Americans are even unaware that the seventy millions of Brazilians speak Portuguese rather than Spanish. Our efforts to date to gain intimate knowledge and sympathetic understanding of Brazil and its multiple problems have been uncomfortably small, half-hearted, and superficial. Continued ignorance is dangerous, for time is running out. In its present developmental stage Brazil is clearly explosive in every sense of the word. Many Brazilians believe the United States fumbled the ball following World War II: they are frankly amazed that this country has not eagerly taken up and dauntlessly worn the mantle of leadership that its unique position in the Western world thrust upon it at the end of that conflict. The United States must take Brazil much more seriously—a warning underscored by the three books under review. Each has different aims and perspectives, yet each completes and complements the others. All should be required reading for Americans today.

Professor Charles Wagley's perceptive analysis, *An Invitation to Brazil,* offers a sensitive, scholarly insight into the complexities of that country. Brazil, the author notes, has growing pains. Already a racial and political democracy, although not yet a social one, she is in a crucial period of transition from adolescence to maturity. Among her gigan-

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tic problems are a runaway inflation, the urban trend, class realignments, the exaggerated value given to literary and gentlemanly pursuits, family and kin group interference with the development of true political parties, an inefficient civil service, public participation in business enterprises, the dilemma of providing up-to-date financing and objectives for education, and a tax structure that stifles local initiative, responsibility, and civic pride. The difficulties are complicated and heightened by burgeoning individual, class, and national expectations. Because of Brazil's striking diversities and contradictions, the unwary are easily led to dangerous generalities. But there are no easy solutions. No amount of knowledge of Spanish or of the Spanish American countries will suffice to understand Brazil, for it has a different cultural, economic, linguistic, political, and social background.

Brazil, which won political freedom from Portugal in the middle 1800s, boasts statesmen, musicians, writers, architects, painters—and, lately, athletes—of international renown; she can look with pride on an exceptional unity of culture. Now there is a growing nationalism, a strong desire on the part of Brazilians to be important, which they will surely and increasingly become. The national effort today is aimed at gaining economic freedom. Although its extractive products will continue to find ready outlets in the U.S., Brazil fears the European Common Market will curtail future sales in that sphere. And as Brazil becomes more industrialized, it needs more overseas markets for its manufactured goods. It finds little alternative but to seek such new markets in the Soviet bloc or in Southeast Asia.

IN this precarious period of speedy maturation, Brazil needs a helping hand to assure the realization of her potential for the Western world, and to strengthen her stand as a willing friend and powerful ally. Patience and sympathy, as well as knowledge, will be required to understand why at once Brazilians like and dislike the United States, why they look to this country for leadership and distrust our motives, why they imitate America in countless ways and vociferously seek to disavow anything and everything American. When they hate us, it is usually because they realize that they must depend on us, at least for the present, for this country has and represents many of the ideals and material benefits that Brazilians very much want to possess and with which they long to be identified.

Social anthropologist Wagley's analysis is based on more than twenty years' study of Brazilian small communities and is enriched by long years of residence in the country, as well as by his genuine liking for the Brazilian people. In the unique final chapter, "If I Were a Brazilian," he reviews current hopes, yearnings and goals, along with stumblings, deficiencies, and flaws Brazilians find in themselves. He also outlines the Brazilian's view of his country's foreign policy and relations with the U.S.

In *Brazil on the Move* John Dos Passos plays the role of the curious, good-natured tourist who eagerly wants to learn and explain all about Brazil. And even though he lacks the support of solid studies on Brazilian culture and is handicapped by a less than optimum command of Portuguese, he must be congratulated for his welcome effort to bring Brazil to the attention of the American public. The novelist is adept at descriptions, at grasping the color, movement, and other externals of the Brazilian scene. Especially interesting are his syntheses of political history (see *SR*, Oct. 12, 1963, and the chapter "The Most Dangerous Man").

*Brazil on the Move* is primarily the account of three trips the author took to Brazil in 1948, 1958, and 1962. The early trips highlight the fresh, post-World War II world, the apogee of U.S.-Brazilian successful cooperation under such programs as Public Health and Point Four, which were aimed at creating healthful, self-sufficient "islands" back in the hinterland. In the interior Dos Passos became acquainted with the great Brazilian road builder and latter-day pioneer Bernardo Sayao. There, too, he came to know city-builder Israel Pinheiro and the wind-swept, highland Brasilia site long before the city began to take its dramatic, ultra-modern shape. Such figures give texture and substance to the book, as does the lengthy discussion of the role played by the present governor of the State of Guanabara, Carlos Lacerda, vis-à-vis former dictator Getúlio Vargas and today's President Joao Goulart. The novelist-traveler sees as Brazil's greatest problems geographic determinism, disease, bureaucracy, poverty, the high cost of money, and demagoguery.

*Bandeirantes and Pioneers* differs radically from the other books under review, for it is mainly interpretive and deals for the most part with the U.S. The Brazilian novelist, essayist, member of the Brazilian Academy of Letters, and diplomat Vianna Moog published the Brazilian edition of this dense, thought-provoking, and controversial study in 1954. Why, in its rapid development from the nineteenth century forward, has the U.S. followed a pattern of geometrical progression, while Brazil, with an apparently comparable background, has only attained an arithmetical developmental rate? The author claims the answer can be found in the past, specifically in the initial, formative moments of a nation and its culture. However, in addition to tracing basic contrasts implied in the book's title, the author seeks principally to interpret the U.S. to his countrymen.

Vianna Moog is passionate in his views and ever ready to take a stand. Alongside his vigor, there is intuition and a vaguely mystical air. But underlying everything is a clear, patriotic concern, an evident resentment against the U.S. for this nation's success, and a strong antagonism against Protestantism for having broken Christian unity and for having made it possible for the U.S. under its aegis to make such material progress. As a feedback, he comes to the indirect defense of present characteristics of Brazilian culture, which, although they have not succeeded in making Brazil prosper, he conceives as special values still worthy of cultivation.

AFTER contrasting the United States and Brazil with respect to race, orography, geography, hydrology, climate, ecology, waterways, economic resources, latitude and altitude, land values and historical antecedents, and after dismissing the theories of Gobineau, Ratzel, Spencer, Compte, Hegel, and Marx as inadequate, Senhor Moog concludes that the great disparity in the development of the two countries is due to the difference in religious heritage. He bases this, his principal thesis, on the greater doctrinal compatibility he finds between Protestantism and nationalism and capitalism than between Catholicism and the two modern "isms." Protestants, he asserts, create commerce, while Catholics prepare for heroism and faith. In his opinion, the Bible and Puritanism, the break with the past, capitalist orthodoxy, and the cult of labor are the factors responsible for America's phenomenal development. Nevertheless, Senhor Moog argues that the two great crises of our time are precisely capitalism and Protestantism. The social, political, and economic peace of the Middle Ages is the goal he yearns for. As a corrective to the defects of our respective cultures, Vianna Moog recommends a new mystique, a return to the spiritual values he finds in two heroes, the contemplative, meditating, reposeful, and mystical Abraham Lincoln, and the dogged, resourceful, and self-sacrificing mulatto sculptor from Minas Gerais known as "The Cripple" (*O Alejadinho*).

The analytical Wagley, the descriptive Dos Passos, and the interpretive Vianna Moog all agree that one of the Western world's greatest problems is the lack of firm U.S. leadership.



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# Guys and Dolls and Gangsters

***A Frieze of Girls: Memoirs as Fiction,*** *by Allan Seager (McGraw-Hill. 245 pp. $4.95), recreates a period between two world wars that already seems to us romantic and remote. Cecil Hemley's novel "Young Crankshaw" was set in the 1930s.*

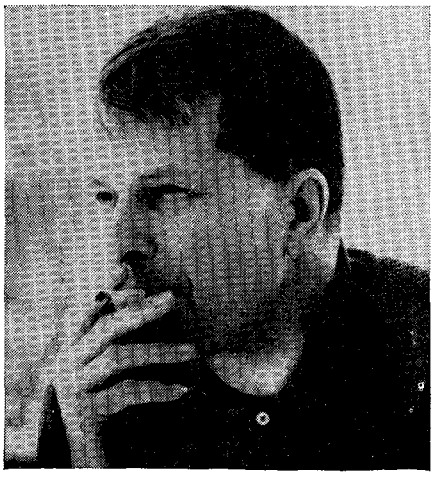
By CECIL HEMLEY

THIS book contains thirteen autobiographical sketches, eight of which first appeared in well-known magazines. None of them is what one would call important, but all are entertaining and worth reading. From them emerges a sketchy, reportorial vision of an era.

Seager, who is both novelist and teacher, tells of his boyhood in Memphis, his college days at Michigan, his sojourn at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar. His narrative begins in the middle Twenties and ends in the early Thirties. Bootleggers are everywhere, selling their near-poisonous beverages. People dance to the music of Paul Whiteman. Bing Crosby is still one of the Rhythm Boys. When Seager returns from England he travels on the *Olympic*. The period is already so remote from us that it has acquired a romantic aura.

But Seager does not depend on mere background for his effects. He is both a persuasive writer and a shrewd observer of people; when he wishes to, he can delineate character with great skill. He tells us of Sarah Egan, the sister of a notorious Chicago gangster, and of Marta van der Puyl, the only girl on campus who understood Marx and Freud. Sarah, known as "the nicest girl in Cook County," attended Northwestern, read the novels of André Gide, and knew who was "hot" in the underworld. Marta was capable of marrying a rich young man simply to get carfare to New York, but she was also an idealist: she became the wife of a Negro and sailed off to Russia. Seager is too wise a man to attempt to explain either woman. It is enough for him to exhibit them. "Sociologists sweat to teach us that we are faceless conformists," he notes in his preface, "but I don't believe it. I think Americans, one by one, are a strange people."

To him the Englishman is not so much of an individual as the American. Most of the English he knew "seemed to be types"—perhaps because he knew them less well than his own countrymen. His English pieces tend to have more exposition than do the American ones. I don't mean that they are less interesting; but inevitably Seager utilizes a good deal of space to explain customs and attitudes that are not generally known to the average American. I, at least, had no idea how boat races were conducted at Oxford, nor how English swimmers trained in the early 1930s, and I'm not sure that it was important for me to find out; but I enjoyed learning.



Allan Seager: "Americans . . . are a strange people."

Oddly enough, when Seager deals with himself he tends to be rather reticent (perhaps this is due to his English heritage), and consequently the central "I" of the book never quite emerges as a character. Although the author has plenty to say about how fumbling and foolish he was as an adolescent, the situations in which he chooses to show himself are so conventional that he is scarcely distinguishable from any other young man. However, the incidents are amusing, and there is no reason why Seager should be as candid as Jean-Jacques Rousseau if he does not want to be. After all, Rousseau was not writing his memoirs for *The New Yorker*. Nor has Seager attempted a full-scale autobiography. If he decided to write one, I suspect it would be very good indeed.

# A Box Within a Box Within a Void

***The Golden Fruits,*** *by Nathalie Sarraute, translated from the French by Maria Jolas (Braziller. 177 pp. $4), a novel about a novel, exemplifies the modern literary impulse toward self-repudiation. Ihab Hassan, chairman of the English Department at Wesleyan University, wrote "Radical Innocence: Studies in the Contemporary American Novel."*

By IHAB HASSAN

NATHALIE SARRAUTE's first novel, *Tropismes*, appeared in 1957. Her second book, *Portrait of a Man Unknown*, carried an introduction by Jean-Paul Sartre, who coined for it the term "anti-novel." The term now drops easily from the lips of critics and housewives alike; it is used, somewhat recklessly, to describe a group of talented French writers, including Butor, Robbe-Grillet, and Claude Simon. What it stands for, however, is a serious impulse of contemporary letters: self-repudiation.

The impulse is not entirely sterile. Mme. Sarraute, like others of that persuasion, has continued to deny the novel with some prolificness; she has published three other works of fiction, and an artistic credo aptly called *The Age of Suspicion*.

Suspecting that literature may theorize about itself at the risk of sophisticated madness, I vowed to read *The Golden Fruits* with innocent eyes. But innocence is quickly corrupted by an art so beautifully bent on burlesquing its mystery at the source. Let each reader judge the case for himself.

*The Golden Fruits* is a book about a book called *The Golden Fruits*. (The contemporary novel, let us note in passing, is now forced to choose itself as subject.) There are, of course, no plot, no characters to follow or recognize; there is only a movement, images on the wing, flickering fragments, voices trailing into silence. We begin with a casual reference to the painter Courbet which leads us mysteriously to the labyrinthine "discussion" of Brehier's *Golden Fruits*. We overhear authors, critics, lovers, enemies, friends comment on that "masterpiece," which worms itself in and out of their exist-



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ences, revealing in the process every nuance of human emotion. Above all, we observe the fate of imagination in daily life, and participate in the cunning action of art as it makes and unmakes itself.

Is Brehier like Constant, Rimbaud, Mann, Sterne? Is his image of life closer to Watteau or Courbet? "The Golden Fruits, I don't like it. I think it is deadly. It's obscure, it's evasive," says one. "Pure work of art—this self-enclosed, solid object, so smooth and round. Not a crack, not a scratch through which a foreign body could infiltrate," says another. "Oh, you know me, I know nothing about these things . . . Who am I to judge?" a third one protests.

Still another reader observes: "And so it happens that books whose emptiness everybody did their best to make up for . . . The most sensitive, most intelligent persons poured all their treasures into them—and with what generosity."

In the spirit of parody and of poetry, literature acknowledges the void in the human situation, and ends by contesting, even cancelling, its own effectiveness. When the novel ends, we see Brehier, that author of a book within a book, fade into anonymity, his work nearly forgotten, his art become a dim memory or dream. *The Golden Fruits* proves to be a novel that makes, evaluates, and unmakes itself in the deceptively simple act of reading it.

What then remains? A reflection on the authentic quality of reality in our age, as Sartre claims? An ingenious theory of anti-literature, which the form of the novel proposes? Or a subtle and comic experience, perhaps too refined to leave any lasting impression? Quite possibly Mme. Sarraute's ideal audience will be that which declines to read *The Golden Fruits*, in honor of her theory.

# Preacher and Scholar for Sale

***Take Heed of Loving Me**, by Elizabeth Gray Vining (Lippincott. 352 pp. $5.95), portrays the marriage, dogged by misfortune, of the poet-preacher John Donne to his patron's daughter. Aileen Pippett often comments on historical fiction.*

By AILEEN PIPPETT

"JOHN DONNE, Anne Donne, Undone." A bitter rhyme, a neat summary: John Donne had never been lucky. Returning from an ill-fated expedition against Spain under Essex (who had since been executed), he had learned that his patrimony was spent, his mistress false, his amorous verses a grave scandal, his Protestantism shaky. Nevertheless, he had found a new patron, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, as whose secretary he seemed at last on the way to making a career at Queen Elizabeth's court. Now he was ruined; dismissed, blacklisted, jailed for marrying a minor without her father's consent.

The contested marriage was declared legal; John might have his Anne. But they were penniless, and lived for years on charity. Babies came, but not the position that would have enabled him to support a family. He worked himself nearly blind, writing anything that might earn a fee or procure a favor: elegies, odes, sonnets, bridal songs, a pamphlet suggested by the new king, issues of the day. John humbled himself, danced attendance on the great, trailed about Europe with a man who hoped to become an ambassador, while Anne, handmaiden to her sister, bore yet another child.

At last, though he felt no real vocation, John took holy orders and obtained a living as an Anglican parson. Hardly had he gained this security when misfortune struck again. After fifteen years of marriage and thirteen pregnancies, Anne died of puerperal fever, leaving eight young children to be cared for. "Her husband," he inscribed on her tombstone, "made speechless by grief . . . pledges his ashes to hers in a new marriage under God." Ironically,

Elizabeth Gray Vining—"firm yet subtle simplicity."

the honors he no longer sought now came to him, in the church he had been reluctant to serve.

Elizabeth Vining does not describe Donne's life as a famous preacher, though her account of his conversion from worldly to heavenly aims makes a brilliant and most moving climax to the story of his wild youth and his love for "a wife most dear, most pure; a mother most gentle, most dutiful."

Fictionalized biography is a hybrid art, full of traps for the unwary. Miss Vining escapes them all. She makes no attempt to reproduce the speech of Donne's day; but her quotations from his intricate verse and stately prose show her deep understanding of a man who was both a sensualist and a mystic, a melancholy man whose joy was the way words took shape and danced to an ordered pattern in his mind.

The London scene with its great palaces and stinking alleys is sharply depicted. Historical figures, the aged queen, her drooling successor, doomed Essex on trial, Ben Jonson and his friends at the Mermaid Tavern make brief, effective appearances. But of them all it is Donne, the man so long overshadowed, the gentleman-beggar, the scholar for sale, who is most real and who most nearly speaks the language of our century. This masterly presentation of a complex character, outlined with firm yet subtle simplicity, is writing of a very high order.

**Kaufman, Hart and Cudahy:** In his *A Winter's Tale* (McGraw-Hill, $4.50) Nathaniel Benchley, a sometime Down-Easter, recreates a New England island resort town during the winter season. His fictional year-rounders resemble the crew of the U.S. Navy Cargo Ship AK-601, until their tedium is relieved by an "almost made it," mostly off-Broadway director. This unemployed Mr. Roberts is hired by the town spinster, who suffers him to produce a "popular" past hit with parts enough for most of the populace. Although he had Ibsen in mind, he settles on Kaufman and Hart (*You Can't Take It with You*), and the entire citizenry auditions for roles that offer long hours, heatless rehearsal halls, and no pay.

And so the story becomes a study of the cast and how, once ego and *ennui* are eased, they all miraculously change for the better under this new direction. Indeed, by opening night we are given to understand that the curtain is going up on an emotionally restored community and a respectable repertory group.

All of which should have been a pleasant if none too inspired winter's tale if only Mr. Benchley had taken a cue from Messrs. Kaufman and Hart, whose characters, though pretty improbable, were always lovable. But ap-



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parently he is not as keen on redeeming features as he is on redemption in general; his people are not only unlikely but unlikable. —PATRICIA BUNKER.

**Benevolent Despots:** The dustjacket to *The Princes* (Viking, $4.95) announces: "In a work that will surely bring to mind both Kipling and E. M. Forster, Manohar Malgonkar recreates the magnificent era of the former Indian princely states and the tragic end that befell them." Let us first deal with this strange statement. Why is it necessary to drag in Kipling and Forster every time an Indian novelist puts pen to paper? Manohar Malgonkar has talent. He has a gift for narration; his style is racy; he can invent a story, and he succeeds in retaining the reader's attention. These are commendable qualities, and Mr. Malgonkar should be judged on their merits.

Now a word about the tosh that the book "recreates the magnificent era of the former Indian Princely States and the tragic end that befell them." Magnificent for whom? For the princes, certainly; but not for the vast majority of the people over whose lives they ruled. Even the best of them were benevolent despots. While the British found them useful as counterweights against the nationalist forces led by Mahatma Gandhi, there could be no place for them in a democratic and independent India. Their end was inevitable, but it was by no means tragic: Nehru's government treated them generously. The former princes now receive around $12 million, tax-free, per year in pensions.

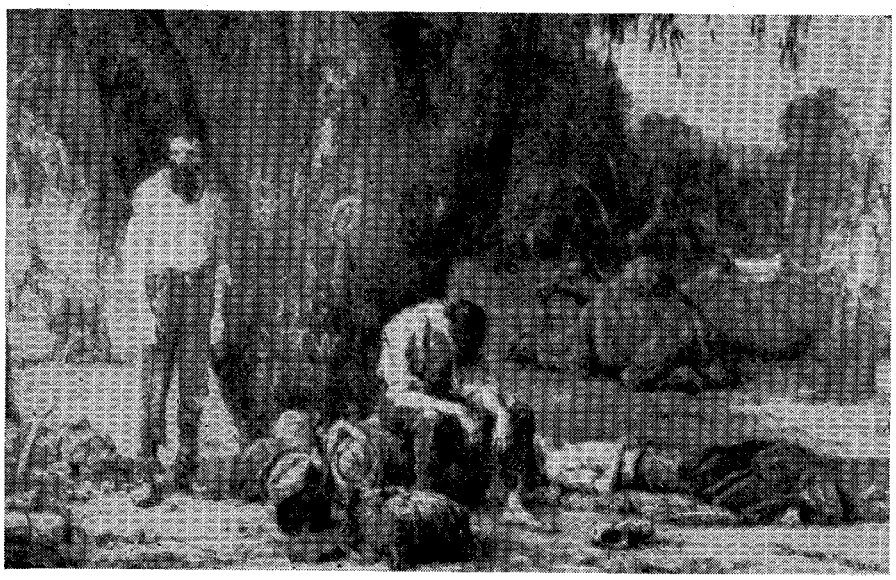
*The Princes* is an authentic and intimate account of the life of an Indian prince and his state in the 1930s and 1940s. Malgonkar writes as an insider and with authority. The old maharaja and his son are drawn with deftness; they hold our interest and occasionally excite our sympathy. The first 100 pages of the novel are excellent; but thereafter the guns begin to fire, the ducks fall, tigers are wounded, concubines create muddles, there is adultery in the Simla Hills, and the inevitable World War II episodes are injected.

When Mr. Malgonkar deals with persons whose blood is merely red he loses his sureness of touch. He is totally out of sympathy with the nationalist leader Kanank Chand, and unwilling to understand his problems or what lies at their roots, though his distaste is more apparent in his tone than in anything he actually says.

Commenting on *The Venus of Konpara*, Kingsley Amis said, "Mr. John Masters is one of those writers who absorb you totally without ever setting you thinking." The same might be said of Malgonkar. —K. NATWAR-SINGH.

**THE PAST**

# Appointment in the Desert



—*From the book.*

*The Return to the Depot*, from a painting by Sir John Longstaff.

***Cooper's Creek**, by Alan Moorehead (Harper & Row. 222 pp. $5.95), retraces the disastrous efforts of a historic expedition to chart the "ghastly blank" of Australia's dry heartland. Louise E. Rorabacher has studied Down Under and is editor of an anthology of Australian short stories entitled "Two Ways Meet," recently published in Melbourne.*

By LOUISE E. RORABACHER

IN DECEMBER 1860 Robert O'Hara Burke and William John Wills left their last base camp, on Cooper's Creek in central Australia, to begin a 1,500-mile midsummer walk across an unknown desert to the Gulf of Carpentaria. Leaders of the elaborately equipped Victorian Exploring Expedition, they had far outdistanced most of their men and supplies; but being already four months out of Melbourne, they were impatient to get on with this first crossing of the Australian continent. One evening four months later, mission accomplished, they dragged themselves back to Cooper's Creek, exhausted and starving—to find that the camp had been abandoned only hours before. They did not long survive.

"In the last hundred years," writes Alan Moorehead, "that night on Cooper's Creek has become something of a legend in Australian history." As legend will, it has obscured the underlying facts that a Royal Commission of inquiry appointed at the time endeavored to uncover. Unfortunately, the only full contemporary account of the expedition was published by Wills's father, a man of "avenging singlemindedness," and no adequate attempt had been made since to correct the record. It is thus high time for the judicious reassessment of this celebrated case that is provided by *Cooper's Creek*, which probably brings us as close to the truth as we can get.

There had been earlier efforts to chart the "ghastly blank" of the continent's dry heartland, but the center had proved elusive and cruel, turning back such notable explorers as Edward John Eyre and John McDouall Stuart, and swallowing Ludwig Leichhardt's entire party without a trace. Burke and Wills, however, had everything: the experience of earlier expeditions, the sponsorship of the Royal Society, the support of the Government of Victoria, and such enthusiastic subscriptions by the public as to permit the importing of camels and sepoys from India, the hiring and equipping of specialists to make scientific studies, and the purchase of a record twenty-one tons of supplies.

"No expedition," proclaimed Burke to the Melbourne crowd of well-wishers at the departure, "has ever started under such favorable circumstances as this." Nor did any other, be it hoped, fail



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more miserably in some of its objectives, end more tragically for its principals, or leave a more bitter heritage of controversy.

"The whole expedition," the Melbourne *Age* was to conclude after the episode, "appears to have been one prolonged blunder throughout." It traveled at the wrong season; it was overloaded and moved too slowly. It suffered from the incompetence of leaders and the disloyalty of followers. But mainly it was dogged by mischance. It is less the loss of Burke and Wills that the imagination broods upon than the macabre dance of death in which the rescuers and the perishing alternate in returning to the camp, each unaware of the others' visits.

It is gratifying that this "genuine and wholly Australian legend" has been reexamined by an Australian born and bred, even though Alan Moorehead now lives in Italy and has written chiefly of Africa. Readers of *The White Nile*, his moving account of early exploration in Africa, will be prepared for the vivid presentation of sound research that enriches *Cooper's Creek*. The book's opening pages are a remarkable evocation of this oldest and strangest continent.

Moorehead retraced Burke and Wills's entire route by Land Rover when he returned to Australia to study their papers. One surmises that there are few areas which, in a century's time, have changed so little.

# A Military Mecca

***The Great Arab Conquests,** by Lieutenant-General Sir John Bagot Glubb (Prentice-Hall. 384 pp. $6.95), asserts that the pattern of Arab political behavior—especially that of the Arabs of the desert—has not essentially changed during the past thirteen centuries. Majid Khadduri is director of Middle East Studies at the School of Advanced International Studies at The Johns Hopkins University.*

By MAJID KHADDURI

WHEN General John Bagot Glubb, after spending more than a quarter of a century in the service of Jordan, was summarily dismissed by King Hussein, the Arabs expected that the general, relieved of the command of the Arab Legion so unceremoniously, would respond with unfavorable comments on their king and country. Instead, Glubb began to speak and write on behalf of the Arabs in a manner that no Arab writer has yet been able to achieve. Indeed, he went so far as to give plausible reasons for his dismissal.

He had been for long, he said, a close friend of King Hussein's grandfather, King Abdullah, and the two men discussed Arab affairs freely. As a lad Hussein attended some of the meetings and listened with awe to the intimate talks of these two extraordinary men. After Hussein ascended the throne, he might still have felt the same respect for Glubb, though not necessarily the same confidence as did his grandfather. In the circumstances it was not unnatural, Glubb concluded, that the young king should respond to nationalist pressure.

Sir John Bagot Glubb—"insight and perspective."

For thirty-six years the general served in the Middle East—twenty-six of them in Jordan, for which he provided the most efficient military unit in the Arab world.

While still in the service of Jordan, Glubb published *The Story of the Arab Legion*, in which he described his desert experiences, as well as the exploits of Jordan's efficient fighting force. In 1957, a year after he left service, he published *A Soldier with the Arabs*, wherein he recorded his personal views on Arab political affairs during the postwar period. In *Britain and the Arabs*, published in 1959, he traced Britain's policy in the Arab world back to 1908.

*The Great Arab Conquests* is perhaps the most illuminating of all. Glubb has undertaken not only to interpret the early Arab military operations, but also to describe the characteristics that helped to establish an empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean.

He asserts that the pattern of Arab political behavior, especially that of the Arabs of the desert, has not essentially changed during the past thirteen centuries. The strategy used by Faisal and T. E. Lawrence in World War I was fundamentally the same as that of the Prophet Mohammed in the seventh century. Mohammed's enemies were concentrated in Mecca, an urban center, and he dealt with them by cutting off their caravan routes to Syria. In World War I the Turks had maintained garrisons in Medina and Mecca, which depended on the railway (the modern caravan) running between Medina and Damascus. Lawrence placed himself north of Medina, where he was able to cut the Turkish lifeline to Syria. Like the Prophet Mohammed, Lawrence realized that the assistance of the Bedouin Arabs was necessary to desert campaigns, and he used them in his efforts to control the town dwellers—as indeed did Glubb himself.

The character of Arab warfare, Glubb points out, seems to us almost incomprehensible. Final victory often seemed in their hands, but they would turn homeward after issuing a challenge to fight again a year later. "To a great extent," observes Glubb, "these methods of warfare continued between the nomadic tribes of Central Arabia well into the twentieth century. Certain tribes were almost perpetually at war with one another, without either side having the least desire for final victory. The condition of unending war provided the romantic background against which the young, the gallant and the enterprising could perform the deeds of prowess which lent poetry, color, and glory to their otherwise monotonous lives."

The Islamic religion augmented the Arab love for warfare, especially the belief that death in holy wars against unbelievers would assure the warriors' instant admission to Paradise. However, the Prophet Mohammed, according to Glubb, was not a warrior and had few military gifts. The general maintains that Mohammed's final success depended more on his statesmanship than on military campaigns. "In an age of violence and bloodshed, he realized that ideas are more powerful than force," and his personality was so persuasive that his ultimate success depended on peaceful rather than on violent methods.

Mohammed had called upon his Arab followers to maintain peace among

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themselves, which would not have been possible for a martial people had it not been for Mohammed's successors, who diverted the Arabs from intertribal warfare to a fight against the infidel. The great Arab conquests were accomplished by the Arabs' love for war, by their mobility, and by the internal dissension and weakness of their neighbors.

The lands lying between the Tigris and the Nile valleys, now regarded as among the principal parts of the Arab world, were inhabited for the most part by non-Arab races, who retained a national character different from the Arabs', although they had adopted the Arabic tongue and the Moslem religion. Glubb correctly points out that these peoples have displayed no significant martial qualities and were held after occupation by relatively small Arab garrisons. The conquering Arabs intermingled with them, especially by marriage, and were completely assimilated, although the Arabian culture was greatly enriched by the contributions of the new converts to Islam.

Glubb distinguishes between the tribes of Eastern Syria and Trans-Jordan, who were largely of Arab origin, and the peoples of the Syrian and Palestinian coast, who were non-Arabic in origin. The latter have continued to display remarkable intellectual vigor as politicians, conspirators, demagogues, and merchants. As soldiers, however, they have few victories to record. "The equal application of the name of Arab to them" suggests Glubb, "and to the descendants of the [Arab] warriors . . . serves greatly to confuse the politics of today."

Although he loves the Arabs and pays high tribute to their martial qualities, General Glubb is not uncritical of them. He points out some of their weaknesses —their personal jealousy, which he regards as the principal flaw in the Arab character, and their tribal feuds, which exhausted their resources in intertribal warfare. He also calls attention to their rebellious nature and their refusal to submit to authority, save to a leader who commands universal trust.

Glubb's book is perhaps the first study of Arab military campaigns written by a military expert. Readers seeking a deeper understanding of Arab affairs and looking for a balanced and sympathetic exposition of Arab history in the formative period can profit from this book. General Glubb is to be congratulated on a work written with insight and perspective.

# Riding with the King's Men

***Royal Raiders: The Tories of the American Revolution,*** *by North Callahan (Bobbs-Merrill. 288 pp. $5), seeks to correct our perspective regarding the one-third of the colonial population who remained loyal to the mother country in 1775-1783. William C. Kiessel frequently writes on the Revolutionary period.*

By WILLIAM C. KIESSEL

AS THE subtitle states, this is an account of those colonists whose allegiance was with King George III and Parliamentary law during the internecine period of 1775-1783.

Most historians call the members of this group Loyalists, their own self-designation. North Callahan prefers the term "Tory," as used contemptuously by their enemies. He quotes a contemporary definition of a Tory as ". . . a thing whose head is in England, its body in America and its neck ought to be stretched."

Except for Lorenzo Sabine, Claude H. Van Tyne, Leonard Labaree, and a few others, this subject has been generally neglected by historians, and even when not it was seldom presented in an unbiased light. North Callahan, biographer of Daniel Morgan and Henry Knox, believes that for too long the average American has considered the Revolution as a spontaneous, holy crusade by all the colonists to throw off the yoke of England. Such was definitely not the case.

Realist John Adams estimated that during the long-drawn-out fratricidal struggle for independence only a third of the population were Patriots, another third were indifferent, and the remainder were Tories. Three-fourths of the two-and-one-half million population of the thirteen colonies were of British descent and accustomed to thinking of themselves as Englishmen.

In opposing King George, Washington was never able to concentrate more than 20,000 troops at any one time. This is significant when we realize that roughly 50,000 Tories actively served the Crown, and approximately 100,000 to 200,000 Tories fled the colonies during or after the Revolution.

We now calumniate these Tory "defectors," the conservative, professional class in the colonies, with the epithet of traitor. Yet treason was the accusation the Tories themselves leveled against the Patriots who defied the King and his Royal Governors.

Mr. Callahan has attempted to correct the perspective of chauvinistic historians, to whom the Patriots all wore halos and the Tories were all vile. However, at times he has almost reversed the exaggeration: he pictures Lord North as a witty, good-natured Englishman and militant Tories as only retaliating against rebel atrocities; he mitigates the massacre at Cherry Valley, and emphasizes the severe punishment of captured Tories ". . . drawn to the gallows . . . cut down alive, their entrails taken out and burned, their heads cut off and their bodies divided into four parts."

Using original, previously unpublished source material, the author presents, not always in contiguous sequence, vivid accounts of the various troops raised by the Tories, such as Simcoe's Queen's Rangers, Johnson's Royal Greens, De Lancey's Light Horse Battalion, The Queen's Own Loyal Virginians. In addition there are innumerable portraits of gallant Tories who fought, suffered, and usually died violently for the sake of an all too frequently ungrateful mother country.

The author states that although the Tories were individually capable, with normally adequate supplies, they failed through lack of organization to achieve maximum success. That, to a lesser degree, also characterizes this book. Individual chapters are excellent and the supply of factual information is impressive; but the thread of continuity is fragile. Perhaps this is relatively unimportant; such a book is not intended to be read at one sitting. And, as a source or historical synthesis of a neglected subject, it is invaluable.

As independent Americans we are grateful to the intrepid Patriots who thwarted the efforts of the Tories. However, we can fully agree with Lord North's comment on the tragic fate of the Tories: "They exposed their lives, endured an age of hardship, lost their interests, forfeited their possessions, their connections and ruined their families in their cause. Never was the honor, the principles, the policy of a nation so grossly abused as in our desertion of those men, who are now exposed to every punishment that such desertion and poverty can inflict, *because they were not rebels.*"

*Coming March 21st*

**SR's Annual Reference Book Issue**



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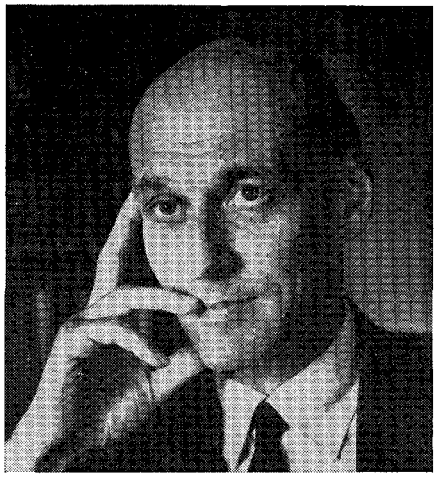
# "A New Mood for Critics"

By RUDOLF BING



Rudolf Bing—"praise I can live without . . ."

"EQUAL TIME" is a comparatively recent phrase, dating, I believe, from radio and television, but it follows the time-honored tradition of fair play, of permitting the airing of both sides of an issue. I am grateful to Irving Kolodin and *Saturday Review* for granting me equal time in order to reply to certain questions raised in his article, *A New Mood for the Met* (*SR*, January 25).

Mr. Kolodin calls for "a disavowal of the thesis that a full opera house means an opera house full of satisfied patrons." This echoes a much less fair article, by Harold Schonberg in the *New York Times* of December 29, that says, "Perhaps the Metropolitan believes that the enthusiastic box office support is an endorsement of its policies."

It is an old grievance with music critics here. In spite of all their efforts, the New York operatic public makes up its own mind and, however bad the reviews, the Metropolitan Opera sells out. Mr. Kolodin suggests that this is because there is in New York City "no counterattraction." I cannot agree. I don't believe that anybody goes to the opera, disapproving of its standard of performance, just because there is no other opera in town at the same time.

Furthermore, whenever we do contemporary operas, such as, *The Rake's Progress*, *Vanessa*, *Wozzeck*, *Ariadne*, or even, some years ago, *Bohème* in English, the public does seem to find counterattractions. It certainly doesn't come to us. I, for one, find staying at home an immensely powerful counterattraction, open to almost anybody.

As I see it, there are only two possibilities for any theater: it plays either to full houses or less than full houses. If playing to full houses is no sign of approval, surely playing to empty houses cannot signify approval. So what does? Can Messrs. Kolodin and Schonberg seriously suggest that public demand, which over a fourteen-year period made possible the lengthening of the season by 50 per cent from eighteen weeks to twenty-six weeks, and which made it possible to introduce eight new subscription series and to increase the number of permanent subscribers from less than 7,000 to more than 14,000 (despite inevitable price increases), does not imply an over-all approval of the opera's policies and efforts? Has it perhaps ever occurred to these gentlemen that such overwhelming support of the Metropolitan may even constitute disapproval of *their* views and policies?

The *New York Times* printed a few letters in support of Mr. Schonberg's article, and he can no doubt produce more. (It is regrettable that so far letters favorable to the Metropolitan seem to get lost in the mail—although quite a few get through to 39th Street.) One should remember that people who are dissatisfied are very much more apt to sit down and write than those who are satisfied. I am not suggesting that everybody is always satisfied. In playing to approximately 25,000 patrons every week, I have never tried and cannot hope to please all of them all the time.

BUT on that subject I feel I can rely on my old friend Verdi. Of course he lacked the background and experience of a music critic, but he had qualifications that recommend him as an all-round man of the theatre. To one of my predecessors Verdi said, "Read the newspapers as little as possible. Journalists are good fellows, to be sure, but never in accord and while one says 'white' the second says 'black,' and when a third says 'red' the fourth insists it is 'blue'! What confusion! And whom must one believe?" (Was the old man describing Milan of the Nineties or New York of today?)

"Yes," Verdi went on to young Gatti-Casazza, "read the newspapers very little but read most attentively the reports of the box office. These, whether you like it or not, are the only documents which measure success or failure, and they admit of no argument and represent not mere opinion but facts. If the public comes, the object is attained. If not—no." And he ended by saying, "The theatre is intended to be full and not empty. That's something you must always remember."

Let me go further. More than half of our subscribers are generous enough to add 20 per cent to their subscription payments voluntarily. A sign of disapproval? The Metropolitan Opera Guild and our National Council have not only substantially increased their memberships but have also increased their contributions by nearly 300 per cent since 1950. A strong symbol of dissatisfaction? And contributions from generous individuals have reached an all-time high—not just this year or last year, but steadily over the past ten years or so. Indeed, the sponsorship of individual new productions—something virtually unheard of before 1950—has now culminated in our first new production, *Aïda*, sponsored (*i.e.*, paid for) by a business corporation.

SELF-PRESERVATION is the first law of nature. The Metropolitan must have sellouts to stay alive. With no endowment, no subsidy of any kind, we are engaged in a constant financial battle for our very existence. Even with an average of 97 per cent of capacity, a figure virtually unique among opera houses of the world, spiraling costs in every department leave us with an annually mounting deficit that a loyal and selfless board of directors must meet each year. It is very easy and almost irresponsible for a critic to pretend he is not interested in economics, but only in art; we do not live in a dream world but in a world of facts that cannot be ignored. It is distressing that two leading critics like Messrs. Kolodin and Schonberg—observers of the operatic scene in New York for decades, and critics who know the situation as well as any of us at the opera house—in their respective articles have not so much as looked in that direction. I cannot afford to close my eyes to these facts of life, and I cannot ignore the fact that our loyal subscribers are the economic lifeblood of the opera. I have unmistakable proof of what repertory the vast majority of these subscribers prefer. If I play too much of a repertory they do not wish to hear, I will achieve what the critics have so far failed to do—drive away our audience. If we lose our subscribers there would not be any Metropolitan to criticize.

Mr. Kolodin seems distressed that in my first season of twenty weeks we had a repertory of twenty-one works, where-



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six weeks, had only twenty-three works. I think it should be the goal of any conscientious management—and I know I certainly so pledged myself when I came to the Metropolitan—to produce fewer works and do them better. Whether they have come out better or not is a matter of opinion.

At any rate, I think it seems highly desirable that the potential of a production should be increased; while an opera in former years could be repeated only five or six or seven times without exhausting its box office potential, we can now perform some works in new productions twelve, fifteen, or more times during one season. This also enables us to spread the repertory and roster as evenly as possible over the entire subscription.

Mr. Kolodin, referring to the more frequent repetition of works, charges that "as quantity multiplies, quality tends to diminish." Surely he must recognize that the bigger the repertoire the less rehearsal time exists for each individual work, and that there is therefore a far greater risk of slump in quality.

ON the subject of rehearsals, we continually read in the reviews that this or that work has been "underrehearsed." I am unaware that any critic has ever taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the facts—either at the Metropolitan or elsewhere. However, if for example in Boston Alban Berg's fiendishly difficult *Lulu* is performed, as was the case a few weeks ago, Mr. Schonberg in the *New York Times* had not a word to say about underrehearsing, even though only eighteen hours of orchestra rehearsals were available. When the Metropolitan did the same composer's *Wozzeck* for the first time several years ago we had sixty-five hours of orchestra rehearsals.

Obviously I cannot argue about the quality of performances that I have produced, but I might be allowed to mention just a few names. In the years 1945-50 new productions were staged by Herbert Graf, Dino Yannopoulos, Lothar Wallerstein, and Desire Defrere. For the forty new productions during my tenure so far, in addition to the first two, I have added Margaret Webster, Peter Brook, Alfred Lunt, Tyrone Guthrie, Joseph Mankiewicz, José Quintero, Garson Kanin, Cyril Ritchard, Gunther Rennert, Nathaniel Merrill, Carl Ebert, George Balanchine, Gian-Carlo Menotti, and Franco Zeffirelli. I must leave it to the readers to judge whether or not this indicates some improvement of standards. Among the designers I have introduced to the Metropolitan were Robert Edmond Jones, Eugene Berman, Rolf Gerard, Oliver Messel, Cecil Beaton, Oliver Smith, Robert O'Hearn, Teo Otto, Caspar Neher, Motley, Beni Montresor, Franco Zeffirelli. But again, it is not for me to say whether the visual standards have improved.

I am fully aware that we have no Toscanini, no Bruno Walter, and no Furtwängler on our roster of conductors; yet here again, I can only invite a fair appraisal of the world situation. I cannot breed conductors, but I maintain we had, have, and will have a fair share of the best the world has to offer.

On the subject of singers, I bow to none in the matter of casts. Again I wish our critics would take the trouble to see the weekly castings of two or three of Europe's leading opera houses. They might come to realize that no opera in the world today matches the level of our casting; naturally, among some nearly 200 performances there will inevitably be an occasional weak one, but with few exceptions all the leading singers of the world were, are, or will be here—and not just for a few performances or during a special festival period, but for longer periods and more performances than these artists give anywhere else.

Naturally, all tastes are never going to agree. A singer I happen to admire may not be liked by one or more of the critics. The fact that they often disagree so wildly should be proof enough that the critic is not infallible. He may think he is, solely because we rarely have an opportunity to answer; and here I renew my thanks to Mr. Kolodin for making possible just that. And human nature being what it is, bad reviews are the ones that are quoted. I can think of few critical reputations that were not built on invective.

I do not for a moment deny that the Metropolitan's repertoire is conservative. It has to be. The last time we did *Orfeo* and *Pélléas* we played to miserable houses. The difference between our average income and a "poor" house may be $5,000. If we only have two such works, each performed perhaps six times, that results in a box office loss of $60,000. Even so, we usually have at least two nonstandard works in every season. The critic has no responsibility whatever for the life or death of the house. I do; and if, by following the critics' advice, I should bring the Metropolitan to financial ruin, I doubt if even the press would thank me for it.

Nor is our experience confined to the Metropolitan, or even to this country. The chairman of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, recently said in the British press that "whenever we get off the beaten track the attendances tend to go down." Shostakovich's *Katerina Ismailova*, which drew raves in the press, played to half houses the second and third performances. Average attendance at *King Priam* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was 1,284 and 1,304 out of a capacity of 2,200. Both are by British composers. And that brings me to Mr. Kolodin's brief on behalf of the American composer. The big house, whether the present one or the new one, can never be a tryout theatre. The economics I cited in the foregoing are simply against it.

YET I feel the Metropolitan is fulfilling an important cultural mission. Nobody is attacking the Metropolitan Museum for not showing contemporary paintings; this is not its function. The Metropolitan Opera's function, in fact, is to show the classical masterpieces and to keep them alive for young and growing audiences.

If the press and others would divert a portion of their efforts to constructive, long-range thinking, perhaps one day the Metropolitan Opera might have a second and smaller house with a subsidy, where it would be able to turn to a more adventurous repertory.

Mr. Kolodin also mourns that "each accession (like *Wozzeck, Ariadne*, etc.) has cost us a valued friend of the past" and he mentions a few works that have been considered "standard." Among a few others he cites *Der Freischütz, La Rondine*, and *Pique Dame*. If my readers would turn to the appendix to Irving Kolodin's excellent *Story of the Metropolitan Opera*, they would find that *Der Freischütz* was performed all of seventeen times in six seasons and not since 1929; *La Rondine* thirteen times in four seasons, none after 1936, and *Pique Dame* four times in the season 1909-10, when Mr. Kolodin was two years old. He surely is loyal to valued friends!

Finally, as Mr. Kolodin invokes "a new mood for the new Met," let me ask for a new mood on the part of the press—one that examines our efforts with good will in the light of all the facts; one that recognizes that a critic's view is his personal one but not either infallible or necessarily shared by others; a new mood that reports honestly on the public's reaction even if these manifestations contradict the critic's opinion.

Praise I can live without. I often have; but I do ask, not unreasonably I think, for understanding.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editor's prerogative of having the last word is invoked here to make only one correction. With reference to the same appendix, "La Rondine," "Pique Dame," and "Der Freischütz" were not cited among the "valued friends of the past" but among "performable operas" that could be added to the list.*



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# RECORDINGS REPORTS: Jazz LPs

| TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| *American Blues Festival*: Memphis Slim, piano and vocal; T-Bone Walker, vocal, guitar and piano; John Lee Hooker, vocal and guitar; Sonny Terry, vocal and harmonica; Brownie McGhee, vocal and guitar; Willie Dixon, vocal and bass; Jump Jackson, drums. Decca DL 4392, $3.98; stereo, $4.98. | "Packages" of blues singers now go on concert tours of Europe with the same kind of success jazz at the Philharmonic once enjoyed. This album derives from the 1962 tour and a Hamburg recording date that became a kind of blues jam session. When John Lee Hooker or Brownie McGhee is playing guitar, for example, T-Bone Walker forsakes that instrument and takes Memphis Slim's place at the piano. Walker makes an important contribution to the record. Whether singing or playing guitar or piano, he expresses himself with taste and feeling, and his unique piano commentary adds a great deal to "Let's Make It, Baby" and "Shake It, Baby." |
| Kenny Burrell: *All Day Long*. Burrell, guitar; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Art Taylor, drums. Prestige 7277, mono and stereo, $4.98.<br>*All Night Long*. Same personnel except Foster replaced by Hank Mobley, Flanagan by Mal Waldron, and Jerome Richardson, flute and tenor saxophone, added. Prestige 7289, mono and stereo, $4.98. | These two sets were first issued in 1957 and have presumably reappeared because of Kenny Burrell's justly increased popularity. Each has one whole side—about seventeen minutes long—devoted to an improvised blues. The atmosphere, in both cases, is relaxed and the tempo comfortable, solo honors going to Burrell, Flanagan, Waldron, and Foster in that order. As on most "blowing" sessions, there are peaks and depressions, the latter being largely due here to the inadequate form of Donald Byrd. Evidence of organization, in the shape of occasional background riffs, suggests the obvious way in which these performances could have been strengthened and made more enjoyable. |
| Gary Burton, Sonny Rollins and Clark Terry: *Three in Jazz*. Burton, vibraphone, with trio; Rollins, tenor saxophone, with trio; Terry, trumpet and flügelhorn, with quartet and quintet. RCA-Victor LPM 2725, $3.98; stereo, $4.98. | The "infinite variety" of jazz, which the liner considers "one of the musical pleasures of our time," can also be an awful drag. Tepid vibraphonics by Gary Burton and caricatures by Sonny Rollins must be endured on each side before the listener arrives at two tracks by Clark Terry. His "Sounds of the Night" and "Cielito Lindon" have their moments, but "Blues Tonight" and "When My Dream Boat Comes Home," at the end of the second side, are very good indeed. Terry at his best is one of the special pleasures of our time and jazz like this belongs front and center. |
| Panama Francis: *Tough Talk*. Francis, trumpets; Rudy Powell, alto saxophone; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone; Haywood Henry, bariton saxophone; Ernie Hayes, piano; Billy Butler, guitar; George Duvivier, bass. 20th Century-Fox 6101, $3.98; stereo, $4.98. | Panama Francis is aware that the younger generation deems much of today's jazz unfit for dancing, and here he has gone to some pains to rectify the situation. Themes—some of them decidedly corny —by Sacha Distel, Henry Mancini, Randy Weston, Duke Pearson, Benny Golson, Nat Adderley, Ray Charles, and Milt Jackson are played with a strong beat and enough repetition to establish them in the teen-age ear. In between, there are trumpet, tenor, soprano, baritone, and piano solos, but what makes the good Panama so marvelous as a leader is that he doesn't overplay. Though his drums are heard and felt with satisfaction throughout the record, there is never a drum solo. The best and final track is Panama's Party." |
| Dexter Gordon: *Our Man in Paris*. Gordon, tenor saxophone; Bud Powell, piano; Pierre Michelot, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums. Blue Note 4146, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. | Like his musical superior, Wardell Gray, Dexter Gordon was originally a disciple of Lester Young. Like Gray, he turned to the delights of bop with deleterious effect. After some years of absence from the scene, his return has been enthusiastically welcomed. The years between were clearly not ill spent, for his playing is technically more proficient and his conception, as he himself insists, "more lucid." The true star of the record, however, is Bud Powell, whose solos are distinguished by real individuality and irresistible drive. His talent dwarfs Gordon's, especially on the two ballads. |
| Al Grey: *Having a Ball*. Grey, trombone; Dave Burns, trumpet; Hugh Lawson, piano; Calvin Newborn, guitar; Robert Hutcherson, vibraphone; Herman Wright, bass; Otis Finch, drums. Argo 718, mono and stereo, $4.98. | There are typically robust trombone solos (open and plunger-muted) by Al Grey in this set, two brief but striking muted passages by Dave Burns, and further evidence of Calvin Newborn's increasing artistry. The material, significantly, includes several popular rock-'n'-roll numbers, complete with their hypnotic rhythm patterns. These obviously have a restricting effect upon jazz musicians accustomed to a more flexible type of accompaniment, and the result is a musically inconclusive tug-of-war. What is perhaps indicated here is the beginning of a new phase, a *mésalliance* with rock-'n'-roll in succession to those with gospelry and bossa nova. |
| Johnny Hartman: *I Just Dropped By to Say Hello*. Hartman, vocal; Illinois Jacquet, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Kenny Burrell or Jim Hall, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Impulse A57, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. | Hartman, one of the successors to Billy Eckstine discovered by Earl Hines, is a relaxed singer with an attractive and masculine vocal quality. Though his forte would appear to be the ballad, this jazz context suggests that the time may be ripe to try again the formula Teddy Wilson and Billie Holiday proved so successful. That is, one where singer and instrumental soloists work on equal terms. For that matter, there was never anything intrinsically wrong with the idea of the *single* vocal chorus. Hartman does well here with "Don't You Know I Care?," Harold Arlen's "Sleepin' Bee," and the title song, but "Charade" and "Our Time" are best skipped. Illinois Jacquet, who is a model of discretion in the very professional accompanying unit, sounds particularly good on "Don't You Know I Care?" |
| Cyril "The Spider" Haynes: *Weaves Piano Magic*. Haynes, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. Golden Crest 3091, mono and stereo, $3.98. | One-time pianist with the Savoy Sultans, Haynes has an eclectic style in which old and new sometimes sit uneasily side by side: the rolling "Globetrotters" and the fine, moody "Worried Spider Blues." His feeling for delicate melody recalls that of earlier masters like Willie "The Lion" Smith, and the contrasts he creates on the fragrant but old-fashioned line of "The Flower and the Spider" are very engaging. Milt Hinton and Osie Johnson support him vigorously, but the latter's drums are at times too prominently recorded. |
| Albert Nicholas: *Albert Nicholas with Art Hodes*. Nicholas, clarinet; Art Hodes, piano; Nappy Trottier, trumpet; Floyd O'Brien, trombone; Marty Grosz, guitar; Mike Walbridge, tuba; Fred Kohlman, drums. Delmark 209, mono only, $4.98. | Until Barney Bigard returns to activity, Albert Nicholas is the best of the New Orleans clarinetists to be heard nowadays. As a soloist, he was more extensively featured in the earlier quartet record with Art Hodes (Delmark 207), but here he illumines the traditional three-horn ensemble with freshness, taste, and undiminished assurance. A graceful player with good technique and a mellow, pleasing tone, he uses his instrument's different registers very artistically for dramatic and color contrasts. The indomitable Hodes maintains the manner and spirit of Chicago's yesterdays at the piano, but O'Brien, though he discharges his ensemble duties ably, is a less incisive soloist than he was thirty years ago. |
| Shirley Scott: *For Members Only*. Shirley Scott, organ; with 13-piece band conducted by Oliver Nelson on Side 1, with Earl May, bass, and Jimmy Cobb, drums, on Side 2. Impulse A51, $4.98; stero, $5.98. | The first side puts Shirley Scott in the same sort of brassy settings Oliver Nelson has previously provided for Jimmy Smith on Verve. She seems to have had no difficulty in making the necessary adjustment, for she swings spiritedly on two shouting Nelson originals, and with finesse and appropriate feeling on a new Ellington number, "Blue Piano." With the trio, she establishes and sustains an excellent blues mood on the six-minute openings selection. Unlike many blues performances that are marred by overstatement, this builds to a climax casually and then just as casually diminishes in intensity. —Stanley Dance. |



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When Victoria de los Angeles was a little girl her uncle gave her a guitar because she loved to make music. The delighted youngster took it with her whenever she went with her father on his rounds as caretaker at the University of Barcelona. Up and down the halls of the great university she would tag along, playing and singing as she went.

And a strange thing began to happen. Wherever her clear and youthful voice was heard students would stop what they were doing to listen. Finally the university professors had to issue an edict: the little girl must not sing during lectures. They could not compete with her for their students' attention. But they were wise enough to realize they had heard a voice of great promise. A group united to send the little girl to the Conservatorio del Liceo for training.

The career so launched has culminated in garlands of praise from critics the world over. The New York *Herald Tribune* has called Victoria de los Angeles "a vocal delight unique in our time." The London *Times* terms her "a paragon with all the virtues." To the Washington *Post,* she is "one of the world's greatest artists!"

Today the voice that stopped classes at the University of Barcelona can be heard on many fine Angel recordings. Her Carmen, Madame Butterfly, Faust and many other roles are available in both complete opera and Opera Highlights recordings. And her aficionados will want to hear and own *Twentieth Century Spanish Songs* and *Spanish Song of the Renaissance.*

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As Cio-Cio-San in *Madame Butterfly*



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# Those Contemporary Blues

PERIODICALLY, the basic, so-called country vocal blues tradition is declared dead at the roots. And just as often an authentic, colorfully named, and relatively young bard—a "Muddy Waters" (McKinley Morganfield), a "Bo Diddley" (Elias McDaniel), or a "Howlin' Wolf" (Chester Burnett)—emerges to wail such declarations into nothingness. Similarly, commentators periodically discover that singers generally thought of as wiggling rock 'n' rollers are authentically talented blues men—Chuck Berry and Rufus Thomas, to pull two names out of a hat that contains dozens.

In more sophisticated areas, there were during the Thirties and Forties several good singers who carried on an authentic blues tradition within the mainstream of developed, instrumental jazz. Chief among them were Jimmy Rushing, with the Count Basie Orchestra, and Joe Turner, whose pianistic associates on recordings included such disparate sensibilities as those of Art Tatum and Pete Johnson.

Modern jazz has had its singers from the beginning, of course, first in the remarkable presence of Sarah Vaughan. But no younger bluesmen were directly associated with a more or less instrumental idiom until the mid-Fifties. Then, two such singers appeared: Joe Williams and Ray Charles.

Interestingly, both these men began as ballad singers, and Charles was a particularly subdued stylist in the manner of Nat "King" Cole. Ironically, when they switched to the blues, each of them began using crying, shouting vocal devices that echo the most earthy and archaic country performances.

Joe Williams began singing blues with the re-formed Count Basie Orchestra in 1954. It was collective musicianship that sustained that group, but it was numbers with Joe Williams like "Every Day," and "All Right, Okay, You Win" that gave it hit records.

Half of a recently re-released Verve album, *The Count Basie Band with Joe Williams at Newport* on Verve V/V6-8560 (the reverse is by Dizzy Gillespie), gives examples from 1957 of an enjoyable singer doing four of his specialties. Williams can bend, quaver, and wail a note; he can double, triple, and quadruple it; he can stretch and elaborate one phrase and condense the next. His beat is nearly perfect, well varied, and never monotonous. And the whole performance is delivered in a calculated and stylized rococo. Indeed, if one has ever heard the Joe Williams of the late Fifties do the same number twice, he has probably heard every effect, down to the last hoarse grace note, delivered in exactly the same place and the same way. And one is left with the impression of having heard a respectful but mannered imitation of the vocal blues.

More recently, Williams has gone out on his own and has reintroduced balladry, along with a little more spontaneity, into his repertory. It was this Joe Williams who returned to Newport last year, with such company as Clark Terry, Howard McGee, Coleman Hawkins, and Zoot Sims, and whipped the audience into a loudly appreciative (and, some felt, threatening) throng. Victor recorded the event and released it on LPM/LSP-2762. Williams is broadly banal on a broadly banal piece like "Without a Song." The tempo is too fast on "Roll 'em Pete" and the line too cluttered with notes for a vocal version of "Gravy Waltz." But Williams glides along at medium tempo with an unobtrusive, swinging grace on "April in Paris." And (as the audible crowd on the record knew well) he hit his level with what is actually a rock 'n' roll style blues about the current dance steps, "Some of This 'n' Some of That." There is also one slow blues, a beautiful traditional piece by Leroy Carr called "In the Evenin'." Ray Charles has recently recorded the same piece, and the difference between Williams and Charles is the difference between a good performer and a superb popular artist.

Charles—"humor, irony, and anguish."

Charles is a *popular* artist in the sense that jazzmen no longer are. He has a truly mass audience, and his records sell in the hundreds of thousands. His is a voice of profound esthetic humor, irony, and anguish, functioning in a milieu of grinding triviality and delusion. He discovered his talent when he turned from crooning balladry to blues, and evolved a style strongly influenced by Gospel song and expanded by his own skilful, contemporary musicianship. Recordings from those years of discovery are collected on *The Ray Charles Story* (Atlantic 2-900), surely one of the most arresting musical and social documents in the history of American popular art.

Once he had gained his following, Charles seemed perfectly willing to work with any material, in any setting—good and bad and (worst of all) indifferent. His recent ABC-Paramount record, with the tongue-clotting name *Ingredients in a Recipe for Soul* (ABC/S-465), is that sort of mixed bag. But it has an "Old Man River" which, as Charles transmutes it, is a harrowing, breathtaking, and finally beautiful experience. And it has "In the Evenin'," a superb contemporary singer's approach to a classic blues, and, I think, one of the most moving vocal blues performances I have ever heard.

DURING the past fifteen years there has cropped up the practice of setting words to previously recorded jazz instrumentals. The vocal Lambert, Hendricks, and Bavan (once Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross) have brought the practice to its biggest audience. One can hardly take offense when the point of departure is lightweight material like "Watermelon Man" or "Sack o' Woe," both of which are included on *L.H. & B. at Newport '63* (RCA Victor LPM/LSP-2747). But wording out Lester Young's "One O'Clock Jump" solos, melodies of a profoundly ironic joy-in-pain, as the jabberings of a drunken buffoon is something else again.

A word from my side of the fence about the Victor *Great Scenes from Porgy and Bess* (LSC-2679). Conductor Skitch Henderson wisely chose musicians who understand jazz as the core of his orchestra. And when Leontyne Price goes into jazzlike inflections and embellishments at the end of "Summertime," one is aware of being in for a very special experience. Perhaps one is reminded of the Italian past when an ability to make spontaneous departures was required of a singer. But one might do better to reflect that there is the basis for a truly American musical theatre. We have the instrumentalists, the singers. What we need, alas, is another Gershwin. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.



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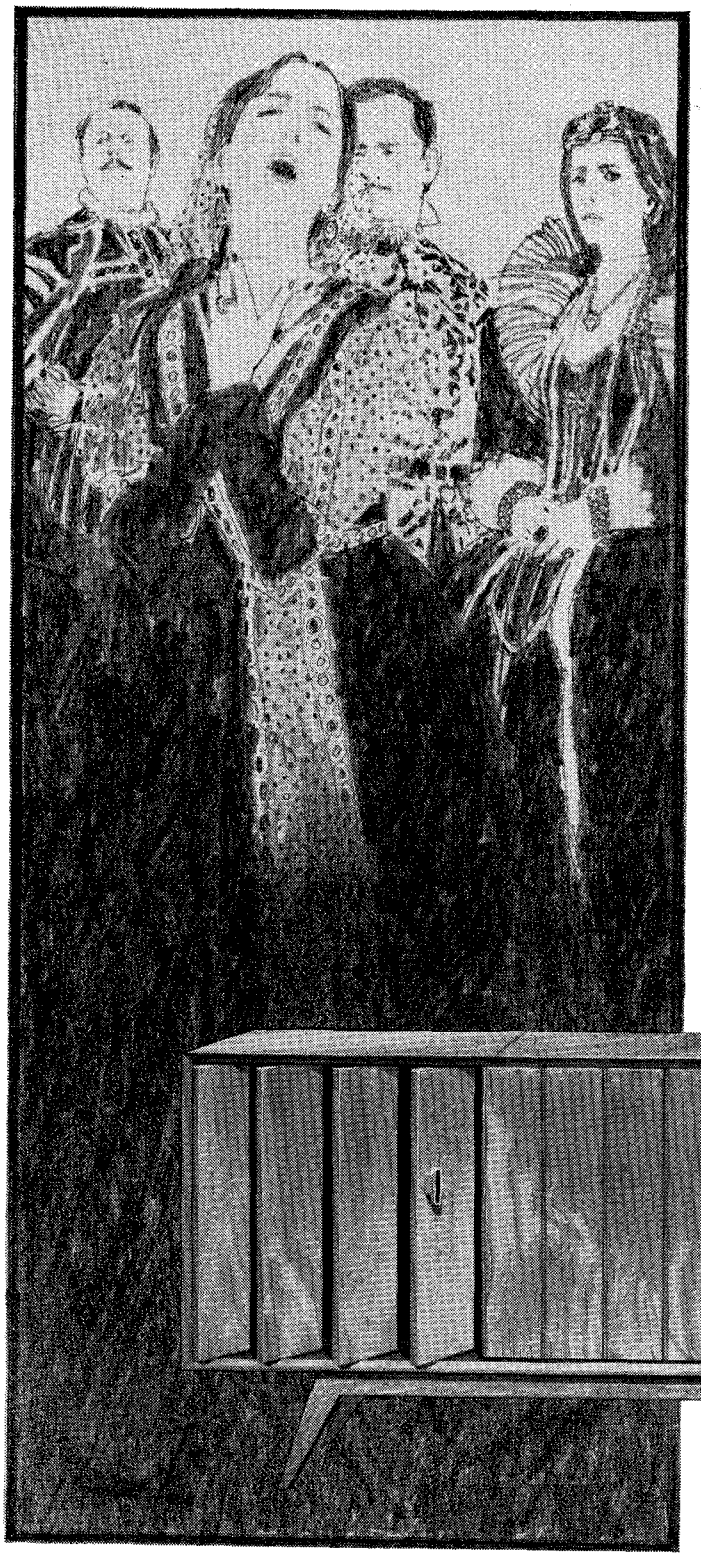

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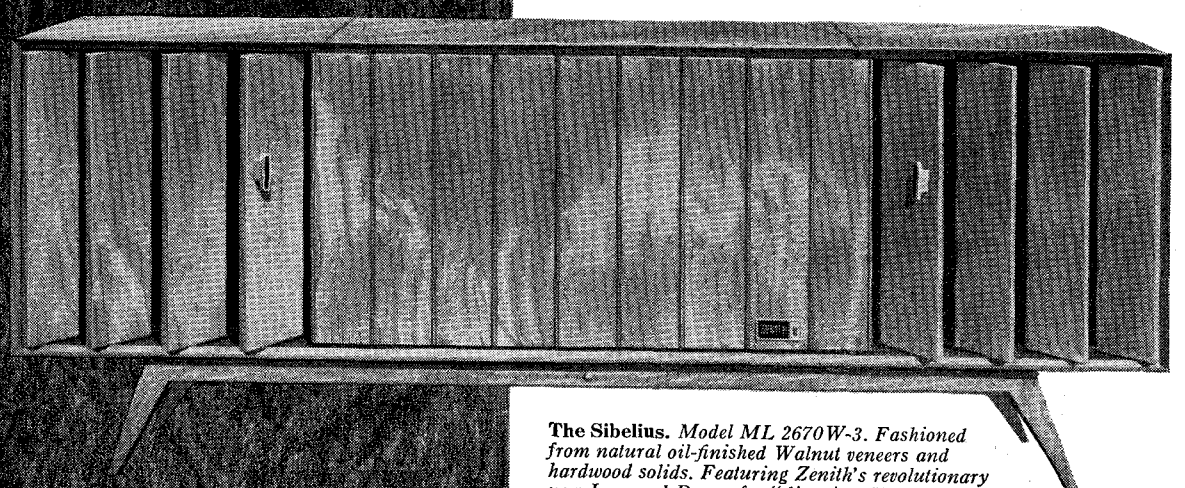

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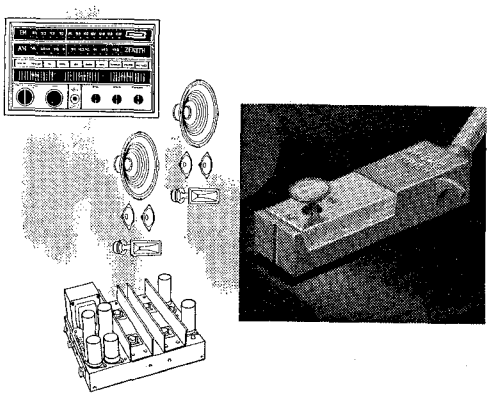

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# That Was the Year That Was

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

THERE was a time when about the only way one could be sure of adequate review of the past year's headlines was to look in an almanac, pay a visit to a newsreel theatre around New Year's, read a good paper, listen to a twelve-month radio recap by Raymond Gram Swing, or pick up an issue of *Time* with the Man of the Year on its cover. But, with the coming of network television, the newsreel more or less died, the almanac and Sunday newspaper seemed to approach the year in review from a more philosophical angle, and we began to get the bulk of our recap by watching TV clips of the year's highlights, put together in splendid annual documentaries by all three commercial networks.

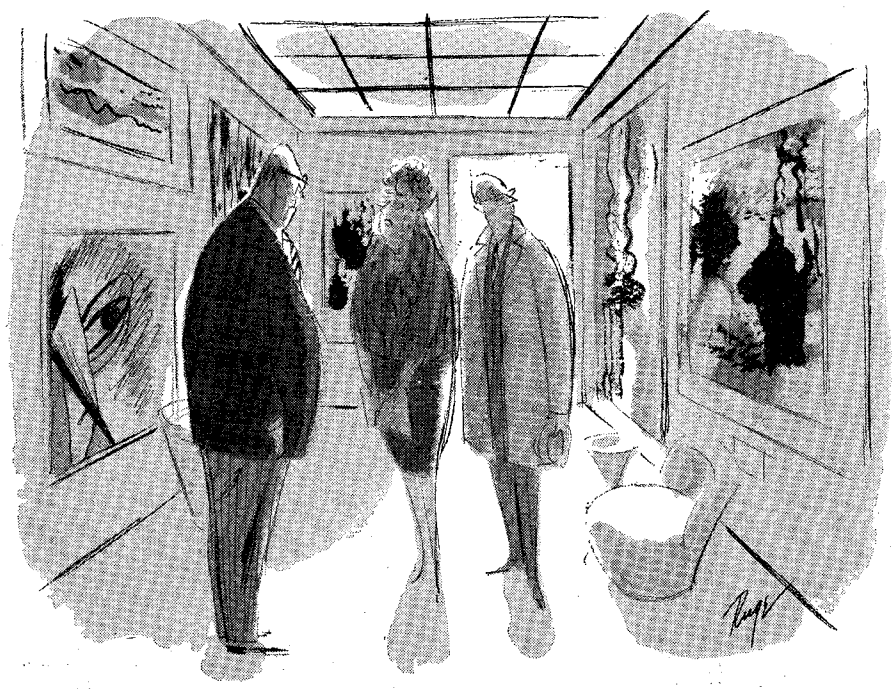
Supplementing these electronic recaps now appears an annual issue of recordings in sound alone, of which the two most prominent to come to our attention are *A Time to Keep: 1963* (RCA LOC-1088, Mono only, $4.98) and *History in Sound* (Gateway GLP-9003, Mono only, $4.98). These pressings cover precisely the same ground, though *History in Sound* is far more detailed, while *A Time to Keep: 1963* selects the top events and does more with each of them. This is, of course, recorded history at its most authentic since, especially in the RCA version, much of the recording is made up of actual voices of the personalities at the top of the news last year.

The NBC news recording begins with the Most Reverend Philip M. Hannan, Auxiliary Bishop of Washington, quoting *Ecclesiastes* during funeral services for President Kennedy in St. Matthew's Cathedral, Washington, on November 25, from which the title *A Time To Keep* is taken. The narration of this RCA platter comes from Chet Huntley and David Brinkley, who somehow sound stiff and unnatural without video. The RCA, which like the other is contained on two sides of a single record and has to be monaural because of the news clips, begins and ends with Kennedy, since that was the biggest news story of 1963 or, for that matter, many a year. The narration is more or less chronological, though grouped topically. For example, the civil rights movement is traced from Birmingham, Alabama, and springtime violence to the great freedom march on Washington in August. You hear the chanting Negro demonstrators, the exhorters (seconded after each sentence in the Southern Negro's ancient rhythmic affirmation); you hear Alabama Governor Wallace doing his best to avoid a legal responsibility he cannot duck; you hear Kennedy himself; but above all you hear the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, whose quiet words to the 200,000 packed in front of the Lincoln Memorial are as impressive as anything on either recorded side. Dr. King is central to the whole incredible story.

Then follow NBC's subdivisions called "People and Providence" and "World Politics." Under the first we hear the last third of the last inning of the Dodger sweep over the Yankees in the World Series (Maury Wills drops a sure third-out toss but he throws out the next player to end it all); you hear from the Profumo affair and other European events, including Chancellor Adenauer's lighthearted farewell in German at Bonn. De Gaulle begins to chart his independent course and Madame Nhu spits out her bitter answers at a press conference following revolution and assassination in South Vietnam. The Soviet Union makes some historic agreements with the West and Kennedy is hailed in Europe—much of this done from original tape. Indeed, a highlight is the late President's cry to the jam-packed Berlin square: "Ich bin ein Berliner!" The explosive reaction of the delighted crowd, only lately his wartime enemy, puts you there.

BUT the Huntley-Brinkley narration of voices and events of 1963 doesn't seem to get untracked until the terrible weekend in Dallas in November. Side 2 begins with Joseph Valachi testifying about organized crime and the Mafia, goes on to the death of Pope John and the election of Pope Paul, thence to the sixth U.S. astronaut circling the earth twenty-two times, and continues with hopeful Republican candidates half-heartedly jockeying for a nomination no one then wants.

And suddenly it is just after 12:30 p.m. on a November Friday and a voice breaks into a soap opera to tell us that shots have been fired in Dallas during the President's visit there and that Dallas police have been seen "chasing an unknown gunman across the grass." Within seconds, however, NBC has the first Associated Press bulletin making perfectly clear how serious the situation is. Indeed, before one o'clock, what had been a triumphant ride in a warmly agreeable Southern city has become through expert montage the most dramatically recorded of all the events of 1963. By no means the least of these is the eyewitness account of Lee Oswald's murder by Jack Ruby, in which I believe I have now heard for the first time, during a relative silence following the shot, the murdered man utter some form of outcry as though he had been



"Do you have any non-objectionable non-objective paintings?"



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struck a blow in the stomach, which of course at point-blank range he had.

From midway through the second side of the RCA recording the sound clips bring you back rapidly and tragically to the bright November sunshine of the funeral procession. I don't believe anyone who saw on TV the long and tearful cortege will be able to hear the muffled drum cadence, the clatter of hooves on concrete, the caisson wheels, or the botching of "Taps" without a catch upon the throat and heart. The recording ends with President Johnson addressing Congress, interspersed with a quote from President Kennedy himself a month before the assassination. It's mighty effective and by itself well worth the time and considerable effort that must have gone into so rapidly produced a recap.

However, as often happens with busy newsmen who are so famous they don't write their own stuff, both Huntley and Brinkley are trapped by the script from time to time. Huntley is reciting the names of famous movie stars who have died during 1963 and he comes upon "Richard Bartholomus." This he encounters without question, though the late Mr. Barthelmess would have been deeply grieved. Mr. Brinkley says at the beginning that the year 1963 began with ordinary things such as the New Year's Day Rose Bowl match between Southern Cal and Wisconsin which, says Brinkley patronizingly, was won by USC 42-37, "nice for Southern Cal but not terribly startling." The fact is, of course, that a fantastic fourth period by Wisconsin made this particular Rose Bowl game the greatest ever played and so startling that the Huntley-Brinkley show itself repeated the game clips of the last quarter. But these and others like them are small errors when compared to the authenticity of sounds taken down for posterity at a great event.

The other review of the year 1963, *History in Sound*, comes from the microphones of Radio Press International, calling itself the "world's largest independent voice news agency," which may well be true. This is the third year that Gateway Recordings has put out an album called *Year in Review*, and it is clear that its purpose is quite different from NBC's. In a way, of course, a recording giving us practically all the top headlines of a twelve-month period is bound to be less dramatic, particularly since Gateway does not have access, as does NBC, to just about any recorded sound of the past year. As a result, *History in Sound* is done chiefly through the narration of its broadcasters, including Bill Scott, Herb Brubaker, Hank Wilson, Don Fulsom, Noel Bernard, Mel Ligon, and Victor Jay. This recording is divided into general areas of news: the presidency, civil rights, the congress, Europe and Asia, United Nations, Africa, Asia, space and science, and miscellaneous headliners. In the last category are such fascinating items as the Sheppton, Pennsylvania, mine cave-in, the Aberdeen, South Dakota, quintuplets, the kidnaping of Frank Sinatra, Jr., and the death of the *New York Mirror*. No topic save the assassination of John F. Kennedy and civil rights consumes the whole of a section, and this is one of the weaknesses of the Gateway operation. Bill Scott, director of news for RPI, has tried his best to make this a year's total news performance; while he succeeds in putting practically everything down for the record, you don't get enough of any one topic save the assassination and the civil rights movement. Of course, that's the way Mr. Scott planned it and one cannot argue with intent. His is for the record—the whole record. I must say that Scott himself has the best line to describe 1963: "Death became the hallmark of the year." A lot of meat and potatoes here on mighty little tape and, so far as these old ears could discern, not a single misstatement in hundreds of facts hurriedly pressed for our use now or in future.

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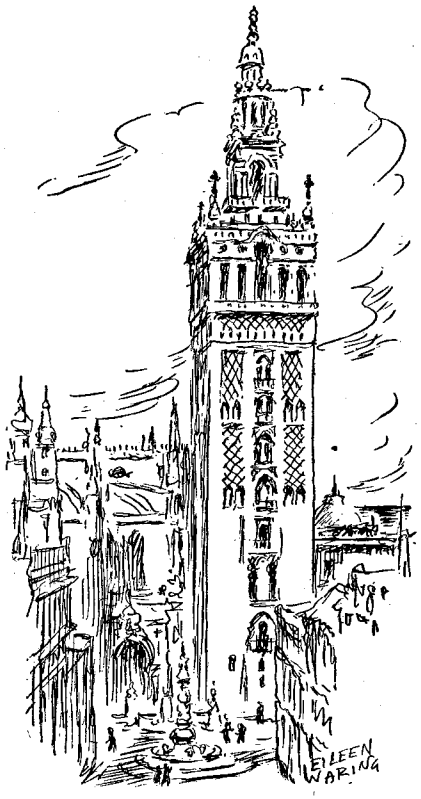
# Editorial

Continued from page 24

bloodstream that is strong enough to fortify teeth against decay does not confine its effects to the mouth. Is enough known about absorption of fluoride from the digestive tract? What about the difference between hard and soft waters in furnishing natural protective mechanisms? What effect do deficiencies in protein, calcium, magnesium, and Vitamin C have on fluoride accumulation in human bone?

An even more important question perhaps has to do with the dietary habits of children. Is it certain that children respond to thirst enough times by drinking water? What percentage of them have developed the habit of turning to soft drinks, with high sugar content? Is it possible that the greatest threat of tooth decay is represented not by lack of fluoridation but by the vast quanti-




ties of soft drinks consumed by children, to say nothing of the American craze for candy?

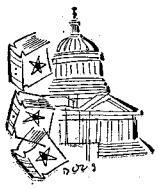
It will be suggested perhaps that this is all the more reason for fluoridating the water used in soft drinks. Maybe so; but it becomes necessary to ask whether the amount of fluoride necessary to counterbalance the sugar invasion may not be higher than the minimal dosage required for general safety.

• • •

The fact that a preponderance of scientific evidence may support a position at any given time does not mean that the evidence or the position is necessarily correct. Not long ago, the preponderance of scientific opinion took no exception to the general use of X-rays in examination and treatment. But sustained research eventually established the existence of hazards from X-rays at the levels then in widespread use and called for much more limited use of the medium. Similarly, the need for restricted use of antibiotics was not generally recognized until after a decade or more of widespread use. This is not to say, of course, that there were no benefits from X-rays or antibiotics before the need for greater caution was defined.

The doctors, scientists, and public health officials who advocate fluoridation are not trying to put anything over on the American people. They are not trying to advance their private interests. They are acting in good faith and on the basis of what they believe to be important and true. Even so, it should be possible, in equal good faith, to ask them questions and hold the line until reasonable doubts are dispelled. Moreover, not all the questions involved in fluoridation are in the area of science; some are in the area of common sense where citizen and scientist stand on even ground.

We don't see that it is reprehensible or improper for a layman to question the use of the water supply as a conduit for medication. There may be good reasons for so doing, but at least the matter is arguable. Nor do we see anything outlandish in a citizen's insistence that he be consulted in the making of any final decision. He may be wrong in the decision he makes; but this, too, is clearly his right. Far more damaging than widespread tooth decay is the de-



cay of the proposition that there is no question in a free society that lies outside the range of citizen debate and decision—however confused and untidy such a process may be.

Few domestic issues in recent years have produced as much unpleasantness and overheated argumentation as the question of fluoridation. We regret *SR*'s own past lapses in this respect. The editor hopes that the questions posed in this editorial will be considered in the same good faith in which they are offered.

—N.C.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

## Hobbits, Trolls, Sloths

*Here's one for the kiddies, and for any intrepid grownups who care to tackle it.* Mrs. Robert S. Jackson of Kent, Ohio, lists the names of twenty creatures from children's books classic and modern and asks you to assign correct classifications to their right names and both to the right authors. Key Columns Two and Three on Column One. Titles of books (or series) and the full names of the authors may be found on page 79.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Misty | ( ) | bear | ( ) C. S. Lewis |
| 2. | Thidwick | ( ) | snake | ( ) Flack |
| 3. | Pooh | ( ) | pony | ( ) Brooke |
| 4. | Babar | ( ) | pig | ( ) Milne |
| 5. | Peter | ( ) | sloth | ( ) Henry |
| 6. | Gub-Gub | ( ) | cockroach | ( ) Potter |
| 7. | Johnny | ( ) | dog | ( ) Leaf |
| 8. | Ferdinand | ( ) | moose | ( ) Jackson |
| 9. | Moomin | ( ) | barnyard rat | ( ) Tolkien |
| 10. | Kaa | ( ) | monkey | ( ) Stevenson |
| 11. | Martina | ( ) | lion | ( ) Seuss |
| 12. | Ping | ( ) | hobbit | ( ) Jannson |
| 13. | Templeton | ( ) | bull | ( ) Rey |
| 14. | George | ( ) | water. rat | ( ) de Brunhoff |
| 15. | Sampson | ( ) | troll | ( ) Kipling |
| 16. | Aslan | ( ) | crow | ( ) Lofting |
| 17. | Genevieve | ( ) | duckling | ( ) Belpré |
| 18. | Rat | ( ) | parrot | ( ) Bemelmans |
| 19. | Captain Flint | ( ) | rabbit | ( ) E. B. White |
| 20. | Bilbo Baggins | ( ) | elephant | ( ) Grahame |



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# EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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*Associate Education Editors:* JOHN SCANLON, JAMES CASS

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*This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which has prepared its contents in cooperation with the staff of Saturday Review. The editors of* SR *retain responsibility for the material appearing in this supplement. Correspondence regarding manuscripts or editorial content should be addressed to: Editor, Education Supplement, Saturday Review, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.*

## *One Step Closer to the Ultimate Answer*

MUST A STATE intervene when one of its local subdivisions abandons public education to avoid desegregation?

The United States Supreme Court has agreed to consider this question during its spring term, and the decision—no matter which way it goes—will have profound implications for public education in the United States.

In the American system of government, the operation of public schools is left to the states and their political subdivisions, but the matter does not end there. Although the U.S. Constitution is silent on the subject of education, the Fourteenth Amendment says that no state shall "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." It was on the basis of this clause that the United States Supreme Court declared, nearly ten years ago, that racial segregation has no place in public education. What the court said, in effect, was that students who were denied admission to public schools and colleges because of their race were not receiving equal protection under the laws of the seventeen states that required separate educational institutions for whites and Negroes. All such laws were held to be unconstitutional.

With the 1954 decision and subsequent rulings by other federal courts, it has become unmistakably clear that the federal government will concern itself with the operation of public schools when the constitutional rights of citizens are involved. In 1961, for example, a federal court used blunt language in declaring unconstitutional a Louisiana law permitting local communities to close their schools rather than comply with orders to desegregate them. The judges called the law "a transparent artifice designed to deny the plaintiffs their declared constitutional right to attend desegregated public schools," and went on to add that when a state clearly accepts the responsibility of maintaining the public schools within its borders, as Louisiana does, it "cannot close the public schools in one area while, at the same time, it maintains schools elsewhere with public funds."

In the Louisiana case, the federal court clearly indicated that it had grappled with a much larger issue but had decided not to tackle it head on. Before reaching its decision, the court had asked the attorneys general of the fifty states to submit briefs on this question: "Is it implicit in today's concept of due process that a child has a right to a public school education, even though there is no provision in the state constitution requiring the state to maintain a public school system?"

This is the ultimate question growing out of the United States Supreme Court decision of 1954. The federal court in Louisiana did not attempt to answer it, and the United States Supreme Court may choose not to deal with it in the case it will hear this spring, but the nature of the case suggests that the Court's decision may go at least part way toward an answer.

Ironically enough, the case that may point the way toward the ultimate answer is one that has been in the courts for more than a decade and, in fact, was



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one of the five original cases which led to the decision of 1954. It involves the public schools of Prince Edward County, Virginia. In the spring of 1959, after five years of appeals, Prince Edward County was finally ordered to desegregate its public schools without further delay. Instead, the County Board of Supervisors refused to appropriate any money for the school budget, and the schools did not reopen that September. They have been closed ever since. For the past five years, the county's white students have been attending private schools established for their sole benefit, and up until this school year the Negro students have had no formal schooling at all. (Last September, with the help of the Kennedy Administration, another private school system was established for the Negro students and for a handful of white students who chose to attend.)

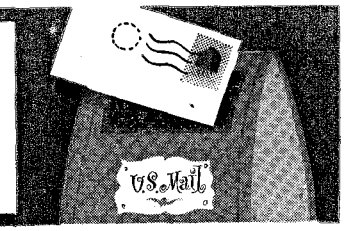
Negro parents in Prince Edward County allege that despite the failure of the Board of Supervisors to appropriate money for public schools, the Prince Edward County School Board and the State Board of Education still have an obligation to operate free public schools in the county (with state funds if necessary), because the Virginia Constitution says: "The General Assembly shall establish and maintain an efficient system of public free schools throughout the state."

Two months ago, the Virginia State Supreme Court, in a five-to-one decision, upheld the ruling of a lower court "that neither the Fourteenth Amendment nor any Federal statute requires a State to operate free public schools and that the failure of the local authorities of Prince Edward County to do so does not violate the rights of any of its citizens under the Fourteenth Amendment, although public free schools are operated in other localities in the Commonwealth."

The lone dissenter was the Chief Justice, who argued that the state Constitution means just what it says, and that there cannot be "an efficient system of public free schools throughout the state" if there are no public schools in Prince Edward County.

Now the issue is back before the Supreme Court of the United States, where it had its origin nearly ten years ago, and the decision may turn out to be even more important for public education in America than the decision of 1954. As the Virginia Chief Justice observed in his dissent: "The refusal of the highest court of this State to recognize here the rights of the citizens of Prince Edward County, guaranteed them under the Constitution of the United States, is a clear invitation to the federal courts to step in and enforce such rights. I am sure that that invitation will be promptly accepted. We shall see!" —J.S.

# Letters to the Editor




## The Little Boy Who Wasn't There

ONE POINT MADE BY your article "Textbooks and Trapped Idealists" [*SR*, Jan. 18] cannot be emphasized enough: that the dark-skinned child in America today just does not find himself in American primary grade reading books. The following, contributed to the bulletin board of a Hartford, Connecticut, civil rights group by Joshua Smith, makes the point painfully clear:

Look, James, Look!
See the pretty textbook.
The grass is green,
The barn is red,
The little boy is white.
*All* the little boys are white.
Look, James, look!
Where are *you*?

ELIN SCHWOLSKY, Secretary,
North End Community Action Project.

Hartford, Conn.

## Credit by Examination

IN HER FINE ARTICLE on the New York State Education Department's new College Proficiency Examination Program [*SR*, Dec. 21] Gloria Dapper focused attention on the role of the program in helping adults earn credit toward college degrees. Another important function of the program is to attract qualified people into teaching by enabling them to meet some certification requirements by examination rather than course credits. People with college degrees may have their examination results accepted directly by the State Education Department to meet requirements in their teaching subjects or in such professional education subjects as Educational Psychology. By this means, for example, the State hopes to increase the supply of language teachers. Already over 200 persons, mostly foreign-born, have taken language examinations, many have passed with high scores, and some have completed all requirements and been certified.

NORMAN D. KURLAND,
Consultant on College Proficiency Examinations,
New York State Education Department

Albany, N.Y.

## Boroff and Bennington

AS EDITOR OF *Silo*, Bennington College's award-winning student publication, I am writing to bemoan David Boroff's woeful lack of perception in referring to the magazine in his article "Cauldron of Creativity" [*SR*, Dec. 21]. Impressed as I am with Mr. Boroff's grasp of the Bennington situation, and with most of his treatment of it, I'm afraid he has missed the mark regarding Joan Schenkar's essay, "Superman: The Last Archetypical Hero," published in the Fall 1962 issue of *Silo*. "As far as I could tell, this was offered seriously," he writes aggrievedly, oblivious to its heavy-toned irony intended as a tongue-in-cheek mockery of literary scholasticism and pedantry. Indeed, the essay was originally written for Stanley Edgar Hyman's "Myth-Rit-Lit" (sic) course and scored an instant success with teacher and students, as well as with *Silo's* editors and readers. I wish Mr. Boroff would drop some of his solemnity; you'd think Bennington could have shown him how.

LYNNE COLEMAN.

Bennington, Vt.

## A Talk to Teachers

MR. BALDWIN [*SR*, Dec. 21] is ready with the well turned phrase, but he is not a truly qualified critic of American history or society, as his speech amply demonstrates. His observations would be ludicrous if the great American Conscience were not twitching, and we were not going through an orgy of penance for our injustices to the Negro. We are willing to believe anything in our efforts to scourge ourselves. Herein lies the real danger of his irresponsible attack on society. Undoubtedly many of the 200 teachers who heard the speech and many of your readers will repeat these generalities and misrepresentations and believe every word of them without giving them one moment's consideration. If we expect to find our way out of our present circumstances we must keep our reason and perspective. We must not fall prey to false criticism from well meaning whites or vindictive Negroes.

HERMAN A. HIGGINS,
Department of English.
AMELIA JO WEIR,
Department of Social Sciences,
Berry College.

Mount Berry, Ga.

## Hildebrand and the Schools

I WONDER IF YOU have been quite fair to Joel Hildebrand in your review of *Is Intelligence Important?* [*SR*, Jan. 18]. I cannot find anything in his book that would justify your comment that he looks upon intelligence tests as "an unmitigated evil." He speaks of the unreliability of such tests when he first encountered them, shortly after World War I, but he goes on to say: "Such tests have since been greatly improved, and the scores they yield are surely far more reliable than they were in 1920." He does not, as you state, criticize intelligence tests for failing to measure elements of character. He simply states that no formal tests *can* measure certain elements of character which are essential to intellectual achievement.

You say that Professor Hildebrand has for a decade "waged war against soft



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standards, professors of education, and the influence of John Dewey," and add that his restatement of the familiar charges "seems anachronistic," by which I assume you mean that standards are harder, professors of education better, and the influence of John Dewey less, than was the case ten years ago. If this is your contention it is at least debatable; but in any case, I think you mislead the reader when you say that Professor Hildebrand wages war against John Dewey. True, he does not genuflect at mention of his name, but certainly any careful reader of *Is Intelligence Important?* will see that he finds much in Dewey to admire. At one point, he even suggests that a statement from one of Dewey's books "should be hung over the desk of every counselor and school administrator."

The prospective reader of *Is Intelligence Important?* would suppose from your review that it is concerned entirely with the school debate. Almost half of the volume deals with the problems of science and higher education.

MORTIMER SMITH,
Executive Director,
Council for Basic Education.

Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Smith's interpretation of our reason for calling Hildebrand's charges "anachronistic" is correct. Since Hildebrand (and the Council for Basic Education) first took aim, a decade ago, the softness and anti-intellectualism that were their targets have been substantially reduced in the public schools and in many programs for teacher education—improvements for which CBE doubtless deserves some of the credit. Hildebrand's present evaluation of the influence of John Dewey is somewhat equivocal and we invite readers to make their own interpretation. But if he sees any good use for intelligence tests he fails to make clear what it is. Three of Hildebrand's eleven chapters deal with scientists and their role in education. His final chapter is addressed to university alumni and many of his observations throughout the book are applicable to education at all levels.*

## Independent School Salaries

WE READ WITH INTEREST and concern the letter from Mrs. Mary Harris, published in the December 21 issue of SR, on the subject of independent school teachers' salaries. The impression created by her letter in general, and by one statement in particular, is that the salaries of these teachers are shamefully out of line with public school salaries. In fact, to quote her, "they are usually . . ., including all benefits such as board and room, half or less than half the pay of public school teachers."

The facts of the matter are simply not so. This association (National Association of Independent Schools) annually makes a tabulation of salaries among its 700 member schools—all but a few of them dependent largely on tuition income, and only a handful with major endowment funds. Cash salary figures in over 300 of the various types of independent day schools show a general *median* salary of slightly over $5,500. The United States Office of Education reported in 1962-63 that *average* cash salaries for public school teachers was $5,735. There are, of course, dangers in making comparisons of average figures, but under any circumstances, the comparison presents a very different picture from that indicated by Mrs. Harris.

Salary levels in almost all categories of our member independent schools have risen over 25 per cent in the last five years and over 60 per cent in the last decade. It is also worth pointing out that the majority of our member schools are paying part of, and in some cases all of, the cost of a variety of fringe benefits, including retirement and various group insurance plans, and are also likely to be helping with summer study, travel, education of faculty children, and so on.

JOHN CHANDLER, JR.,
President,
National Association of
Independent Schools.

Boston, Mass.

## Dyer on Black

WHAT WAS SO DISTRESSING about Henry S. Dyer's review of my book *They Shall Not Pass* [SR, Dec. 21] is that the vice president of Educational Testing Service, a man eminently qualified and respected in his field, should gloss over, ignore, and misinterpret so many points and thus obscure the fundamental issues involved. Standardized testing is badly in need of a searching critique and examination. It is my opinion, based on two years' research, that the educational future of thousands of children depends largely on whether educators and test-makers are willing to continue the dialogue on the effects of mass testing in our society.

Mr. Dyer in his review takes umbrage at the fact that I call for the abolition of personality and interest questionnaires. (About 10,000,000 are currently used in the schools each year.) He adds that I pay no attention to the extensive research demonstrating that "if used with caution, they *can* have limited usefulness in helping students to find out who they are and where they are going."

What research? What usefulness? Actually those in authority find these instruments practically worthless and the risks in their use great. In fact, Henry S. Dyer, as reported in *Life* for September 21, 1962, declared, "I take a dim view of current personality tests and I think the general public is being much too frequently taken in by the mumbo-jumbo that goes with them. The inventories, the projective tests —all of them—are scarcely beyond the tea leaf reading stage."

Can it be said these so-called tests—they are not "tests" despite your reviewer's insistence upon the term—have now advanced beyond "the tea leaf reading stage," so that Henry Dyer would now advocate their use? Finally, how does this square with the College Entrance Examination Board's warning to its own members, made October 31, 1963, that the use of personality questionnaires in deciding college admission involves "very serious risks" and that no such instrument known to the board seemed to have been sufficiently studied to warrant the acceptance of these risks?

Henry Dyer questions the extent of admissions mania, the drive for high grades and test scores and the neurosis and perversion of education this kind of competition produces. "How much of the admissions mania," he asks, "is synthesized out of the lively prose of journalists like Hillel Black?" Would Mr. Dyer also describe as "synthesizers" Dr. James B. Conant, sociologist James S. Coleman, education writers David Mallery and Samuel Withers, high school principals Harold Howe and Joseph McClain? All these experts have found admissions mania extensive, particularly among suburban communities. None finds it a healthy influence on the educational process.

Mr. Dyer made several other comments to which I strongly object, but space limitations do not permit me to cover all of them.

A final point that may be of some concern to your readers is that the vice president of ETS has actually come to two entirely different conclusions about the book. In SR, where he has written for public consumption, he declares, "But, as an objective analysis of what is right and wrong with standardized testing, *They Shall Not Pass* flunks."

While the book was still in manuscript I asked Mr. Dyer to write a thorough critique. He kindly obliged and forwarded a seventeen-page letter on May 27, 1963. As a result, a number of changes were made in the text to conform to most of Mr. Dyer's suggestions. He wrote at the time, "I *liked* the book, and for the most part I agreed with your line of argument. It is highly readable, informative, and stimulating. It ought to make a real dent in the public mind." (Mr. Dyer's italics.)

I believe your readers may wish to join me in asking: what happened in the interim?

HILLEL BLACK.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Following is Mr. Dyer's reply:*

*"When Hillel Black asks what research has demonstrated that personality and interest tests (or questionnaires) might be of some use in helping children, he asks a question for which he himself should have had the answer. If he had looked at recent technical literature on the subject, instead of relying on truncated quotations from such as me in Life, he would have been on surer ground. When Hillel Black cites people like James B. Conant and Harold Howe as authorities for the widespread and perverse effects of 'admissions mania,' one cannot help but wonder how often his experts have actually counted the noses of pupils academically incapacitated by the mania. When Hillel Black suggests I am not overly concerned about the consequences of 'crass commercialism' in testing, he is just plain wrong. I worry about it as much as I hope he does. When Hillel Black asks what happened to my state of mind between the seventeen-page critique and the published review, all I can say is that the review attacks weaknesses I had already pointed out, but which were still in the book as published. I still like much in his book. I still think it flunks as an objective analysis of the situation."*



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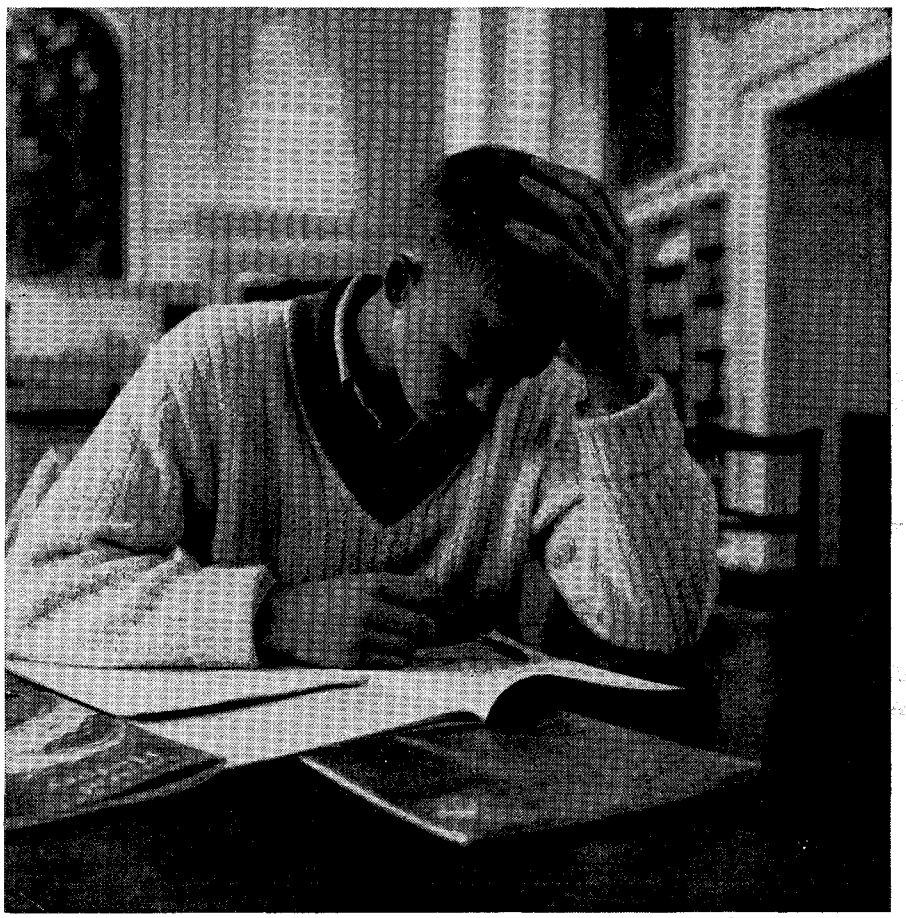
# TO KNOW AND TO DO

By MILTON MAYER, *winner of the Polk Memorial Award and the Benjamin Franklin citation for journalism and recently Visiting Professor at the Comenius Theological Faculty in Prague, and is co-author of "The Revolution in Education." The University of Chicago Press will publish, in the spring, a collection of his articles and essays under the title "What Can a Man Do?"*



—*Sybil Shelton (Monkmeyer).*

"What if the human crisis is first, last, and always a moral crisis and not an intellectual crisis?"

THE RENAISSANCE seems to have ended at Verdun, at least for the Europeans; and there are signs, only fifty years afterward, that the Americans are beginning to read the lesson that Europe learned on Mort Homme Hill: Man is not going to be an unqualified success. Progress is no longer axiomatic. Pessimism (or apathy, which is predigested pessimism) is becoming pervasive. Even the Communists' "new man" is nothing more than a ceremonial expression nowadays. This is the age—whatever else it is—of waning confidence.

As the age of confidence the Renaissance was more of a birth than a rebirth: Bacon's assertion that knowledge is power would have astounded all the men who had gone before him—the fallen Oedipus no less than the fallen Adam. They had been taught to expect Verdun. So had the prophet who said of the great nations of old, "They are wise to do evil, but to do good they have no knowledge."

Bacon was none the less right and the Renaissance none the less real. Knowledge *was* power. Man powered with knowledge was, and is, as a god. But the power is proving to be independent of its generator. Like the Sorcerer's Apprentice, it needs no command to fetch water faster and faster. The water rises, and knowledge is a consternation: Rare indeed the commencement orator who does not wag his head over the discrepancy between man's moral and intellectual progress.

But what if morality is not progressive? And what if there is no necessary, or even probable, connection between morality and knowledge? What if (*horrible dictu*) the human crisis is first and last and always a moral crisis and not an intellectual crisis in the least?

When the late President Kennedy said that "science has no conscience of its own," he was doing more than quoting Rabelais; he was saying something revolutionary about education. He was saying (if science includes the highest sciences) that education is of conditional service to man and of no service at all if the condition is not met.

Look at the general disorder of our time. When most men have less than a hundred dollars a year and the per capita expenditure on war in "peacetime" is forty, what is there that intelligence can tell us? When the most knowledgable (and therefore the richest) societies, with the longest history of civilized institutions, lead the world in suicide, insanity, alcoholism, divorce, crime, and delinquency, what critical need have they (or, for that matter, the least knowledgeable societies) of knowledge? What is it the Communist needs to *know* who wants free elections in Mississippi but not in Germany, or the anti-Communist who wants bases ninety kilometers from Russia but not ninety miles from Florida?

The sovereign faith in education is everywhere in the world established now. What for Jefferson was the keystone of the democratic arch has become the keystone of the democratic and the nondemocratic arches. If we can find a way to make use of universal education in the universal crisis, it would seem that we should do so. We would not make any such demand of bingo or tap-dancing or swinging on the old front gate; we may make it of education be-

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This article is based on an essay which will appear in the book *Humanistic Education and Western Civilization*, to be published this month, copyright 1964, by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.



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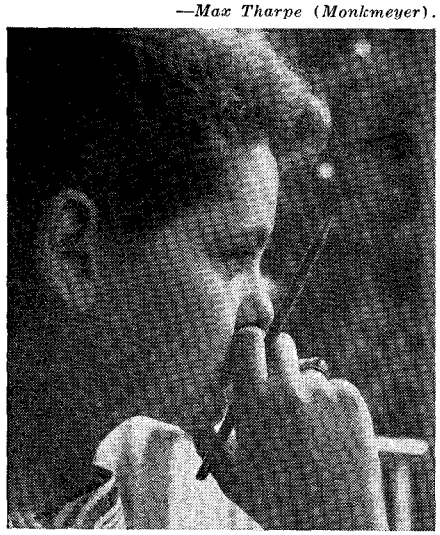
cause education is everywhere the great public enterprise.

We pedagogues have been willing to exploit the enterprise without examining its premise that the more of it there is the better off we shall be. Our trade secret consists in our being supposed to have a secret when we haven't. What we have is a skeleton in the multi-purpose closet in the form of the unexamined premise.

The public pressure that fills the schools with junk is irresistible, because we have nothing to resist it with. Why shouldn't driver training be compulsory? Driving is a moral problem, which the public thinks, mistakenly, can be solved by teaching. So, too, when the Russians launched their Sputnik: Out went the new humanities, in went the new technologies, and up went the preprofessional preparation of technicians. Why not? Had the schools been doing anything whose high purpose would justify their going on doing it? The Russians presented a moral problem—the *evil* of Communist success—and the American people wanted it solved. The schools stood ready to hand.

IN the theocratic centuries the asserted object of teaching was morality as a means to salvation. The object continued to be asserted long after the age of the priests. Yale undertook to transmit not only *Veritas* but *Lux;* Oberlin was consecrated by its charter to "the total abolition of all forms of sin"; and the Haverford catalogue maintains the primacy of the moral capacity to use the skills of learning for worthwhile ends. Such private institutions have no legal impediment to their transcendant aims; they are over the wall of separation upon which the safety and security of the secular state rests like Humpty Dumpty. But public education, at all levels, is forbidden by the First Amendment to abolish sin, tamper with moral capacity, or ask which ends are worthwhile.

"The end of man is action and not thought, however noble."
—*Max Tharpe (Monkmeyer).*



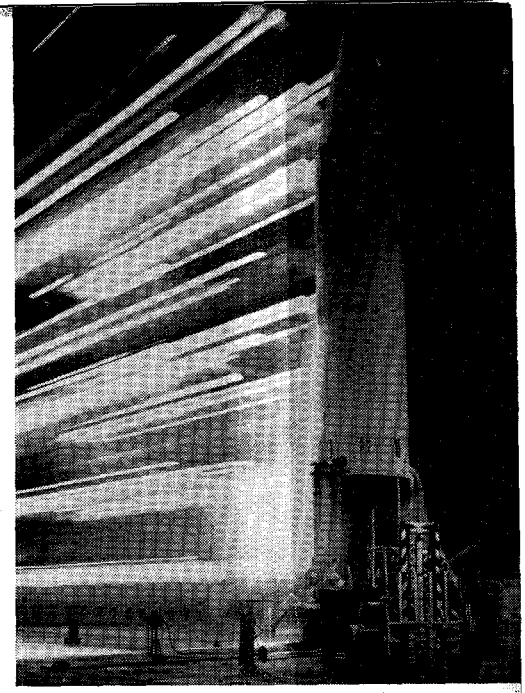
What ever made us suppose that it could do these things even if the law allowed? What evidence is there, now or ever, that even under the most sacred auspices education could produce morality? In its sacerdotal prime it made men good churchmen. Had the churchmen been especially good men, Dante would have had to do without the first two parts of his three-part comedy and Luther without all ninety-five of his Ninety-Five Theses.

The truly parochial schools still try to improve the adolescent soul that will be known by its fruits. They make no bones about meaning to make men good. And their alumni are all of them fine fellows. But I do not know that they are finer than the alumni of Yale, Oberlin, or Haverford—or of City College. And they should be, if morality can be taught. Indeed, a weighted analysis should show that college graduates are better behaved in later life than non-college graduates and the top of the class than the bottom; and the Doctors than the Masters. *Hélas!* as Sarah Bernhardt used to say.

Morality is action, and we know that action and knowledge are wholly separable in, for instance, mathematics. But the separability appears in the practitioners of all the other disciplines besides—in the logician whose personal life is eccentric, in the gluttonous physiologist, in the physicist who rounds a sharp curve at 80 m.p.h. One of the great political scientists of our time dismisses civil disobedience as anarchy because law is the indispensable condition of community—and asks a friend to slip a Swiss watch in through Customs. "We imagined," said G. A. Borgese of Italian Fascism, "that the universities would be the last to surrender. They were the first."

But mankind requires a moral purpose (or the color of one) in the institutions it supports, including war. There are no honest apostles of wickedness. Men want to be good and to live among good men, and if they have not found it feasible to be good themselves they want their children to be good. Al Capone, protesting that "Insull's doing it, everybody's doing it," was appealing his conduct to the moral standard of the community. For goodness alone is the bond of men, and unless knowledge can be shown to have a causal (or at least predisponent) connection with it, the best education is only an amenity.

Our search for the connection takes us at once to the epistemological commonplace that descriptive knowledge accumulates and normative knowledge does not. Twentieth Century man does not have to learn that the seat of fever



—*Monkmeyer.*

"Man powered with knowledge is as a god. But the power is proving to be independent of the generator."

is the blood—or that the world is flat—before he can learn that it isn't. He starts with the latest break-through. But there are no break-throughs in the moral realm: Relativity is new, but moral relativism is as old as Thrasymachus. The *Odyssey* takes us the long, long way home of the tired businessman who *really* loves his wife; the *Apology* assembles the Un-Athenian Activities Committee; and Sophocles owes his big Broadway hit to his study of Freud. Man the ingenious has no ethical or political ingenuity.

Why not? Why isn't moral advance as ineluctable as scientific, and moral fact as persuasive? Why isn't "righteousness by the Law"? The schoolmen thought that reason rules the intellect despotically but the appetite constitutionally; the appetite ("which moves the other powers to act") vetoes reason when reason threatens its closest interests. It is about *me* that I can't "think" straight—about me and my family and my friends, my race and my religion, my party and my country and my age. I insist upon comparing Albert Schweitzer with Attila instead of Bull Connor with Epictetus. I am the victim of what elementary psychology calls reflexivity, in which the subject and object of inquiry are one.

Whoever deals with himself deals unscientifically—including that hero of the endless serial, the Man in White. Not, of course, when we see him in Surgery. There he is working on an external organism. We stay the knife in his hand and ask him if this *man*—this Haman, this Hitler—ought to live or die. He says it is none of his business, and we ask him whose it is. He doesn't know; he

(*Continued on page* 83)



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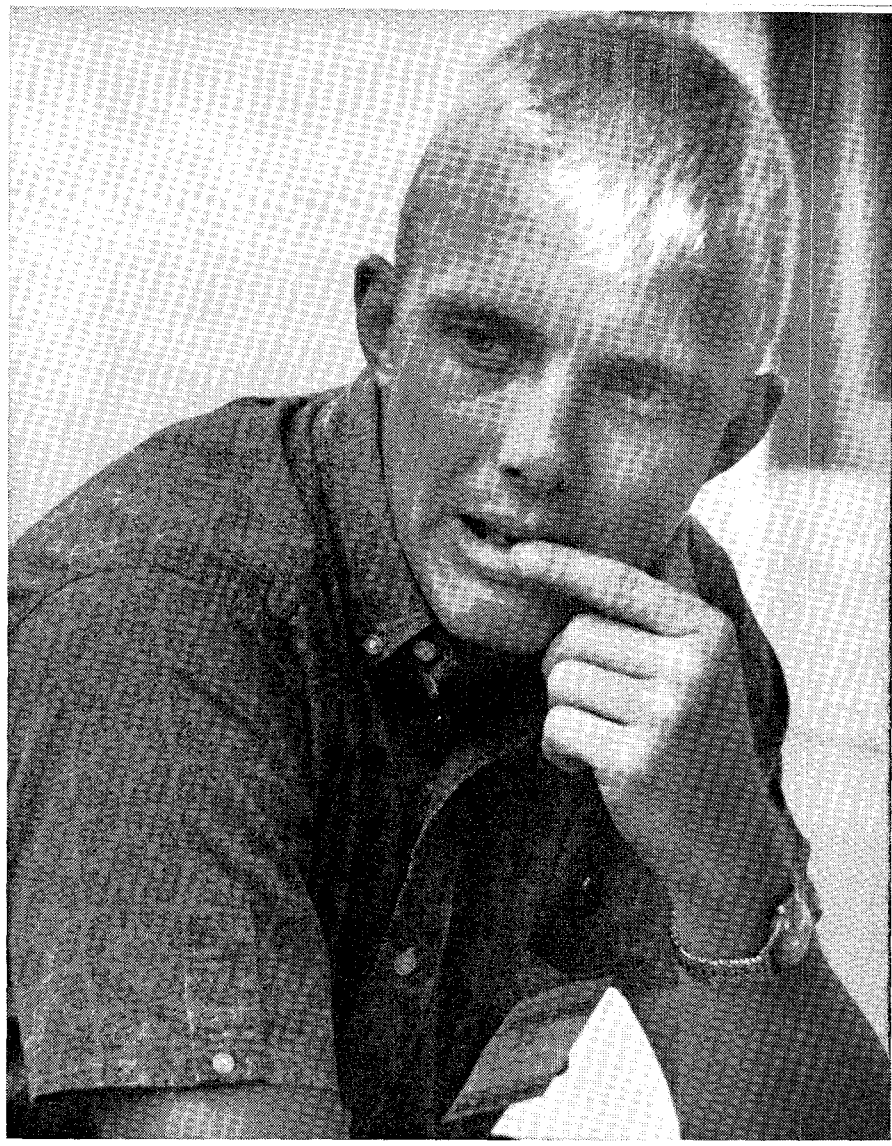

—*Max Tharpe (Monkmeyer).*

## *A Word to Overanxious Parents*

# GET OFF JOHNNY'S BACK!

By LEWIS M. MAGILL, *Professor of English and Chairman of the Committee on Academic Standing at Washington State University.*

I SHALL NEVER forget the shock I received when at the age of fifteen or sixteen I first read *The Way of All Flesh*. Because I had been raised in the tradition of honoring one's father and one's mother, exposure to neither Henry Miller nor Mary McCarthy could at that time have lacerated my sensibilities so roughly as did this paragraph:

> Why should the generations overlap one another at all? Why cannot we be buried as eggs in neat little cells with ten or twenty thousand pounds each wrapped round us in Bank of England notes, and wake up, as the sphex wasp does, to find that its papa and mamma have not only left ample provision at its elbow, but have been eaten by sparrows some weeks before it began to live consciously on its own account. . . . The ants and the bees, who far outnumber man, sting their fathers to death, . . . yet where shall we find communities more universally respected?

G.B. Shaw insists that in passages like this, Old Samuel Butler was symbolically "committing parricide"; yet the older I get and the more I work with and counsel parents and their children, the less inclined I become to write off these assertions as purely symbolic.

How does a college official answer a young man who, after flunking out of college, writes "My father insisted that if I were to make anything of my life I must major in physics. I had no interest in this field but since my father was paying for my education I felt I should do what he wanted."? Or how answer a mother who, when begging the college to readmit her son, confesses, "We had much too much influence with his choice of a major. It wasn't his choosing. He went along only because of an 'I can't let my parents down' attitude."?

What does one say to an attractive

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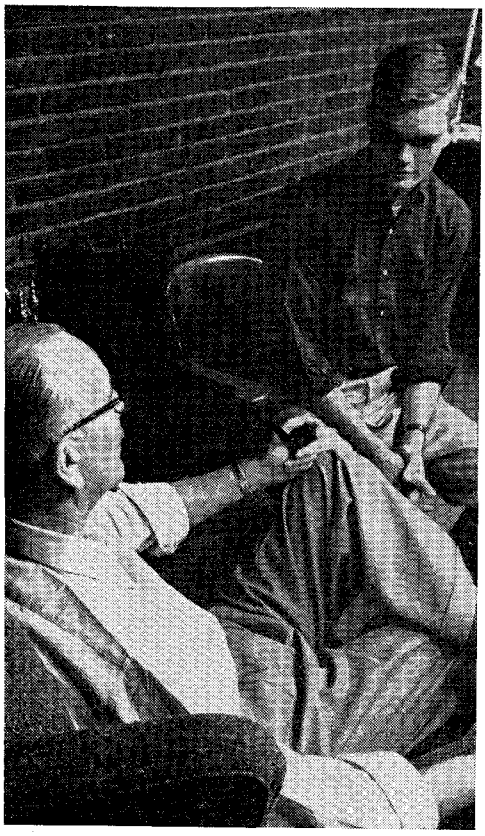
coed who sits crying in one's office, inarticulately trying to explain that she didn't want to go to college—that she wanted instead to go to business school but that her mother wanted her to join a good sorority? Or how does one even communicate with the sullen son of an M.D. who has no aptitude or desire to become a doctor and who is deliberately flunking himself out of school to spite a martinet father?

If the road to perdition is paved with "I-meant-wells," these parents have at least spread the rock for the road bed. This is the fugitive thought that flits through the official's mind while he searches for something, *anything*, to say.

All these parents, I am sure, are eminently respected citizens of their communities. Their actions have nothing to do with that old cliché of the social scientists to the effect that "there are no delinquent children, only delinquent parents." In fact, I believe that these college students would be more fortunate if their parents had intentionally indulged in certain mild delinquencies, such as refusing to continue to train the child in the way he should go after he reaches seventeen or eighteen.

My vantage point, while not unique in major universities, gives me an unusually complete view of many parents' relationships with their college-age children. Although I know through many conversations that some of my experiences are duplicated by admissions officers of state colleges and universities, I have the double advantage of sitting as a member of an Admissions Committee and at the same time chairing a seventeen-member committee of faculty members that handles all requests made by academic delinquents for reinstatement at Washington State University.



—*Lew Merrim (Monkmeyer).*
"Many parents cannot rid themselves of the notion that they can totally direct their children's lives."

As the front man for the Committee, I meet with and talk or write to parents and students in similar situations every day in the year. I have communicated with hundreds of them. In general, a number of parents err in two directions.

First, some insist that come flood, fire, devastation, or death their children must become college graduates; and second, they and others are just as sure they know exactly the course of study Johnny or Susie should pursue, despite the best efforts of high school counselors, college counseling centers, and their own common sense.

The first of these errors generally stems from the publicity given to the nonsensical supposition that a youngster will be a financial failure or a social failure or both if he fails to graduate from college. I am not at this point quarreling with statistics compiled by social scientists to establish the lifetime earnings of college-bred men or of the husbands trapped by college-bred women; nor do I have any serious objection to those solemn studies, beloved by some sociologists, that compile and tabulate the prestige value of occupations. The unfortunate truth is, however, that many parents, like their children, do not read carefully—especially when the stories appear in Sunday supplements on sleepy Sunday mornings. And saddest of all, many of these parents are themselves certified as educated.

Anyone who reads carefully knows that not a single reputable educator believes or asserts that *all* high school seniors should eventually graduate from a four-year college. The prime interest of conscientious educators lies in trying to make as sure as humanly possible that every student who can profit from a college education receives the opportunity to do so. Their exhortations have, however, lodged themselves in the minds of a considerable segment of the American public as a blanket endorsement of an A.B. for everyone. Naturally, public institutions are the particular target of this group of parents. "We pay taxes, don't we?"

Most administrators are willing, if not overly anxious, to put up with such nonsense as part of the price of being administrators. If, however, parents were the only people hurt when a student flunks out at the state university, their motivations would not require dissection. But in spite of rumors floating around every college campus, most administrators are humane people who hate to see youngsters used as sacrificial lambs for parental pride or emotionalism.

The boy who is too immature to meet his academic responsibilities and who subconsciously knows that he should go to work for at least a few years, serve his hitch in the armed forces, or even knock around Route 66 for a time is often nagged or cajoled into becoming a reluctant member of the freshman class at a major university. Sometimes he is even convinced through repeated brain washings that he really wants to attend college. He promptly flunks out. Three years later his younger brother may know deep within himself that he cannot meet the competition at the "right school," but he is forced into the same pattern, even though he should attend a trade school or otherwise try his wings in a less rarefied atmosphere.

The highly-motivated, conscientious, mature girl who has consistently overachieved in high school and who often can estimate her chances of success at State U. more accurately than can a set of doting parents is also far too often asked to immolate herself on the altar of parental standing in the community.

Let no one question that the experiences described above are traumatic to the student, as well as detrimental to the best interests of our society. Sometime in the future, I am convinced, the girl who comes into my office crying her heart out will pay a heavy price for her parents' indiscretions. And the future seems as dour for the youngster who steals a car and flees from the campus after failing to meet the challenge of final examinations and who is impelled to say to the arresting officer that he ran away because he cannot face his parents or his parents' friends. I am afraid that all society will suffer with and through both of them.

If the parents who commit this kind of error may be termed unfeeling, what is one to call those who commit the second error by insisting that a boy or girl follow a specific course of study, without regard for the youngster's abilities and interests? Every September, thousands of high school seniors are packed off to college to major in a field in which they have not the slightest interest or for which they have not the slightest aptitude. For example, I remember with disquiet a freshman's almost unbelievable statement made to me not



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long ago. I had called him in to suggest that he should seek vocational guidance. His immediate answer was that his parents had sent him to college to become a mechanical engineer and that nothing I or anyone else could say would shake that determination. His mathematics grades and scores in themselves were evidence that he had no real bent for engineering. Thereupon, I asked him what he wanted to do when he graduated.

He exclaimed, "Well, I know I don't want to sit at a drafting board all my life. I want to work directly with machinery." When I then asked him what kinds of work mechanical engineers do, he had not the foggiest notion. "But my parents sent me to college to be a mechanical engineer." I had to give up at that point.

I recall talking to a young pre-med major just last spring. He had failed both his zoology and his chemistry. After I glanced at his grades, I asked him why he wanted to become a doctor. His unusually frank and disarming answer was simply, "to make money."

"Why do you want to make this much money?" was my next question.

"My father believes that money is the only reason why a boy should go to college."

"Is there another possible reason that a young man might like to become a doctor?" I asked.

"None that I can think of!" was his clincher.

I give myself credit for keeping my temper and not shouting, "I'd hate to call you in an emergency." But then I was sure as it is humanly possible to be that he would never become even a college graduate, much less an M.D.

Then there was the coed who could not pass a chemistry course. Yet she was in pre-nursing because her mother is a frustrated nurse. She probably would have done well in business college or perhaps even in an elementary teaching curriculum, so long as she did not have to use chemistry.

Because we have a large and rigorous engineering program at W.S.U., I see more pre-engineering students than perhaps any other group. As the young man sits across from me, my invariable first question is simply, "Why do you want to be an engineer?"

A tremendous segment of this group of students will answer just as simply, "Because my father told me that engineers make a lot of money."

I can still remember how amazed and disgusted at parental pressures I became when I first began to counsel students at a state university larger than W.S.U. I was attempting to interpret a profile to a high school senior who planned to enroll at the university the following September. Although his scores in mathematics and science were very low, the tests showed high interest in music. He intended, however, to become an engineer.

I asked a few pointed questions calculated to probe the motives behind intention. Finally, he blurted out, "My dad teaches engineering on this campus, and he wants me to become an engineer."

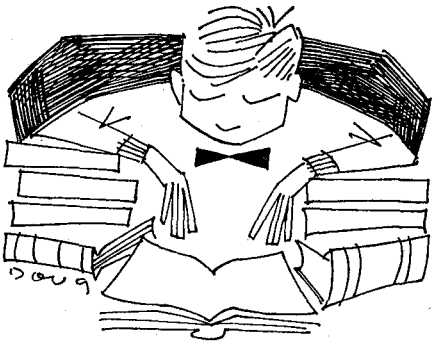
I excused myself for a moment, found a telephone outside my office, and called his high school band director to discover whether the interest tests reflected an aptitude for music. The director assured me that the boy could do excellent work in music school. But when I returned and suggested that perhaps he should consider majoring in music, he seemed so thoroughly brain washed that he became almost inarticulate.

Finally, when he left my office, I added as a parting question, "Do you really want to be an engineer?"

He gulped out a muffled, "No."

Within an hour I received a telephone call from an indignant *mother*, who asked me what right I had to interfere in family matters. She screamed into the phone for fifteen or twenty minutes and then fairly shrieked, "Well, if it's any satisfaction to you, he's going to major in music."

Enduring her shouting was, I felt, a small price to pay for the salvation of a human soul.



Any counselor on a college campus can multiply my examples by infinity. And yet for some reason many parents cannot rid themselves of the notion that they can totally direct their children's lives and selfishly seek vicarious satisfaction in launching their children into careers that presumably will bring prestige to the family or that will salve an old frustration.

One more point must be made. Most of the parents about whom I have written are not uneducated or illiterate. In fact, professional people are the worst with whom we have to deal. I make no claim to be a sociologist, but I believe sincerely that the more prestigious the occupation, the more unreasonable parents tend to be. Certainly, M.D.s are the most stubborn group we encounter in knowing what is *right* for their children. Whether they are subconsciously impressed by the great prestige now attached to being a doctor or whether they are far too used to having their slightest orders carried out and their prescriptions followed to the letter, I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that it is a wise doctor who knows his own child.

And those in my profession—college professors—are in some ways almost as bad. Perhaps we get intoxicated by our captive audience, or perhaps we just have faith in the delusion that it is impossible for us to have "dim" children (to use that wonderful British expression). Without attempting to delineate a hierarchy, I would list engineers, dentists, lawyers, officers in the armed forces, and pharmacists as following close behind. The working man, on the other hand, is generally so happy that his children have a chance to go to college that he keeps hands off, although I can cite some obvious exceptions.

I can think of no better way of emphasizing the points I have been trying to make than to quote in full (with some modifications to protect the innocent) a letter I received several years ago.

To whom it may concern:

To get to the point. I do not want to be reinstated! Today my mother is mailing the application for re-enrollment and the application for reinstatement. It is none of my doing, because I do not want to return to W.S.U. I would rather attend . . . (here he names a trade school). There has been a great deal of trouble in our home because of this.

I do not want my parents to know about this letter, so please do not acknowledge this, or return an answer. Just simply do not reinstate me! Please do what I am asking, as it is very important to me.

If this letter is disregarded, I will not meet the requirements of reinstatement if I am reinstated. Whether I am qualified to be reinstated or not, I do not know. But, I do know that I do not want to be reinstated!

I hope I have made myself clear to you.

If you think that you must return an answer to this letter, please mail your answer to . . . (an address other than the one on the application).

I hope you will please do as I ask. I do not want my parents to know about this letter to you. It is very important to all concerned.

Please, please do as I ask you.

Thank you.

We obliged the young man. Does anyone want to emulate the sphex wasp?



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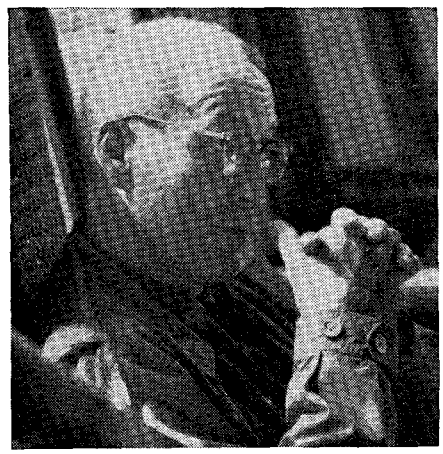
# Glenn Olds—Innovator at Springfield

By MARY KERSEY HARVEY, *a frequent contributor to* SR.

**WHEN Glenn Olds assumed the presidency of Springfield College in 1958 (at the age of thirty-seven), he found it "enfeebled by nine years of deficit financing, struggling to recover its mission." There wasn't one bona fide classroom building for a student body of 1,100. Faculty salaries averaged a little over $6,000. Seven members of the English faculty huddled in a single office behind the handball court. Although Springfield was world-famous as a developer of physical education teachers and youth leaders, its "smorgasbord" curriculum lacked coherence and balance. "Springfield needed," Olds recalls, "everything money could buy, but it still had the one thing money cannot buy—a moral commitment and conviction about a quality of education of the whole man in the service of all men. On this we built."**

Olds shattered traditions, tramped on academic toes, and questioned everything, in the style of all innovators. He was obviously not trying to win any popularity contests. His strategy was "the dialectic and dialogue of crisis, creativity, and construction." In less than six years—with the help of many dedicated faculty members—he has revamped and revitalized the College's undergraduate curriculum, reorganized and strengthened its Division of Graduate Study, and given fresh impetus to its world-known "international outreach." Under this program Olds has established relationships with campuses, teachers, and students in several Asian, African, and Latin American countries.

Glenn Olds describes himself as "just an Oregon farmer at heart." His family crossed the plains in a covered wagon. He logged and farmed along with his father, milked two dozen cows before going to grade school every morning, and helped fortify the chronically feeble family finances as a boy boxer in "curtain raisers" in remote, Pacific-Northwest rings. He split cordwood for a whole summer to buy a trumpet that he parlayed into his own dance band, an outfit that helped pay his way through college. Summers he spent alone in the mountains as a forest ranger, reading, writing, and reflecting.



President Olds: "Just an Oregon farmer at heart."

"My whole life," he observes, "has been one of participation and reflection, advance and withdrawal." Once he hitch-hiked all over the U.S. His mother was a Mormon, his father a Roman Catholic. They raised Olds to be a Quaker. In college he studied Judaism and was later ordained a Methodist minister. At Yale his dissertation on "The Nature of Moral Insight" earned him a Ph.D. in philosophy. Tough on himself (his workday for years has been roughly sixteen hours), he can't understand why a country that can send satellites spinning around the earth can't find a way to "get the man out of the boy."

One way to speed the maturation process, Olds believes, is to draw the student into affairs of the college. Today the student is involved in running Springfield to a remarkable degree. Olds put the student body president into the President's cabinet. ("I tried to get him elected to the Board of Trustees, but failed, though I haven't surrendered yet!") He instituted regular student leadership training conferences, dorm councils for self-government, annual budget reviews with students, convocations on crisis issues, and weekly meetings with students in his own home.

The College sets an example of putting service ahead of self by sharing its resources generously with the local, national, and world community. Among its many service programs are:

- A "half-way house" to help youthful offenders make the transition from prison to society. Springfield is the only college operating such a center. (The other three are run by the Bureau of Prisons.) In just two years the pre-release guidance center has put scores of young men back into the mainstream of life.
- A physical education and community service training program for Peace Corpsmen going into Latin America, described by Deputy Director William Moyers, as "one of the country's finest."
- The College's Community Tensions Center was one of the first to be established in the country. (There are still only a handful.) It conducts research and offers courses and consultation in racial, ethnic, and religious relations.

A partial listing of community agencies and institutions where Springfield alumni now serve would include American Cancer Society, American Heart Association, American Red Cross, Boys' Clubs, Boy Scouts, Campfire Girls, Jewish Welfare Board, USO, YMCA, the YWCA. Others are to be found serving camps and recreation departments, corrective and penal institutions, guidance centers, half-way houses, hospitals, neighborhood houses, and hundreds of schools and colleges in every state in the Union and in fifty-five countries throughout the world.

During Olds' short tenure at Springfield, faculty fringe benefits have increased 45 per cent and salaries have risen from 25-35 per cent. Seven new buildings have gone up. Scholarships and annual income have tripled, the budget doubled. Enrollment reached a record high last fall—1,546 full-time students. A few months ago the B.A. was added to the string of degrees the College now awards (B.S., B.P.E., M.S., M.Ed., D.P.E.). The Springfield College Corporation (which included the late President John F. Kennedy) has been revitalized by new men and women from across the country, including Art Linkletter in Los Angeles, American Motors magnate George Cullen in Detroit, and radio-TV executive John Hayes of the *Washington Post* Company.

"Someone once wisely said," Olds points out, "that good education is always ahead of the people and behind the needs of the times. I think a good educator should be in that terrible tension in between—bringing the liveliest sense of the needs of his time and the possibilities of human nature to bear on the realities and resources of his people—both students and faculty and those who support them. It is not the coziest spot in the world," Olds admits, "and it is certainly one of the loneliest. But, man for man, hour for hour, it is surely the liveliest. And, one would like to hope, one of the 'helpingest.' How could one feel otherwise when his deepest desire is to lift the largest load for human good in the shortest time?"



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# 1. HOW IT OPERATES

By EDWARD WAKIN, *a member of the faculty at Fordham University and author of "The Catholic Campus," who has studied shared-time programs in several communities.*

THIS YEAR Philadelphia and Detroit were added to the growing list of cities where limited partnerships are springing up between Catholic and public schools. Under these partnerships, called "shared time," Catholic schools are sending students to study part-time in public schools, usually in religiously "neutral" subjects such as mathematics and science.

The "shared time" idea, although by no means new, was first introduced widely into the educational market place in September 1961. Since then it has evolved rapidly. What started out as an interesting suggestion soon became the subject of inter-faith discussions, of a widely publicized experiment endorsed by influential spokesmen and, eventually, of a Congressional bill. Last spring, New York Representative Adam Clayton Powell introduced a bill to provide federal funds for both equipment and administration of shared time programs.

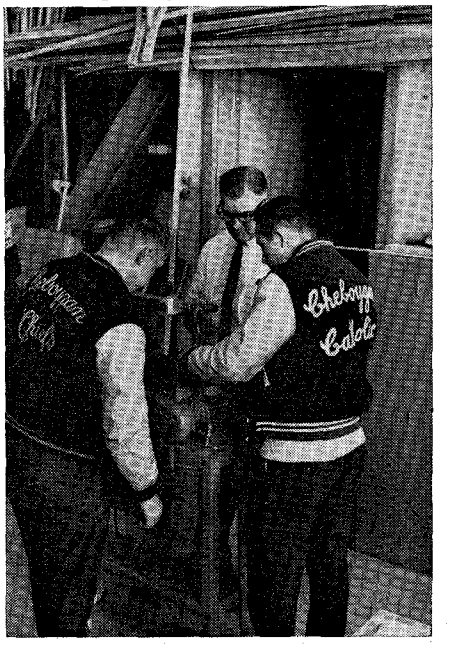
The essence of shared time is part-time attendance at a public school by students from a parochial school. As noted by Edwin Shaver in his 1956 book, *The Weekday Church School,* there is a "growing practice in many communities throughout America of having children, whose primary enrollment is in a parochial school, take some of their courses in the public school, even to the extent in one reported instance of a '50-50' program."

Msgr. John B. McDowell, Pittsburgh Catholic school superintendent and a leading exponent of shared time, has called the division of courses between Catholic and public schools the first principle in adopting shared time. The subjects stressing values, such as English and social studies, would be taught in the parochial school and the more "neutral" subjects, such as mathematics and vocational and technical instruction, would be taught in the public school to part-time students from the Catholic school.

Endorsements and signs of interest in shared time have come from many directions. Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut has added the prestige of his office and his former position as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. He has argued that a combination of his proposals on shared time and tax deductions "can resolve the religious controversy in education."

Shared time also has been praised by a former Republican Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Arthur S. Flemming, while favorable comments have been heard from both Protestant and Catholic spokesmen. The National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. has established a new department to study shared time possibilities, and several Catholic bishops and school superintendents have been enthusiastic in their published comments.

Aside from the label, shared time is not new, but its wide acceptance indicates the receptive climate and the combination of pressures building up in U.S. education. In fact, the reception has been so favorable that some Catholic educators, among others, are concerned that what is so far a limited and localized remedy for their school problems will be mistaken for a panacea. As Msgr. Edward T. Hughes, diocesan superintendent of schools, observed, after his Philadelphia program began this fall, "We want to emphasize that shared time is not the final answer, but it is worth exploring to the fullest."



"Catholic pupils will study part of the time in a pluralistic environment closer to the American reality."

The persuasive arguments in favor of shared time and the successful examples of its application make its continued spread likely. Before the onset of recent publicity, the concept—without the label—had been at work for over forty years in various parts of the country. The twenty states that have had successful shared time programs include New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Illinois, Kansas, Kentucky, Minnesota, Michigan, Nebraska, Ohio, Oregon, Texas, West Virginia, and Wisconsin.

Though Catholic spokesmen argue that shared time should not be a private matter for their schools only but should involve all religious groups, particularly Protestants, sheer numbers work against them. About 90 per cent of U.S. enrollment in non-public elementary and secondary schools is in Catholic schools. Inevitably, Catholic school students will predominate in shared time arrangements.

AS indicated by Senator Ribicoff, shared time apparently avoids the explosive issue of federal aid for parochial schools, while alleviating the burdens upon them. It is widely accepted as constitutional. It works, and even federal funds can be allotted according to class hours rather than enrollment.

Proponents argue that public schools will benefit from greater Catholic support, and pupils from Catholic schools, in turn, will study part of the time in a pluralistic environment closer to the American reality. Shared time also could soften the impact of a sudden enrollment of large numbers of Catholic elementary school graduates in public high schools and could enable both to use resources with maximum efficiency. It might even reduce the controversy over religious observances in public schools. Seldom has an educational innovation seemed to offer so much to so many at such little expense.

As applied, the details of shared time vary widely in the number and type of courses taken in the public school, the grade levels involved, the means of transportation and the time of day in attendance. The selection of the so-called "value" and "neutral" courses also differs from one Catholic school superintendent to another. Local differences in regard to laws, facilities, and location of the schools play an important part in producing the varieties in shared time experiments.

For instance, in the Detroit area, where the nation's largest shared time program began last fall, 182 seventh and eighth grade students are studying mathematics, science, physical education, music, arts, shop, and home eco-

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# 2. IS IT LEGAL?

By THEODORE POWELL, *Public Information Consultant, Connecticut State Department of Education, and author of "The School Bus Law: A Case Study in Education, Religion, and Politics."*

WHILE shared time programs have been in operation for many years, only recently have they received much attention from the legal profession or from religious and educational leaders. Legal opinions of records are few, and those that exist reflect a remarkable diversity of attitudes. They also highlight some or the difficulties arising out of differences in the laws of individual states.

The concept of shared time is based on the principle that the education of the child is a responsibility of the parent; it is a recognition also of the principle that public educational opportunities should be available to all children without unreasonable or arbitrary discrimination. But these principles are not always accepted.

In 1962, Oklahoma's Attorney General gave legal endorsement to shared time on the basis of his state's law. "The classification and assignment of pupils," he ruled, "are purely administrative functions inherent in local school authorities . . ." Admission of pupils, therefore, was to be according to "reasonable rules and regulations" established by the school board or its officers."

The local board of education in Oklahoma could properly "permit a resident child of school age to attend only particular classes in a [public] school, without taking a full course of instruction, and may require a child to comply with regular enrollment procedures in doing so." Enrollment in another school, public or nonpublic, did not in itself disqualify the child from enrolling in a public school for a particular course even if that nonpublic school were maintained by a church.

However, when a local school board and the parents of some Catholic school children in upper New York State, were studying arrangements for the children to take certain courses in the public school, the legal officer of the State Department of Education told them that such a program would constitute unconstitutional aid to a religious school. This conclusion was based on the reasoning that to let a Catholic school child take part of the public school program is to assist religious education; unless the parent agrees to let his child take the entire public school program, the child is entitled to none of the public school services.

The California Attorney General, on the other hand, in 1962 found partial support for shared time in the law of his state. He ruled that a private school pupil could be permitted to attend special public school courses, but not courses that were part of the required public school program. The California school code states that a child attending a private school shall obtain "instruction in the several branches of study required in the public schools of the state." If a private school pupil could go to a public school for part of this required program, the Attorney General held, it would be a use of public funds to support a school "not under the exclusive control of the officers of the public schools." This use of public funds was prohibited by the California Constitution. Thus, in California, according to this interpretation, shared time programs are legal for courses that are not part of the required public school curriculum.

More recently the Utah Attorney General ruled in favor of the shared time principle as it applied to driver education. The Utah statutes require:

> The enrollment of such pupils of regularly established private schools shall be on the same terms and conditions as applies to the pupils of public schools within said school district, as such terms and conditions relate to the driver education classes only.

Explaining the application of this statute, Attorney General A. Pratt Kesler declared that the nonpublic school child "is entitled to all the rights, privileges and training of the public school on exactly the same terms as those afforded the regularly enrolled pupils of the public school." The fact that the added enrollment resulted in increased cost of operation did not justify charging the private school pupils a special fee of ten dollars, said Kesler. Parents are free to send their children to a private school as they may assume the costs for private dancing, elocution, or music lessons. Public funds could not be used for these private purposes. "However," the Attorney General concluded emphatically, "if students of private schools choose to have their education supplemented by the public schools, they certainly are entitled to such privilege. The public school must stand open to all pupils in the community."

THE ruling in Utah, like the one in Oklahoma, was in accord with principles expressed in the single judicial declaration on the issue. Fifty years ago a Pennsylvania case answered objections that are still raised against shared time.

William Alexander was thirteen years old in 1911, a resident of Altoona's Third Ward and a seventh grade pupil at St. John's Parish School. His guardian, Thomas Wehrle, made application for William's admission to the manual training program at the Wright [Public] School. The application was denied and William's guardian sought a writ of mandamus. The court granted the writ, ordering that William be permitted to enter the manual training program. Constitutional, statutory, and administrative objections were rejected as unsound. (Commonwealth ex rel. Wehrle v. Plummer, 21 Pa. Dist. R. 182.)

The central question, declared the Court, was whether William Alexander, who was "qualified for admission to the manual training school in every respect," could be denied admission solely because of his status as a pupil at a private sectarian school. The Pennsylvania legislature answered that question specifically in the statute by declaring, ". . . no pupil shall be refused admission to the courses in these special schools or departments by reason of the fact that his elementary education is being, or has been received, in a school other than a public school." But, observed the Court, even without this language in the statute, the central question would still be answered in the negative. William Alexander could

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—*Bettmann Archive.*

The Lincoln Memorial—"An abstraction of pure nobility."

# WHY ART IN EDUCATION?

By KENNETH M. SCOLLON, *Chairman of the Art Department, White Oak Junior High School, Silver Spring, Maryland.*

IF ALL the subjects taught in the American high school were ranked according to their importance in the eyes of the public, science, of course, would come first, foreign language next, competitive sports next. The runners-up would be anybody's guess, but in all probability the arts would be at the bottom. And on the very lowest level of that bottom category would be art appreciation, the study of man's highest achievements.

The general attitude seems to be that while an understanding of Rembrandt and of Cézanne (and, in the same boat, a comprehension of Beethoven and of Sibelius) would be nice for young people, there just isn't enough time left for such things after the "important" areas have been covered. Besides, art appreciation is not in The Book, that powerful little manual that shapes the secondary curriculum and is known as "The College Catalogue." Even those who are running our colleges can't seem to understand why art appreciation (or *any* kind of art instruction) should be considered prerequisite to admission into their institutions. The result is that, barring a few exceptions, instruction in understanding the fine arts is denied to American high school students.

This is a curricular omission worthy of attention. But is it very serious—serious enough to justify any nationwide concern? I believe it is. In fact, I feel that if something isn't done about this situation, the entire high school program will lose much of its meaning. The reason for my stand is that this currently rejected subject happens to be one that could possibly become the solution to a

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major contemporary problem. The problem, oversimplified, is that today's knowledge is too much for today's students. The expansion of knowledge has not been accompanied by a parallel expansion of the minds that have to cope with it. Good courses in art appreciation could, in my opinion, bring about that necessary expansion of the mind.

Let us look more closely at the problem and then at the suggested solution.

The body of information available in this decade is both massive and extraordinary. The accumulated writings of centuries have been classified, translated, catalogued, and printed in mammoth quantities. And converging on this pile in rushing streams are revelations of forces and of dimensions unprecedented and unpredicted.

From this bewildering array, some of the most significant and profound facts are selected for absorption into the mind of the hapless student—into a mind that has not been expanded sufficiently to receive such content. Consider for a moment a student whose mind is usually occupied with such comprehensibles as basketball, dating, and driving a car. We inform him that the planet under his feet weighs six thousand quintillion tons. We hope that as he tramps thoughtfully across the lawn, he will marvel at the firmness of its foundation. We shift his attention to the sky and explain that he's peering through 93,000,000 miles of space at a sun whose rumbling fires contain 330,000 times as much matter as does the earth. And then he is reminded that, at night, after his planet has rolled around until he can no longer see the sun that sustains it, he is looking out at galaxies of other suns, that the bright swarm extends far beyond his range of vision and that the solar systems in it number over a hundred thousand million billions.

On another occasion, we ask him to examine the Constitution of the United States—in the light of appropriate printed material now available. We hand him not the text but a stapled reference list along with copies of the *New York Times*, of *Time* magazine and of *Newsweek*, all containing articles on current events relevant to the Constitution, such as Supreme Court decisions and the debates on reapportionment. The boy, whose father had studied the Constitution with a single textbook supplying the amplification, finds himself in a blizzard of information and commentaries.

This typifies the unique position of today's high school student—confronted with, in the first instance, the results of modern scientific investigation and, in the second, the results of modern recording and classification of information. The contact is a brush with richness; if he's a good student, he'll benefit from the experience. He'll acquire some facts and a degree of understanding. *The question is: Will he be able to sense the grandeur either of the stars or of the Constitution?*

Probably he won't, at least under the present setup. Whether the grandeur is emerging through the meaning of the information or through the widened coverage of the subject, it isn't likely to sweep into a mind that isn't big enough to receive it. And here is where the inclusion of art appreciation in the curriculum might be of great value. A glimpse at the fine arts in general and their effect on the mind might open the way for some interesting speculation.

At the risk of having the reader leave me flat at this point, I must bring up an old question that has launched many a dreary discussion: What are the fine arts? The answer could drag on through volumes (and often has), but for the moment we need consider only part of it —the fact that the fine arts are the super-channels of communication. They carry the content that would overload mere language and numerical systems—the meanings of cosmic events, the superior concepts of great minds, the revelations of extraordinary insight. Whether danced, sung, spoken, painted, or built, they gather in what they have to say from some areas beyond the limits of the commonplace and then present it to the observer.

*—From the "Saints of Chaos," by Peter Oliver.*

Ludwig van Beethoven, from a drawing by H. Glintenkamp.

Conveniently, the arts have another superior communicative advantage. They excel not only in carrying power but in force of delivery. This is due to their being made up of rhythm, harmony, dissonance, movement, and organization—the things that have the greatest ability to penetrate the human mind. This is common knowledge. Even savages know that where words fail to drive home a point, a rhythm pattern beaten out on a drum will often succeed.

Assuming then, that the artist has something to say (otherwise he couldn't be a producer of *fine* art), we have combined in a given work 1) an extraordinary or highly important concept, 2) channels adequate to convey it, and 3) the means of driving it into the perceiver's mind.

To illustrate, let me refer the reader to several well-known examples of the fine arts. Taking first a work of literature, let's look at the opening of the Book of Genesis from the King James Version of the Bible. Stripping it of all art, trying to express the content in mere words without benefit of rhythm, harmony, superior organization, etc., it would look something like this:

> First of all, God made heaven and earth. The earth wasn't any specific entity. There was just water in the dark. Then the spirit of God came along and passed over the surface of the water. Then God ordered light to come into existence and it did.

The events were reported in the above version but the full content could not squeeze through. Now listen to Genesis in the words of a great literary artist. Nothing is added but the difference between non-art and art:

> In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

Borne on rich sounds and stately rhythm, the full, awesome content now emerges. Perceived through some incredible act of intuition long before science knew, then transmitted through fine art, is the main part of the Creation; not the details stated with questionable scientific authority but the sheer grandeur of it. And the concept does readily penetrate a receptive mind. (It is suggested at this point that the reader look to modern science for *information* regarding the creation of his world and then turn to the art form in Genesis for a grasp of the *meaning* of that information.)

Moving from literature to painting, let's take, as our second example, Michelangelo's frescos on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. The subject is the same: "The Creation." Again,



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making a conscious effort to ignore the *art*, we see God as an old man, appearing in a series of positions while creating a universe by gesturing at the void. Several young men distributed around the edges of the activity are watching. From this limited point of view, the work is trivial and God and his universe greatly underestimated.

But Michelangelo was not one to underestimate his subject matter, as we shall see when we look again at the work, this time keeping the art qualities in mind. The figure of God, beyond its anatomical excellence, is a remarkably powerful form. With the head made slightly small in proportion and the garments left unbroken by surface decorations, the body appears to be very large. And surrounded by carefully measured space, the direction of movement strongly indicated by body positioning, the figure glides majestically through the composition. The powerful aspect is reinforced by the linear pattern that gives movement to the robes. If we let our eyes follow the dark lines indicating the creases and wrinkles in the cloth, we will note that God's robes do not flutter. In some parts of the painting, they drift and in others they swirl in great arcs as though filled with some superhuman force.

The young men, the human observers at the edges of the scene, point up the superiority of God by furnishing a striking contrast. They're muscular but they are not strong. Their faces register emotions associated with human frailty—fear, bewilderment, foolishness, stupidity. Their hair blown about by some high wind, these men writhe and cower as though overwhelmed by the events they are witnessing. Only a portion of a great work, but enough to serve as an illustration.

Switching to another art form, let's consider Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. It was intended to express in music what Schiller had said in his poem "Ode to Joy." A trained listener, I'm sure, will agree that it is not necessary to know of the poem to get the impact of the symphony. Without benefit of words in his own language, without any obvious statement of content, the receptive listener hears a procession of rich chords, of themes singing through an extravagant number of variations, of a series of rhythm patterns driving deep into his being, and surging through the whole thing, a proclamation that there is indeed a higher level of joy than he had been aware of. The result is a feeling of exultation in the hearer that is hard to achieve away from the arts.

It must, of course, be admitted that revelations of grandeur do not always accompany the perception of a work of fine art. Quite often the mood at the moment of contact or some extraneous condition can have a great deal to do with the receptivity to the work. But the rewarding experiences do occur. I'm sure that people who have the training and the willingness to appreciate the arts do, at some time or other, get the artist's message with all its force.

In fact, my own reactions to our next illustrative work had been quite varied; but finally there came the viewing in which I felt the full impact of the artist's labors. The work was the Lincoln Memorial and the occasion was a field trip with a group of about thirty of my ninth-grade students and two parent-chaperones. Being a Washington resident, I had seen the building many times, but this was the first time I saw it not just as a fine piece of architecture but as a profound and moving work of art. On this particular spring morning, we were visiting several of the older government buildings as a tie-in with a unit on classical architecture. When we arrived at the Lincoln Memorial, I gathered the students and the chaperones together at the foot of the great flight of steps to tell them what to look for and to give them the necessary short review of the preparatory classroom content. It was my usual custom on these field trips to get through as much of the lecturing as possible before entering any one of the national shrines so that I wouldn't have to shout inside the building. But this time I had an added reason for the procedure. Temporarily crippled by a sacroiliac muscle spasm, I didn't wish to endure the pain that would have accompanied my climbing all those steps. I therefore sent the group up and told them I would wait for them. After they left, I turned to face the building and then, with necessary caution, I very slowly tilted my gaze upward. The full glory of that architectural masterpiece was revealed to me for the first time. The heavy, fluted columns shooting way up to support the horizontal entablature that crowns the whole structure; the well-proportioned entablature with its restrained decorations looking very regal in the rich, blue sky; the deft sharpness of the stonecutting and the tiny variations in the white surface fully lighted by the sun; and the mathematical precision of the whole design, a concept formed in the mind of an unknown genius in ancient Greece, brought to perfection in the Parthenon, copied and then elaborated upon by the Romans, and emerging now in this American version—all of this seemed to organize itself into a form that could be described as an abstraction of pure nobility.

The conditions were just right; the cool spring day, the blue-sky setting, the concentration on the work of art and the slow, upward, bit-by-bit scanning of the building that was in deference to an ailing back. All these things helped. But what was really at work was the language of art: the upward movement of the columns speaking of a great dignity, the lofty horizontals suggesting the serenity of high places, the mathematical precision leading the mind to contemplation of perfection.

Here, as in the previous examples, the artist had caught a glimpse of grandeur and was transmitting his precious vision through an art product. In this case, the artist had seen grandeur in a human mind operating on an extraordinarily high level. The creators of the other works had seen it in God and in the creation of the world. Beethoven saw it in man when his spirits soared.

BEFORE returning to the struggling high school student, let me cite one more work of art. The previous examples were inspired by lofty subjects. The final one, a still life by Paul Cézanne, shows that a fine artist can transmit a great concept with a mundane subject: apples on what appears to be a crumpled tablecloth with a wine bottle, a decanter, and a glass. The subject matter is dull but the painting is powerful. Its strength is derived partly from the almost perfect relationship of forms, the delicate balance and the illusion of meaningful movement. Many pages could be written on these, but for our present purpose it is necessary to dwell on only one attribute of this painting. That is the portrayal of a kind of extraordinary weight. Relying on the well-known fact that warm colors (reds, yellows, oranges, etc.) appear to advance, while cool colors (blues, greens, etc.) seem to recede, Cézanne painted the centers of his apples in tones that were warmer than those he used on the edges. This, of course, pushes the centers toward the observer and pulls the edges back into the composition, thus rounding out the apples. Cézanne certainly was not the first artist to achieve a three-dimensional effect, but he probably was the first to accomplish the task strictly through manipulating color temperature without depending on shading. The results are surprising. His apples, instead of merely appearing to be three-dimensional, seem to be very heavy—as though they were made of an unusually dense metal heavy enough to fall through the floor. Booming across the canvas like kettledrums, these apples convey an impression of great strength.

The foregoing examples, I hope, will remind the reader that the fine arts do, among other things, penetrate the part of truth that lies beyond the realm of

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# Paperback Pedagogy

By VAL CLEAR, *Chairman of the Department of Sociology and Social Work, Anderson College, Indiana.*

IN a letter published in *Saturday Review* last winter (Nov. 17, 1962), I asked readers to send me their opinions of the best literary titles (preferably in paperback) dealing with social problems, specifically in the areas of alcoholism, crime and juvenile delinquency, drug addiction, homosexuality, interracial and intercultural conflict, mental illness, poverty, prostitution, unemployment, war, and white collar crime. My plan was to use relevant fiction and biography as a basis for discussing social problems in a spring semester sociology course.

The result of my appeal was a veritable avalanche. Within two weeks I had received well over a hundred letters, some running to several pages. Many of them commented that they had always wanted to see this approach used.

After fifteen years of teaching social problems I had come to the conclusion that the only permanent value of a course in social problems was in the attitude the student carried away with him. Knowing the biological effects and the statistics related to alcoholism is of little lasting worth; feeling the crushing, hopeless isolation of the alcoholic with Don Birnam in *Lost Weekend* can never be forgotten. The high correlation between broken homes and appearances in juvenile court make for good PTA discussions, but one cannot really understand a Nick Romano until he has shared with him his agony when he discovers his mother is prostituting to buy dope, as told so well in *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*. Next to first-hand experience as an alcoholic or a delinquent, Lillian Roth and Willard Motley are the best social problem educators to be found.

A total of 330 different titles was suggested in the first month of correspondence. The most frequently mentioned was *Grapes of Wrath*, closely followed by *Catcher in the Rye*. A number of people mentioned old classics like *Crime and Punishment*, but the emphasis was on current fiction, like *To Kill a Mockingbird*. It was a profound educational experience for me merely to handle the material, in many cases feeling that I had just spent an hour with a new friend.

Following is the list of twenty-six books in the order in which they were read:

Farrell, James: *Studs Lonigan* (New American Library, 75¢)
Motley, Willard: *Let No Man Write My Epitaph* (New American Library, 50¢)
Chessman, Caryl: *Cell 2455, Death Row* (Pocket Books, 35¢)
Freeman, Lucy: *Before I Kill More* (Pocket Books, 35¢)
Paton, Alan: *Cry, The Beloved Country* (Scribner, $1.45)
Griffin, John: *Black Like Me* (New American Library, 50¢)
Wright, Richard: *Native Son* (New American Library, 75¢)
King, Martin Luther: *Stride Toward Freedom* (Ballantine, 50¢)
Lee, Harper: *To Kill A Mockingbird* (Popular Library, 60¢)
Caldwell, Erskine: *Tobacco Road* (New American Library, 50¢)
Sinclair, Upton: *The Jungle* (New American Library, 60¢)
Hobson, Laura: *Gentleman's Agreement* (Dell, 50¢)
Harris, Sara: *Skid Row U.S.A.* (Belmont, 35¢)
Marquand, John: *The Late George Apley* (Universal Library, $1.25)
Hersey, John: *Hiroshima* (Bantam, 40¢)
Remarque, Erich Maria: *All Quiet on the Western Front* (Crest, 50¢)
Greenwald, Harold: *The Call Girl* (Ballantine, 50¢)
Baldwin, James: *Giovanni's Room* (Apollo Editions, $2.45)
Lindner, Robert: *The Fifty-Minute Hour* (Bantam, 60¢)
Ward, Mary Jane: *The Snake Pit* (New American Library, 50¢)
O'Neill, Eugene: *The Iceman Cometh* (Vintage, $1.25)
Westheimer, David: *Days of Wine and Roses* (Bantam, 50¢)
Salisbury, Harrison: *The Shook-Up Generation* (Crest, 35¢)
Shulman, Irving: *West Side Story* (Pocket Books, 50¢)
Packhard, Vance: *The Status Seekers* (Pocket Books, 60¢)
Orwell, George: *1984* (New American Library, 60¢)

After classifying the 330 titles by type of social problems treated—and some defied classification—I asked campus colleagues to help me narrow it down by selecting the two best titles in each classification. From their ranking I made the final selection. (See box.)

The class was divided into two groups, each reading alternate titles in the list. Thus each person read and discussed thirteen books but listened in on, and participated when he wished to do so, in the discussion of the other thirteen. It was obvious that some students were reading both lists. In addition, each student read ten of his own choice from the list of 330 suggested by *Saturday Review* readers and wrote a thoughtful reaction paper on each.

SINCE the objective was to affect attitudes rather than to produce stereotyped academic knowledge, I was interested in some measurement of the experience. Concurrent with the paperback class was a textbook section of the same course. The students there used what I considered to be the best textbook in social problems: Bredemeir and Toby, *Social Problems in America: Costs and Casualties of an Acquisitive Society.*

Attitude tests given to both the paperback and textbook sections at the beginning and close of the course produced some interesting results. Attitudes toward the social problems themselves became less favorable in both sections, but more so in the textbook section than among the paperback readers. However, both sections became much more tolerant of those involved in the problem, the paperback group showing a higher rate of tolerance than the textbook section. Each class also showed a gratifying decrease in ethnic isolationism, the fiction section having an average drop in prejudice more than twice that of the textbook group.

Was the experiment a success? A vigorous affirmative. With the almost unlimited wealth of material at our disposal in which one can live the life of a victim of a social problem, sharing his frustrations, his fears, his hopelessness, his feelings of injustice, through skillful artistry, we can now teach social problems not with academic abstraction but with full emotional involvement. After reading *Cell 2455—Death Row* one can never again approach the question of capital punishment without deep understanding of some of the feelings of the silent victims of this medieval survival. And long after statistics on the numbers of murderers executed, and the numbers of executed later found innocent, are forgotten, the memory of Caryl Chessman, Nick Romano, Jurgis Rudkins, and Bigger Thomas will remain.



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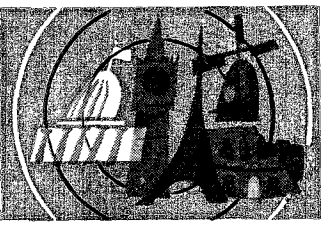
# While School Keeps



**The academic speed-up** continues at many levels and in a variety of fields. Latest evidence comes from two great universities that represent widely differing approaches to higher education.

Yale University announced last month a new program that will encourage qualified undergraduates to earn both Bachelor's and Master's degrees during the usual undergraduate four-year period. First candidates for the double degree will come from the present sophomore class; most of them are expected to be students who entered as freshmen with advanced placement credit. (Students who enroll with enough such credit and who compile a satisfactory record as freshmen are presently offered direct promotion to the junior year.) Academic requirements for both Bachelor's and Master's degrees will remain unchanged, even though the time required to earn them has been reduced.

To date, only the mathematics department has developed an approved plan for the combined degree, but other departments are expected to follow. However, college authorities note that the speed-up program is not likely to prove equally appropriate for all fields of study. It is expected to be most effective in the sciences and mathematics, "where the course of study is clearly cumulative." It may be less appropriate in some areas of the humanities, where successful graduate work "requires maturity which may come, if at all, only with time and experience."

Michigan State University, within a few days of Yale's announcement, aired a plan for educating 56 per cent more veterinarians at less cost per student and in less time than at present. The new program calls for extending the present three terms per year to four and for admitting two classes of fifty students each year in place of the present single class of sixty-four. The changes will enable a student to complete the veterinary course in thirty-three months rather than the present forty-five months. It will also allow a student to complete the entire course in six years by working and studying alternate six-month periods. Thus, two students could pay for their course by holding down a single full-time job, and alternating their work and study periods.

**Pre-school children** can learn far more than they usually do or are expected to, according to Omar K. Moore, who has been pursuing research in early childhood learning at Rutgers, State University of New Jersey. Children learn the very difficult art of speaking, he thinks, because they live in an environment that encourages speaking—an environment that he calls "informative and responsive." Therefore, he believes, if children are placed in an environment that provides similar encouragement for learning other skills they will acquire them too—and will have fun doing it.

Mr. Moore has proved his thesis with more than 100 children between two and five years of age. They have discovered how to read, write, typewrite, and take dictation. Most of them were of average intelligence, a few were intellectually gifted, some were below average in intelligence. But they all learned, and it appears that the process of learning these complex skills increased their I.Q.s.

Children learn best, Mr. Moore believes, when they are not taught, but learn for themselves. To provide an "informative, responsive" environment that will give children this opportunity, Mr. Moore and engineers at the Thomas A. Edison Research Laboratory developed the Edison Responsive Environment. It consists of a booth housing an electric typewriter, projection and recording instruments, and other equipment. The child sits at the "talking" typewriter which tells him what each letter is immediately after he strikes the typwriter key. At the next step, the projection equipment shows him letters, and later words, "saying" each one as it does so. Simultaneously, all the keys on the typewriter are locked except the one or ones that match the letters or words projected. He then searches until he finds the matching keys to strike.

In later stages, the child works at a blackboard where he can begin to write the letters that he has been typing. Still later, he records sentences and stories to be played back to him as dictation, complete with punctuation, which he types.

During the next three years, under a grant from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, Mr. Moore plans to complete his initial demonstrations (so far the project has not taken the form of a controlled experiment), try teaching a foreign language and mathematics in the same way, and begin to evaluate his findings scientifically. His goal is to design learning environments that will be as conducive to learning the three R's as the child's home environment is to his learning to speak. If he succeeds, not only will his findings have a revolutionary impact on teaching methods, but he will also have shown that children are ready and able to learn at a far younger age than the education system now acknowledges.

Mr. Moore's demonstrations to date have raised as many questions as they have answered. Fortunately, he appears aware of this fact and plans to explore the factors that seem to be responsible for the success of his methods, the effects of the experience on the children's personalities, and whether this early introduction to varied learning will affect their adult ability to cope with difficult problems.

**Competence in exotic languages** is in critically short supply for the demands of the changing modern world, Americans have come to realize in recent years. Our schools and colleges have moved rapidly to meet the growing need, but are seriously hampered by the lack of competent instructors. Therefore, Kalamazoo College, in Michigan, is trying a new approach—independent study.

Three teams of two students each are studying Japanese, Hindu-Urdu, and Mandarin Chinese. Students spend ten to fifteen hours a week listening to tape recordings, studying textbooks that are coordinated with the tapes, and frequently checking with consultants who are native speakers of the language studied. The consultants used are foreign students from Hong Kong, Tokyo, and Hyderabad, India, who are studying at Kalamazoo and neighboring Western Michigan University. Aim of the program, according to Dr. Peter Boyd-Bowman, chairman of Kalamazoo's foreign language department, is to determine whether students can master a "critically neglected" language without constant guidance of a professor in a classroom. Students in the program are checked at the end of each eleven-week term by a leading specialist in the language who will also determine the final



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grade they will receive. Plans call for similar programs in Turkish, Swahili, and Portuguese to begin next fall.

**Disadvantaged youngsters** are much on the nation's mind these days, and an increasing number of the country's leading colleges is extending them a helping hand. The programs vary widely, but they all demonstrate a common concern and similar objectives. A few recently announced programs:

- *Vassar College* students—some 150 strong—have volunteered to participate in "Horizons Unlimited," an experimental program to enrich the cultural and educational opportunities of elementary school pupils in Poughkeepsie. Working in close cooperation with the teachers and principals of the participating schools, the students tutor school children in the classroom on an after-school basis. It is hoped that this individual aid in specific subjects will help to prevent the severe academic problems that lead to drop-out in later years. In addition to tutoring, the program includes monthly trips to concerts, plays, museums, and historic sites to widen, by at least a little, each child's horizon.
- *Oberlin College*, in Ohio, is planning a special summer program for at least fifty children who have completed the seventh and eighth grades and come from deprived areas of Cleveland and Lorain County and Cleveland. Purpose of the program is "to identify youngsters with native ability during their formative years and help them to realize their potential for high achievement." Students will live on campus where experienced secondary school teachers will offer classes in English, social studies, science, and mathematics. Operating under a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, the college expects to increase the number of students enrolled in subsequent years, and an attempt will be made to keep in touch with the students as they move ahead through high school.
- *Princeton University* is planning a similar summer program for about forty high school boys who have completed their sophomore year. The boys will be drawn from economically and culturally impoverished homes within a seventy-five-mile radius of Princeton. Also supported in part by the Rockefeller Foundation, the program will bring the boys to the Princeton campus for an intensive eight weeks of study with instruction given on an individual basis or in very small groups. Noting that the university has long sought applications from Negroes and others from low-income families, Princeton President Robert F. Goheen said that "The simple, tragic fact is that very few boys from such backgrounds are scholastically prepared to enter college." Princeton hopes to increase the number entering the nation's colleges.
- *The University of Wisconsin* is planning a three-year project to begin next fall for high school seniors in Milwaukee's "inner core" area. Present plans call for "identification and selection of disadvantaged high school seniors, counseling of them and their parents . . . remedial work prior to university enrollment, on-campus counseling, and possibly financial help."
- *Mount Holyoke* and neighboring *Amherst* are cooperating in a program to offer individual after-school instruction for disadvantaged children with learning difficulties in the city of Holyoke. The project, which has attracted nearly 100 student volunteers, was established in collaboration with St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in whose classrooms the afternoon sessions are held from 3:30 to 5:00 P.M. The Holyoke project is one of many similar programs being conducted by college students throughout the country under the experienced aegis of the Northern Students Movement.

**The National Assembly** on Teaching the Principles of the Bill of Rights last month outlined plans in its annual report for a five-year program aimed at "improving education in the principles of a free society." Hailing the principle of liberty under law embodied in the Bill of Rights, as "the richest inheritance of the American people," the report asserts that if schools fail to convey the meaning and values of the principles of a free society, "other free institutions, and indeed the essential fabric of our society may not survive the failure." It adds, "we believe that the schools generally are presently falling short of discharging this difficult but basic responsibility."

Plans call for a three-level approach to improving the education necessary to understand and value the principles of a free society. First, scholars and teachers will develop up-dated curriculum materials for grades 5, 8, 11, and 12, where the bulk of American history and government teaching takes place. Second, improved courses for preparing new teachers will be developed and a widespread effort made to raise the level of instruction by teachers already in the classroom—a program similar to that employed in bringing mathematics and science teachers up to date in recent years. Third, a program will be developed to encourage a favorable community climate through the establishment of local Assemblies, to support and assist the improvement of Bill of Rights education in the classroom.

Members of The National Assembly include law school deans, deans of schools of education, judges, university presidents, prominent educators, and professors of law, history, education, political science, and related fields. Honorary co-chairmen are Supreme Court Justices William O. Douglas and William J. Brennan, Jr. Co-chairmen are Charles Frankel of Columbia University and Louis H. Pollak, Yale Law School. Offices of the organization are located at 4850 Linnean Avenue, N.W., Washington 8, D.C.

**Negro students** attending interracial colleges and universities are far less likely to drop out before graduation than are white students or Negro students attending segregated colleges, according to a new study, *The Negro Student at Integrated Colleges*, by Kenneth B. Clark and Lawrence Plotkin. Published by the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students (6 East 82nd Street, New York 28, N.Y.), the study analyzes the records of 1,278 Negro students for their performance in college, the nature of their college experience, and their post-college adjustment to the working world. Some highlights of the findings:

- Students from southern high schools (for the most part segregated) on the average have higher academic grades in interracial colleges than students from high schools in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey which are presumably nonsegregated.
- The dropout rate is lower for Negro students at the Ivy League and other prestige colleges than at non-prestige colleges—and it is highest at the Big Ten universities.
- Although the dropout rate was far below the national average for all students, the college grades achieved by Negro students were not exceptional. Only about 31 per cent earned an average of B— or better; less than 10 per cent were graduated with honors; and a little more than 1 per cent were elected to Phi Beta Kappa, national scholastic honorary society.

The study provides no easy answers to the complex issues of Negro education in American society, as the authors are careful to point out. But it does throw new light on a subject about which we know far too little and in doing so becomes more important, perhaps, for the questions it raises than for the answers it provides.

—JAMES CASS.



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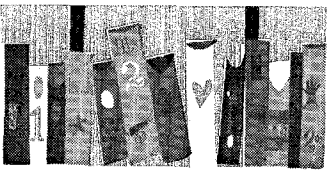
# the Editor's Bookshelf



THE optimistic but historically naive view that civilization progresses in a straight line—ever onward and upward—was blasted in 1918 by Oswald Spengler in his *Decline of the West*. More recently Arnold Toynbee in his *A Study of History* again called attention to the fact that civilizations flourish and then decline. Events of recent decades have convinced many thoughtful men that our own golden age lies in the past and that the winter of Western Civilization is upon us.

John Gardner refuses to concede that decline is inevitable. Instead of joining the chorus of voices that ask "Is it our turn now?" he asks questions of a different kind: "Suppose one tried to imagine a society that would be relatively immune to decay—an ever-renewing society. What would it be like? What would be the ingredients that provide the immunity?"

These questions provide the theme for his new book, *Self-Renewal: The Individual and the Innovative Society* (Harper and Row. 142 pp. $3.50), in which Gardner moves beyond the thesis of his earlier book, *Excellence*, which stressed the need for higher standards in school and society. Now he says, "But high standards are not enough. There are kinds of excellence—very important kinds—that are not necessarily associated with the capacity for renewal. A society that has reached heights of excellence may already be caught in rigidities that will bring it down. An institution may hold to the highest standards of excellence and yet already be entombed in the complacency that will eventually spell its decline."

A self-renewing society is one that retains the capacity to recognize, encourage, and protect creative individuals—those who possess the traits of openness, independence, flexibility, and the ability to find order in experience. Different individuals possess these traits in different degrees, notes Gardner. "Mankind is not divided into two categories, those who are creative and those who are not. There are degrees of the attribute. It is a rare individual who has it in his power to achieve the highest reaches of creativity. But many could achieve fairly impressive levels of creativity under favorable circumstances. And quite a high proportion of the population could show *some* creativity *some* of the time in *some* aspect of their lives.

A maturing society throws more and more obstacles in the path of creativity. It develops settled ways of doing things. While it becomes more orderly, efficient, and systematic, it also becomes less flexible and less willing to accept new approaches. The proliferation of rules, customs, and procedures bottles up energy or channels it into "tiny rivulets of conformity." The long process of mastering the rules destroys all zest and spontaneity. And the aging society builds strong barriers against new ideas. "A common strategem of those who wish to escape the swirling currents of change is to stand on high moral ground. They assert that the old way is intimately bound up in moral and spiritual considerations that will be threatened by any change."

If it is to be self-renewing, a society must protect dissenters. "The battle to preserve the freedom to disagree will never end. If our freedom were perfect today, it would begin deteriorating almost immediately. It is in the nature of society that it should, and all we can do is to be vigilant."

The danger that a society will become bogged down by sheer size and complexity is increased when the men at the top become overly dependent on "processed" data provided to them by subordinates. They should periodically "emerge from the world of abstractions and take a long unflinching look at unprocessed reality." If these men retain close contact with the world outside, Gardner thinks it is not inevitable that large organizations or large societies succumb to the unwieldiness and bureaucratic rigidity that we associate with bigness.

Our task is to "combat those aspects of modern society that threaten the individual's integrity as a free and morally responsible being. But at the same time we must help the individual to re-establish a meaningful relationship with a larger context of purpose. . . . Societies are renewed—if they are renewed at all—by people who believe in something, care about something, stand for something."

Because it deals with the most vital question facing us today, *Self Renewal* is a book to be studied and pondered. If our society does indeed become self-renewing, Gardner will deserve a part of the credit. If ours goes the way of all earlier civilizations, some future archaeologist who exhumes Gardner's book will ask why a society that saw its problems so clearly was unable to prevent its own decline.

**Winnetka**—a word well known to educators—is the name of a community of 15,000 on the outskirts of Chicago. Its claim to fame grows out of the fact that the public schools of Winnetka were the proving grounds of many of the educational innovations of the 20s and 30s.

Carleton Washburne, who was Superintendent of Schools in Winnetka from 1919 until 1943, is the senior author of *Winnetka: The History and Significance of an Educational Experiment* (Prentice-Hall. 402 pp. $7.50). Sidney P. Marland, Jr., his collaborator, was Winnetka's superintendent from 1956 to 1963. (He has recently become superintendent of schools in Pittsburgh.) In the first half of the book, Washburne describes the innovations for which Winnetka was at least partly responsible: postponed teaching of reading and arithmetic; the appearance on playgrounds of the "Jungle Gym" climbing frame; changes in school architecture; adaptation of instruction to individual needs; grading of children's books to fit various stages of reading ability; manuscript writing; integrated courses in social studies to replace separate courses in history, geography, and civics; the wide use of "projects" and self-instructive teaching materials similar to those now called "programed instruction."

Washburne traces Winnetka's educational philosophy from Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel to William James, G. Stanley Hall, and John Dewey. He comments on the more recent influence of Freud, Jung, Piaget, Montessori, and others.

Although the Winnetka program was an integral part of progressive education, Washburne never mentions the term in his part of the book. Marland, in his part of the book, hints at the reason for this omission. He says that when he went to Winnetka, "I shared the feeling



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of the greater part of the faculty and principals that Progressive Education had had its day and was no longer a meaningful term." In his address to the faculty in 1956 he said, "I believe I understand the good things that came to pass in the 30s and 40s. I also have learned to be watchful of weaknesses. I think a poorly conceived and sloppily executed activity program is worse than the most hidebound program of formal learning ever perpetrated on a child. Some teachers never really understood a good activity program. Too many still believe that activity must limit itself to physical activity and that 'experience' must be practical rather than intellectual. To this I do not hold. But for all its varying degrees of success and failure, the child-centered-activity program destroyed forever the cult of uniformity. To this I do hold. It was the belief of some teachers that uncontrolled freedom for children in school was good. And inadequate teachers, unable to distinguish between a free educational environment and chaos took shelter in the cult of permissiveness." The sharpest critic of progressivism could not have said it better. —P.W.

## *Gardner on The Innovative Society*

"We cannot return to a simpler world. Much of contemporary social criticism is made irrelevant by its refusal to face that fact."

* * *

"Renewal is not just innovation and change. It is also the process of bringing the results of change into line with our purposes."

* * *

"The ultimate goal of the educational system is to shift to the individual the burden of pursuing his own education."

* * *

"One of the reasons why mature people are apt to learn less than young people is that they are willing to risk less. Learning is a risky business, and they do not like failure."

* * *

"We pay a heavy price for our fear of failure. It is a powerful obstacle to growth. It assures the progressive narrowing of the personality and prevents exploration and experimentation."

* * *

"The educational system provides the young person with a sense of what society expects of him in the way of performance. If it is lax in its demands, then he will believe that such are the expectations of his society. If much is expected of him, the chances are that he will expect much of himself."

* * *

"Education for renewal is to a considerable degree education for versatility."

* * *

"In human societies there is no reason whatever why the specialist should not retain the capacity to function as a generalist. . . . Education can lay a broad and firm base for a lifetime of learning and growth. The individual who begins with such a broad base will always have some capacity to function as a generalist, no matter how deeply he chooses to specialize."

* * *

"The creative process is often not responsive to conscious efforts to initiate or control it. It does not proceed methodically or in a programmatic fashion. It meanders. It is unpredictable, digressive, capricious."

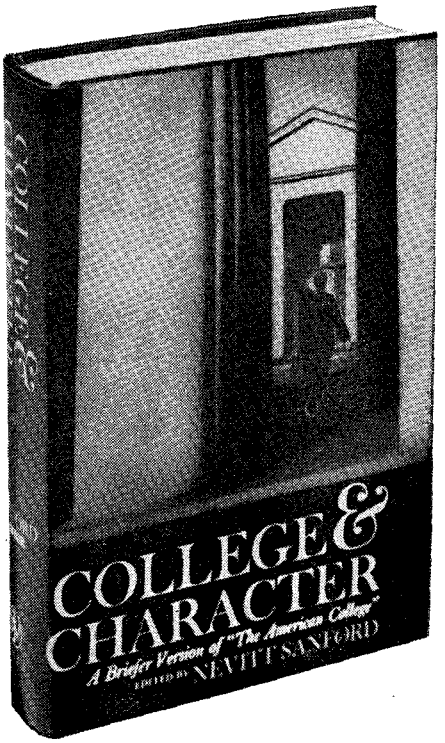
* * *

"The word *revolution* has a favorable connotation for most liberals, partly because the picture in their heads is of a nicely regulated revolution run by reasonably housebroken revolutionists. In real life, the revolution one ends up with is rarely the same revolution one started with. The intensity of emotion and the shock of battle may produce unexpected results."

* * *

"One of the clearest dangers in modern society is that men and women will lose the experience of participating in meaningful decisions concerning their own life and work, that they will become cogs in the machine because they *feel like* cogs in the machine. All too often today they are inert components of the group, not participating in any significant way but simply being carried along like grains of sand in a bucket."

—From *Self-Renewal: The Individual and the Innovative Society*, by John Gardner.


**"THE TROUBLE WITH STUDENTS, THE SAYING GOES, IS THAT THEY TURN INTO ALUMNI. INDEED, A CLOSE LOOK AT THE COLLEGE-EDUCATED PEOPLE IN THE UNITED STATES IS ENOUGH TO DISPEL ANY NOTION THAT OUR INSTITUTIONS OF HIGHER LEARNING ARE DOING A GOOD JOB."**

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# THE YEAR OF THE GREAT MIGRATION

—*Henle (Monkmeyer).*

American students in Rotterdam—something for everyone.

By JAMES F. FIXX

IN ANDOVER, Massachusetts, some thirty eleventh-graders at Phillips Academy will embark next September to spend the school year in—of all unlikely places for a swarm of sixteen-year-olds—Barcelona, Spain. In return for the effort of talking Dad out of the $3,200 fee, the boys will be able to study at the Institute de Estudios Norteamericanos, tour Spain, Portugal, France, Switzerland, and Northern Italy, and live with a Spanish family. The purpose of the program, as the school describes it, is "to offer a fine opportunity to achieve complete fluency in Spanish, a good understanding of another people and their culture, and some familiarity with the culture and geography of Western Europe."

What is most remarkable about the Andover venture is not that it is happening but that, in these heady, world-wandering days of 1964, such a pilgrimage is hardly remarkable at all. So many students, both in high school and college, are traveling abroad today that it may soon be the exceptional student who stays at home. By the end of this decade, according to one prediction, no fewer than 25 per cent of undergraduates the country over will have been abroad at least once, and many of them will no doubt be rivaling the Jet Set as veteran ocean-hoppers.

Those familiar with trends in student travel have long suspected that the boom—largely a phenomenon of the postwar years—was nowhere near its peak. The numbers of students going overseas, based on passports issued, have been rising steadily since the end of World War II (see chart), and the variety of new programs available every year has been enough to satisfy the most specialized or even eccentric wanderlust. But it remained for the year just ended to show that the real boom may be just beginning. For, while in previous years the numbers of wandering scholars have increased by no more than 10,000 or so, in the peripatic year of 1963 they took an astounding leap of 30,000 to set a record of 133,150, or roughly the equivalent of South Bend, Indiana's entire population.

It was, in fact, the year of the quantum jump in student travel. The reasons for it were as diverse as the students themselves, but behind all the reasons lay some basic facts that contributed, more strongly than in any other year, to the nationwide scramble to get farthest first. The cold war, if not exactly thawed, was at least not quite so icy as it had been. The economy was healthy and money was relatively plentiful. The big jets were opening trails into nearly every cranny of the globe. The Peace Corps was giving new impetus and prestige to the idea of travel. Colleges, high schools, and commercial organizations were offering more trips to more places. And finally, the products of the postwar baby boom had become—though perhaps no one but themselves could quite believe it—young men and women eager to find out what the world is all about.

It is this last objective that is invariably cited as a major motive for educational travel, particularly when the journey is under the auspices of a school or college. Educators, despite a scattering of dissenters, are largely agreed that a student who has been abroad with a serious purpose in mind is likely to be less insular, more deeply concerned with international issues, and more tolerant of diverse views than his campus-bound counterpart. At Lake Erie College in Painesville, Ohio, for example, students participating in the "Winter Term Abroad" are expected, as the college puts it, to gain "a deeper understanding, a broader perspective, and a more mature involvement with the world and the complexities of our times." And a similar program at Florida Presbyterian College in St. Petersburg promises "improvement in international understanding . . ., for students pay their host country the compliment of visiting not as the vulgarly curious, but as carefully prepared visitors who seek to understand."

This commitment to global brotherhood, combined with the inevitable lure of wandering, has in recent years helped make travel not so much an adjunct to education as an integral part of it. The trend, long visible in colleges and universities, is also gathering momentum today in high schools. A decade ago it was a rare high school student who traveled overseas. But by 1960, according to one survey, nearly



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8,000 of them were leaving the United States. And last year the figure had climbed to well over 14,000.

One danger, recognized by many institutions but seldom totally eliminated, is that travel in itself is no substitute for lectures and studying. When students leave their home campuses, there is almost invariably an erosion of basic educational values. Whatever other benefits may help counterbalance the loss, the American student in Europe or Asia or Africa is bound to be occupied with learning the language, adjusting to new ways, and immersing himself in a new culture. He'd be wasting his time if he weren't. But these added burdens, valuable as they may be, too often undermine regular academic efforts.

To contend with the problem, colleges and high schools have arrived at a number of solutions. In the Andover program, the thirty boys will be accompanied to Barcelona by regular faculty members in math and English in order to maintain "a sound, traditional academic program in basic subjects." At Oberlin College, on the other hand, where the entire junior class in the Conservatory of Music has for several years been migrating to Salzburg, a decision was recently made to scrap the overseas program. The returning students, faculty members said, had serious trouble making up for lost time.

But whatever the problems, it is clear that student travel has never known a time of greater ferment and growth. Even the statistics, impressive as they are, do not suggest the full scope of the revolution. Especially significant is the obvious veering away from overseas programs with a broad, bland appeal into more specialized ventures. Among the new trends and ideas in student travel:

► Greater emphasis on countries outside Western Europe. In particular, Latin America and Japan are coming into their own as destinations for the student traveler, both during the regular academic year and at summer vacation time.

► Increased interest in travel to Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. Jointly sponsored by the University of Kansas and the University of Colorado, for example, is a ten-week summer course in Finland and the USSR, with emphasis on the Russian language. Another summer program, administered by the National Student Christian Federation, offers a tour of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Berlin, and the USSR; the emphasis is on politics, economics, and culture.

► Increased interest in work camps. While work camps are far from new, it is only recently that they have been established as far off the beaten track as Asia and Africa. One program, Operation Crossroads Africa, offers the opportunity to live, study, and work in rural areas of twenty African countries. Meetings are held with political leaders, businessmen, and village chiefs.

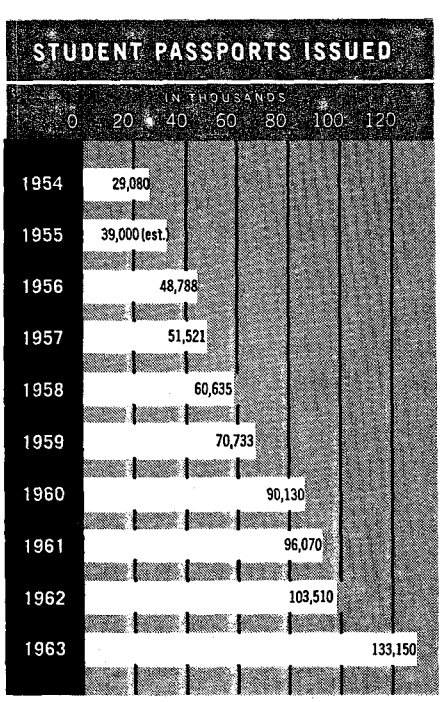
► More intensive programs for students with special interests. This summer, for example, the Fellowship of Reconciliation will offer a month-long tour of Rome, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, the Soviet Union, and the Scandinavian countries for travelers interested in studying religious life and practices. And the Jewish Agency in New York City is sponsoring a number of projects in Israel, among them a workshop and tour for Jewish educators, a pilgrimage for Bar Mitzvah-age children, and a study tour for high school students.

► Greater overseas opportunities for high school students. While until recently most programs were exclusively for college students, today high school students are being offered programs especially designed for them—and some are specialized enough to give a Ph.D. candidate pause. The Language Abroad Institute in Cleveland, for example, recently announced plans to conduct an eight-week course in England for students interested in English literature. The group will go, among other places, to Canterbury to study Chaucer, to Scotland and the Lake District to study Burns and Scott, and to Stratford-on-Avon to study Shakespeare.

► Greater active involvement by colleges and universities in overseas travel. Until recently, many institutions have been willing enough to give their blessing to student travelers but have been wary of getting into the act themselves. Today there are few colleges that do not make available to their students at least one overseas program.

For the student considering overseas study or travel—and for the parents who pay the bills—the big question, of course, is: Will it be worth the cost in time, trouble, and money? For some, the answer is clearly that it will not. If a student is having a difficult time at school in the United States, it is unlikely that a shift in geography will solve his problems. But for other students, travel teaches lessons that no classroom or textbook can. As any teacher or professor will testify, a scattering of returned travelers can enliven a classroom as nothing else can.

And, as an almost totally unpredictable dividend, there may even be something of the intangible that everyone talks about (usually in clichés) but that nobody can quite define: international understanding. It is probably harmless enough to talk of it as a grand goal involving billions of people, but it is also worth remembering that it cannot come about except one person at a time. And the student traveler, if he knows his business, may be just the person to do his part of the job.



Source: Passport Office, U.S. Department of State

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 10, 1, 6, 15, 11, 17, 2, 13, 14, 16, 20, 8, 18, 9, 7, 12, 19, 5, 4. Column Three should read: 16, 12, 7, 3, 1, 5, 8, 15, 20, 19, 2, 9, 14, 4, 10, 6, 11, 17, 13, 18. Titles of books or series and names of authors are: 1. Misty, pony, in *Misty of Chincoteague*, by Marguerite Henry. 2. Thidwick, moose, in *Thidwick the Big-Hearted Moose*, by Dr. Seuss. 3. Winnie the Pooh, (teddy) bear, in the *Winnie the Pooh* books by A. A. Milne. 4. Babar, elephant, in the *Babar* books by Jean and Laurent de Brunhoff. 5. Peter, rabbit, in *Peter Rabbit* by Beatrix Potter. 6. Gub-Gub, pig, in the *Dr. Dolittle* books by Hugh Lofting. 7. Johnny, crow, in the *Johnny Crow* books by L. Leslie Brooke. 8. Ferdinand, bull, in *Ferdinand the Bull* by Munro Leaf. 9. Moomin, troll, in the *Moomintroll* books by Tove Jannson. 10 Kaa, snake, in *The Jungle Book* by Rudyard Kipling. 11. Martina, cockroach, in *Perez and Martina* by Pura Belpré. 12. Ping, duckling, in *Ping* by Marjorie Flack. 13. Templeton, barnyard rat, in *Charlotte's Web* by E. B. White. 14. George, monkey, in the *Curious George* books by H. A. Rey. 15. Sampson, sloth, in *Julie's Secret Sloth* by Jacqueline Jackson. 16. Aslan, lion, in *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* by C. E. Lewis. 17. Genevieve, dog, in *Madeline's Rescue* by Ludwig Bemelmans. 18. Rat, water rat, in *The Wind in the Willows* by Kenneth Grahame. 19. Captain Flint, parrot, in *Treasure Island* by R. L. Stevenson. 20. Bilbo Baggins, hobbit, in *The Hobbit* by J. R. R. Tolkien.



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## The Legal Basis

*Continued from page 69*

not be refused admission. The Court explained:

> It must be borne in mind that the entire common school system in Pennsylvania was created and devised for the elevation of our citizenship as a whole. It is often termed a public or free school system, thereby meaning that it is supported by the public, and to be *open to all of lawful age who will avail themselves of its advantage, subject only to necessary regulations and limitations essential to its efficiency.* [Emphasis added]

William Alexander or any other child, therefore, could be denied admission to the manual training program or other special courses of the public schools of Pennsylvania only on reasonable grounds, e.g., if he lived outside of the school district or lacked the academic qualifications.

Public school authorities argued then as the legal officer in New York State has done that a shared time program bestows a benefit on a non-public school. Judge Shull refuted this contention: ". . . no private school, whether sectarian or not, is directly affected by the Act. *To no such school is any right or thing of value given* [emphasis added]; it is deprived of no right or thing of value; its status, its opportunities, and its usefulness are in no wise improved, interfered with, or discriminated against."

A STATUTE providing that the public schools would be open not only to regular pupils but to other residents of the district, said Judge Shull, did not violate constitutional prohibitions against the use of public funds for private or sectarian schools. The manual training school "by admitting to its course properly qualified pupils from the St. John's Parish School, would no more become a part of the said St. John's Parish School, or appropriate money, or lend credit to it than does the public high school, to which, for years past, the pupils of St. John's Parish School have been admitted without question."

The public school officials were ordered "to receive and admit the said William Alexander into the said Wright Manual Training School upon the same terms and conditions respecting qualifications as are and may be required in case of pupils of the elementary public schools."

On appeal to the state's highest court, the ruling was upheld. (Commonwealth ex rel. Wehrle v. School District of Altoona, 241 Pa. 224.) The protest that the statute, contrary to the Pennsylvania Constitution, "would practically give to private and sectarian schools the use of monies raised for the public schools," was rejected as being of "no merit."

Echoing Judge Shull, the state supreme court in a four to one opinion, declared:

> . . . the benefits and advantage of these additional schools as means of education and improvement are not restricted to the pupils in regular attendance at the elementary public schools . . . but are intended to be free to all persons residing in such District, subject, of course, to reasonable rules and regulations consistent with the spirit of the school laws and the necessity for their effective and orderly administration.

William Alexander could not be arbitrarily denied access to the services of Pennsylvania's public schools.

THE basic principles of public school operation, the child's right to an education and the parent's right and duty to see that the child is educated, are sometimes forgotten in debates over public schools and sectarian education. The objection to shared time raised by the legal officer in New York takes no account of these principles. But some other public school officials have kept them clearly in mind.

A single judicial consideration does not permit a definite answer to every legal question about shared time. Yet the weight of legal opinion reported here surely offers firm support for it. There will be increasing discussion of shared time in coming months. When legal questions are raised, public school officials would do well to remember that the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States should secure for everyone equal treatment of the law; we should remember the basis for the decision in the case of William Alexander, that the services of the public school shall be available to all children without unreasonable or arbitrary discrimination.

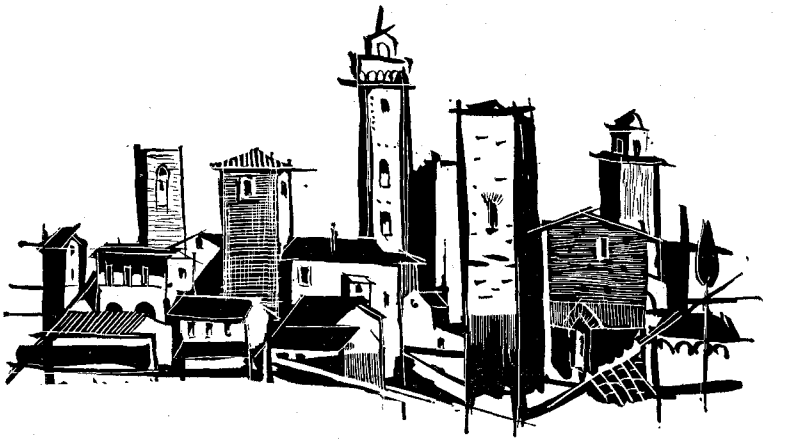
## Art in Education

*Continued from page 72*

everyday experience—the grand, the extraordinary, the extensions of the familiar. Science and research have penetrated it, too, sweeping big, new searchlights out into space, down into the mind, and back into the distant past.

The scientist and the research expert report the wonders they have seen, and their brothers standing down in the commonplace world receive the news impassively because its significance does not get through to them. The discoverers have the means of conveying the information, but they have no way of transmitting the majesty of it. The artist, on the other hand, with his rhythm, his colors, and the rest of the language of art, does manage to convey what he has seen beyond the commonplace—in all its fulness.

What shall we do then, combine them? Convert statistics into poetry, dance out the measurements of planets, sing the story of nuclear fission? It might work; but at the moment the idea seems impractical. Returning now to the high school student whose dilemma concerns us, we must go on teaching him all the science we can, and in his social studies let him have the full benefit of modern research. But we must also introduce him to the fine arts, all of them—painting, architecture, sculpture, music, dance, literature, theater, and teach him how to understand and appreciate them. Once he has learned to appreciate the fine arts and has successfully perceived some of them, he will no longer be confined to the commonplace world because the extraordinary visions of the artists will have entered his mind and expanded it to breach the limits of everyday experience. Then, when he is taught the grand information that comes down from science and research, he will be able to grasp more fully its meaning *because he will have seen grandeur.* Then, perhaps he will look at the stars in amazement and read the Constitution in reverence.





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# How It Operates

*Continued from page 68*

nomics in half-day sessions at a public school a half-mile away from their parochial school. The seventh graders attend the public school in the morning, the eight graders in the afternoon. In Philadelphia, about one hundred 10th grade pupils are attending vocational courses in either the morning or afternoon half of their school day at three public technical schools. The students go to the public schools on their own.

Under the Pittsburgh experiment, which received extensive publicity in 1962 though only twenty-three students were involved, the Catholic school students attended a high school concentrating on scientific and technological subjects. Their courses included chemistry, computer programs, marketing, engineering, and automotive technician. They began their day at the public school, to which they were transported by public school bus, and after their classes there they walked to their Catholic school, about ten minutes away. This avoided violation of state laws concerning public transportation of students to nonpublic schools.

In Flint, Michigan, which began a program this year, 187 Catholic school students from the seventh to the tenth grades are going to the public school for algebra, trigonometry, chemistry, physics, Spanish, and French. They are using the buses of the public school district.

For all this variety, two general criteria are evident in shared time programs. The Catholic schools try to select public school courses that are not heavily involved in the value system the Catholic school seeks to inculcate. The public schools, for their part, are governed by practical considerations of local statutes, local opinion, and available facilities.

It takes two to make shared time work, and the fact that it is working underscores a spirit of cooperation. For its part, the Catholic school must and invariably does surrender some jurisdiction over its students. In commenting on shared time plans in his bailiwick, the influential superintendent of Chicago's Catholic schools, Msgr. William E. McManus, made it clear that the Catholic school students will be "unequivocally" subject to public school regulations. Nor does he expect any concessions on the choice of textbooks.

Thus far, public school administrators directly involved in such programs have testified publicly to the success of their experiments. In Hartford, Connecticut, and Hamilton, Ohio, where programs have been operating for many years, the public school superintendents have praised community support and cooperation between the schools. To this writer's knowledge, no public school superintendent directly involved in shared time has said it was a failure.

On the other hand, one survey of public school administrators found two-thirds of them opposed to shared time. They cited as reasons, financial difficulties, problems in class scheduling, and a concern that shared time violates the principle of separation of church and state. Their critical attitude is based on legitimate reservations about an idea that is still in the experimental stage.

Some educators are concerned about the danger of breaking student bodies into religious cliques. Dean Howard R. Jones of the State University of Iowa, raised the question at a school administrators' convention a year ago: "One of the great dangers of a shared time program is the possible divisive effect produced by splitting the student body into groups identified with religious denominations for portions of the school day. Will these identifications carry over into other aspects of the school's program, extracurricular activities for example?"

THERE are other objections to shared time. It is felt by some that it amounts to an indirect subsidy for Catholic schools and that it would place even further pressures upon public school facilities and on the teachers. The logistics would also deter many parents, and in some states drastic changes in laws would be necessary. For some educators, the danger of indirect pressure from the Catholic school is very real, particularly since it seems unlikely that Protestant and Jewish schools will become involved on a large scale.

In the face of such serious objections and reservations, proponents of shared time have a partial record to point to. While no large-scale experiments have taken place, there are numerous pilot projects. Actually, Detroit is a significant project because it involves a sizeable number of pupils in a large urban area. Though any serious evaluation must wait at least until the end of the first year, early reports on Detroit are favorable.

In Cheboygan, Michigan, where this writer made a case study of a fifteen-year-old shared time program, the ingredients and the circumstances common to any project of this kind were evident. From the outset, both the Catholic and public school superintendents stressed the common goal for any such limited partnership: "that every youngster get the best possible education." From there they began, but there also has been a fair exchange of advantages on both sides.

Faced with a booming school population and limited resources in this small northern Michigan town, the Catholic superintendent, Father Robert W. Heyer, does not hesitate to point out the significance of shared time: "If we did not have this program, we would not be running a Catholic high school in Cheboygan." One-third of his 250 students are taking public school courses in mathematics, science, or vocational skills—the areas in which Catholic high schools feel the greatest pressures in hiring teachers and providing adequate facilities. These are also "neutral" in imparting values to the students.

Besides receiving state funds prorated on the class hours attended by the Catholic school students, the Cheboygan public school gains greater Catholic support. This is particularly important when school bonds must be approved. On local school issues, in particular, there is a Catholic vote to take into account and shared time is bound to win greater Catholic support for the local public school. While shared time is instituted in response to educational rather than political pressures, this useful after effect is a benefit for the local public school that must be taken into account. In fact, the public school superintendent of the Detroit suburban district involved in shared time conceded publicly that he hoped the program would consolidate Catholic support for future school tax campaigns in a district that is almost half Catholic.

The harmony reported in other shared time programs is also evident in Cheboygan. There are no signs of divisive effects and a careful effort is made to avoid athletic contests between the two schools to prevent any competitiveness. The Catholic school students, coming from a more authoritarian school environment, adjust quickly to the more permissive mood of the public school.

**FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1071**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1071 will be found in the next issue.*

ABCDEFD BA GZD YECX

WZDEYVDEYE GYTSX GZSG

BA "RADCDAA:" BG FSEEYG

LD DOWCYBGDT.

WBFSQT

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1070***

*Perfect clarity would profit the intellect but damage the will.*

—PASCAL.



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In some cases, a new element of politeness was added to the Cheboygan classroom and some of the public school teachers praised this influence.

The consensus of teacher reaction was stated by a public school science teacher who said: "As far as I am concerned, the students are all the same—students are students. There are the bright ones who won't work, the average students who work hard, the eager ones who are out to learn, the ones who just get by. I don't even notice which are Catholic high students and which are public, and I'll bet you can't tell them apart." This visitor couldn't.

In Cheboygan, as elsewhere, public school students receive priority in the school program; the Catholic school students can only be accommodated if there is room. The Cheboygan Catholic school principal schedules her classes after the public school has made its schedule. She reports that it is hardly much more of a problem than the usual headache of scheduling. The problem is eased by public school courses that have two sections and by study periods that can be juggled.

IN Cheboygan, as in other instances where shared time is adopted, the experiment must be home grown. At the top there must be flexibility and harmonious relations for all the usual reasons involved in limited partnerships where two parties have to work together. Shared time has the added problem of being an experiment and of involving the "wall" between public and parochial schools. Given stiff-necked school superintendents—whether Catholic or public—the project would break down.

Overwhelmed by the law of booming demand and limited supply, the Catholic educator is more than ever ready to compromise. According to the latest estimate, 55 per cent of Catholic children of elementary school age and 80 per cent of those of high school age are in public schools. By 1970, an estimated 70 per cent of Catholic children will be in public schools.

The traditional Catholic goal of "every Catholic child in a Catholic school" has become an impossible one. It is called "inconceivable" by Msgr. McDowell of Pittsburgh. He argues that it is better to have 2,000 Catholic school students in a shared time program receiving a religiously-oriented education in subjects directly concerned with value content and ideals than to have 1,000 taking all their courses in a Catholic school and the other 1,000 completely left out.

When Catholic spokesmen like Msgr. O'Neil C. D'Amour of the National Catholic Educational Association refer to shared time as a compromise they are concerned about the notion of "per-

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT SHARED TIME

1. *What proportion of the student's time typically is spent in the parochial school and what part in the public school?*

Typically, the students divide their schoolday approximately in half between the public and the parochial school, particularly in the recent and most widely-publicized examples of shared time.

2. *Which subjects are studied in each school?*

The parochial school teaches English, social studies, and religion, at least. Any of the other courses are likely to be studied in the public school, particularly science, mathematics, technical and vocational courses.

3. *Who grants the diploma?*

The parochial school.

4. *When the student applies for college, which school computes his grade average and how is his rank in class determined?*

Since the student is regarded as a graduate of the parochial school, his record, rank, and grades are determined by the parochial school.

5. *If the public school receives state aid on the basis of average daily attendance, how is the amount of aid computed when the student spends only a part of his time in the public school?*

The total number of course hours attended by all shared time students is divided by the normal number of course hours attended by a full-time student. The mathematical result is the equivalent number of full-time students in attendance.

6. *Which of the two schools is responsible for the student's social and recreational activities? Does he participate in athletics in either or both schools?*

The parochial school student only attends classes in the public school. All other aspects of his school life are within the context of his parochial school.

7. *If school bus transportation is required, who pays for it?*

This depends on state law. If use of public school buses is not permissible, the parochial school or the parents of the pupils are responsible for transportation.

8. *Who decides which subjects must be taught in parochial schools and which are "neutral"?*

The parochial school officials, though the subjects chosen vary from one shared time program to another.

9. *Does the shared time program require a reorganization of the school day—i.e., must all the subjects taught to both groups be taught in the morning or afternoon? What scheduling problems have appeared?*

The parochial school has the main scheduling problem of accommodating itself to the public school, which, in turn, is usually flexible within the limitations of giving priority to its own student body and of not turning its normal schedules upside down. No insurmountable scheduling problems have been reported.

10. *What becomes of parochial school teachers who formerly taught math, science, etc., when these subjects are transferred to the public school?*

Little dislocation has taken place since shared time is adopted when such teachers and facilities are lacking. The shortage of such teachers is so great in parochial schools that such a problem is hardly likely to arise in the foreseeable future.

11. *What other problems have arisen that need to be understood by those considering shared time programs?*

The fundamental problem is willingness to work together on the part of parochial and public school officials and public acceptance locally of shared time.

12. *Is this likely to be a permanent solution or a temporary one?*

As a partial solution, adopted to suit local situations, shared time programs have continued for years in various parts of the country. However, if parochial schools ever were to get sufficient federal aid, shared time would probably fade away.



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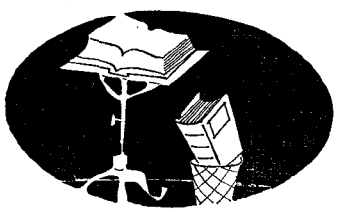
meation" of the school years with the Catholic atmosphere and orientation. The Catholic educators arguing for shared time are facing the fact that they must settle for half a loaf and are trying to make it available to as many Catholic children as possible. Shared time appeals to them as a promising way of doing this, though it is clearly a departure from the closed system of a "permeated" Catholic education.

The implicit retreat from "permeation" has caused hesitation in some Catholic circles, while potential conflict with their views on church and state has provoked criticism among various Protestant and Jewish spokesmen. Public school educators are concerned about the consequences upon public education. Shared time may alter the role of the public schools just as it alters the traditional role of the Catholic school with total control over its environment.

In the elementary school, shared time prevents separation of the sexes and presents a problem for the single-teacher grades. This is a particular stumbling block for the Catholic school and it is also on the elementary level that most Catholic educators would insist on "permeation." Consequently, shared time can be regarded as mainly a junior high school and a high school phenomenon for Catholic schools.

Thus far, successful pilot programs have carried shared time beyond its basic popular and practical tests. No citizen resistance of any consequence has been reported in the cities and towns where shared time programs are operating, while Catholic parents have ranged from cooperative to enthusiastic. The next challenge is a major trial in a large city with hundreds of Catholic school students and several schools involved. This will involve considerable expansion of the limited partnerships that are springing up, and until this test is passed, the future of shared time on a large national scale remains uncertain.

Meanwhile, shared time dramatizes a period of growing contact between public and parochial education and in specific local situations it has worked to the benefit of the pupil, the ultimate test of any educational program. Some pupils in some places are getting better schooling because of shared time. Even if it goes no further than a pilot project, shared time can also open the way to further innovation, interaction, and experimentation among American schools and this, certainly, will have lasting significance.



# To Know and To Do

*Continued from page 63*

suggests that we try the psychiatrist down the hall.

The psychiatrist down the hall replies by reading from his *New Introductory Lectures*: The physician "has no need to consider whether the patient is a good man, a suicide, or a criminal . . . It is not the business of the analyst to decide between parties." What is the business of the analyst? "To send them away"—he is still reading—"as healthy and efficient as possible." "But this is Haman! This is Hitler." The psychiatrist—τηs ψυχηs ιατροs, or doctor of the soul—shrugs and says, "Keep going down the hall."

Down the hall the judge is instructing the jury in that which is instructable: the law. But in that which is not—the good and evil of men that brings them into court—the jury is the judge. Twelve ordinary men whose only competence is their relative freedom from reflexivity. The petit juror, not the judge, is the judge of morals, just as the petit voter, and not the political scientist, is the judge of politics. What moral knowledge seems to want is the scientist's dispassion without the scientist's science.

With the Renaissance impact of secularism, pluralism, and science, moral doctrine lost the unity (and therefore the authority) with which it was so long advanced as the index, if not the compulsion, to action. Nowadays we have surveys of moral doctrines. The survey or peep-show has much to be said for it. It steers clear of the prerogative (no longer claimed by the church) to tell the child what is right and wrong. It avoids the parental storm that engulfs the teacher who presumes to teach (or even to have) *a* doctrine. And it keeps the moral philosopher out of the moral hole. The student in fourth (or fourteenth) grade who asks, "Why should I be honest?" or "Where do we go when we die?" can be sent down the long, long hall.

Natural science, unlike moral science, never did claim to be able to make men good. (To be sure, its practice fortifies such virtues as patience, initiative, and open-mindedness, but so do burglary, baby-sitting, and philosophy.) It teaches what it knows can be taught and delivers the goods—the goods that enable us in peace to live longer and less laboriously and in war to fight longer and more effectively. It doesn't try to tell us what to live or fight for, or whether labor is bad for us or longevity good. These are the "insoluble" problems that have to be taken to the man still further down the ever-lengthening hall.

Some of the designers of the atomic bomb pleaded secretly with Mr. Truman that it not be used, and some of them entrenched themselves behind the admirable scientific attitude of suspended judgment. (Mr. Truman, who had a sign on his desk reading, "The buck stops here," may have envied them their trench.) Apparently a scientific lifetime does not help a man decide whether or not to explode an atomic bomb. And in the summer of 1963 the nation's lawyers decided to straddle the civil rights issue as the only possible compromise between the Northern and Southern delegates to the American Bar Association. How learned must I be—and in what?—in order to know what to do about the atomic bomb and civil rights?

I am told that the modern world, with all its complexity, requires more learning of me than my forebears had. Not in my case; I recall none of the crises of my life (there have been more than six) that I might have met better had I known more. But a little of my great-grandfather's incorruptibility might have come in handy. I have lied as a

**Why Sally can't "take" shorthand.**

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matter of course and cheated and stolen when I "had to." I have jettisoned principle when the wind howled and thanked God that I am as other men are. And on the occasions of unavoidable moral choice I have mobilized my good reasons for doing bad things and emerged as a trimmer whose object all sublime is to get on in the modern world of A.D. or B.C. 1964.

I am told that the fortunate form of government under which I live requires a great deal of knowledge of me as a citizen. I have to understand public finance—which the public financiers, who don't have to understand anything else, dispute. I have to know whether Cambodia is east or west of North or South Vietnam and why we are fighting *there*. I have to have a judicious opinion on Guinea, Guiana, and Ghana. I am, in a word, producing more history than I can possibly consume. Without a righteous specialist in all these matters—or with an unrighteous one—I am lost.

Morality aside, I am told that I have to have more technological knowledge than my father, who didn't have an automatic transmission. Why isn't just the opposite true? The neighborhood crawls with automatic transmission men. And the work I am likely to get (if I am looking for work) requires me only to press the button every time the bell rings—a procedure which Pavlov's dog discovered long since is easier learned on the job than from books. When Herbert Hoover was asked about Telstar, he said, "I belong to a generation that just doesn't grasp all that." Don't we all? And what difference does it make?

True, the conversion of knowledge to precept and precept to action is said to take prudence, and a man wants some sort of head for it; but as an excuse for helplessness it is one with the suspended judgment of the scientist who devises the bomb. A man lies bleeding by the road. Shall I use my automatic transmission to stop my car? The priest and the Levite were graduates of the Harvard Medical School, as the Samaritan was not. He misplaced the tourniquet. Too bad; but he was the only hope of him who had fallen among thieves.

We are asked if we mean to dispense with natural science. We reply: only with as much of it as we absolutely have to. It is nice to know that the earth goes round the sun, that man and a candle flame both metabolize, and that the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence. It is nicer to know these things than to have to depend upon those who do. But the competence I want *and for which I can not depend upon another* is moral competence, and I can not get it from science.

Shall we then put a little more of our student's time into, say, esthetics? Music is said to have an inordinate power



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to soothe the savage breast—which comes closer to the moral crisis than all your metabolism. But we must aim at appreciation, not at theory: It is not musicology that soothes the savage breast. The trouble with the arts—music no less than medicine—is that a man may be both an artist and a swine. And this is true of the liberal artist too. Why, then, shouldn't we exhaust the possibilities of teaching decency (or at least exhaust ourselves looking for them) before we do our student the dubious favor of putting tools, even the finest tools, in his hand?

Watch out with your liberal arts, your arts of reasoning, or you will have equipped a monster to rationalize his monstrosities. You will have beefed up a part of a man—the part unique to men and to angels, and to fallen angels. Dewey may have been wrong in many things, wrongest of all to proclaim a science of pedagogy (as if a man could be *taught* to be a Dewey); but he was righter than he was wrong. He was right to insist, with Carlyle, that the end of man is an action and not a thought, however noble, and righter still to resist the compartmentalization to which the liberal, no less than the servile, arts are susceptible.

WHAT is left, then, that may be taught to some possible moral advantage? What is left are, preeminently, the true humanities, the disciplines that deal with man as man: ethics, politics, psychology, sociology, social anthropology, history, natural theology, and the principles of metaphysics, jurisprudence, and economics. These are the studies, and they alone, that speak to the human crisis. What makes us think that they will be heard? Haven't we argued that knowledge does not compel action? The answer is that our parlous case must be made on the precarious faith that there may be a kind of post-nasal drip by means of which some of what goes into the head will find its way to the heart.

In this faith a studied acquaintance with man's moral struggle may commend itself to our crisis curriculum in several ways. It may urge sensitivity upon our student and intensify such sensitivity as he already has. It may sharpen his ability (though he may not be any the better for it himself) to tell a good man from a bad one. It may somehow, as Plato suggested, "anchor" the good man's goodness. Finally, his intercourse with the goodness and badness of men living and dead may exemplarily endear the one and dishearten the other to him.

The ancients had too few books. We have too many. But good books are better than bad books, and great books are great even though the two words are capitalized. Some of our texts may be remote in time or place, but so is progress; and their very remotion (so Alec Meiklejohn found at Amherst) may help our student escape the *Teufelskreis* of reflexivity. They will be masterpieces of the liberal arts, those tools of the verbal trade whose mastery constitutes a kind of graduate literacy. Why not teach the arts exemplarily too and use morality (the way the *Dialogues* do) as the material of their instruction? Some of our texts will be in foreign languages, which we can use to read them and to communicate with our fellow-men confronted around the world with the common human crisis.

THE ancients took a cyclical view of the human condition. Men, even gods, soared and plummeted in a lifetime, in a single day, and "those cities which once were great are now nothing, while those that are great were once nothing." With the Renaissance behind us, the invalidity of the cyclical view is still to be demonstrated. It will not be demonstrated by new methods—not even when they are called methodologies—for teaching the irrelevant or by the construction of more stately mansions to shelter our cyclotrons.

We are not visionary these days, no more so (if no less) than our fathers who stoned the prophets. And our children, unless they are black, reject neither the image we present nor our preoccupation with images. There must be a reality somewhere. But the faith of the more recent fathers that education would disclose it turns out to be sterile. And its sterility illuminates the situation in which we find ourselves.

We are amputated Greeks. We have been cut off—cut ourselves off—from the mysticism that threaded Greek rationalism. An Italian in Thirteenth Century Paris, Aquinas by name, was the liveliest of all the Greeks; He undertook to prove the existence of God by reason alone. We dying Greeks undertake to prove we-care-not-what by reason alone and we wind up in the thrall of Emerson's Things and *their* meaningless mystique.

We know what goodness is, and we always have; Machiavelli knew, and Moses. But we do not know how to make men good. It is going on two-and-a-half millenia since the first discussion of education opened with the question, "Can you tell me, Socrates, whether virtue is acquired by teaching or by practice . . . or in some other way?" Perhaps the question is not to be answered; in which case we may concentrate on a succession (better yet, a continuum) of gaieties in contented conscience. But perhaps another two-and-a-half millenia of unrelenting inquiry will produce the answer; all the more reason for getting started at once.


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**CONNECTICUT:** Rebuilt sawmill, 12 miles east of New Haven, near coast. Particulars on request. Box F-450.

## FOR RENT—FURNISHED

**BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS**—Beautiful house in primitive setting available now. 20 acres. Box F-670.

## HOUSE WANTED

**WANTED FOR SUMMER RENTAL** by woman executive. Compact Connecticut home, Westport or Greenwich. References. Box F-409.

## HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

**HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU** will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

**MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES** for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

**VACATION LOAN A HOME SERVICE.** Exchanges arranged between reputable people. Box 556, Carmichael, California.

**VACATION TRAD-A-HOME.** Accommodations available between responsible people. Write Box 3323, San Bernardino, California.

**COLLEGE TEACHER** wishes exchange Martha's Vineyard Island house, July, for house San Francisco area. Box F-651.

## APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

### For Summer Rental

**COUPLES OVER 50.** Would you like to live half the year on Cape Cod? 4 comfortable apartments, large living room, 2 bedrooms, twin beds, kitchen and bath. Separate entrances. Spacious grounds, beautiful trees. May to November. Reasonable rates. Telephone 385-3325, Holly Hill, East Dennis, Massachusetts.

## APARTMENT WANTED

**EXURBANITE BUSINESSWOMAN** yearns to return to Manhattan. Small, livable apartment East Side between 50th and 80th Streets would be nice. Box F-671.

## ROOM AVAILABLE

**IN THERAPY?** Opportunity to live in town house near village NYC. Congenial surroundings for creative, intelligent, responsible people. Nonprofit. Write Box F-493.

## ROOM WANTED

**SR STAFF MEMBER,** female, desires room and bath with family. Manhattan. Box F-664.

## PROPERTY FOR SALE

**RIGHT IN THE CENTER.** 16 popular ski slopes within an hour's drive. Build on open or wooded acreage adjoining small highland lake. J. H. Macleod. Wallingford. Vermont.

**AAA MOTEL** in beautiful mountain village at edge of Yellowstone National Park. A way of life for a family—skiing, hunting, fishing, horseback riding and jeeping. TOGETHER. Reason? We have too much property to fully enjoy the activities—we're not leaving! Box 1001, Cooke City, Montana.

## CAMPS

**THE ROCK** provides venturesome concerns and adventurous activities for a thoughtful boy or girl, 11 through 17. RFD Williamsburg, Massachusetts.

**IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS:** Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey.

**SALTASH MOUNTAIN CAMP** (One of the Farm and Wilderness Camps). Rugged, primitive camping for 40 boys, 11-15, on wilderness lake. Challenge to muscle, imagination, self-reliance. Campcraft, canoeing, conservation, forestry, hiking, swimming. Friendly, informal atmosphere. (Also Indian Brook for girls, Timberlake for boys.) Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

**STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP** on Long Lake, N.Y. Theatre, Dance, French, Sports. Coed. 342 Madison Avenue, NYC. TN 7-6690.

**NEW TEENAGE PROGRAM** improves self-confidence, work habits, leisure use. Shaker Village, P.O. Box 1149S, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

**CRESTWOOD HILLS,** established vacation school for capable students, offers individualized program of guidance and study plus recreational, cultural and social activities. Accredited prep courses available. Coed ages 15-18. Write to Dr. O. Mink, Box 133, Ithaca, N.Y.; or call W. L. Smith, Ph.D., 716-671-4382, H. L. Isaksen, Ph.D., 617-862-8904.

**A HAPPY SUMMER SOLUTION** (Berkshire Area) for 16-17 year old boys and girls. Program combining creative experience and responsibility through work. Camps Orin-Sekwa, 1 Vernon Drive, Scarsdale, New York.

**OUTSTANDING COED CAMP** with a program for every child! Diamond J Ranch: an adventure camp on horseback. Windham Sports Camp: for the camper who loves sports. Diamond Village for Teenagers: sports clinics, riding, aviation, precollege development. 2110 Barnes Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10462, TAlmadge 8-4440.

**MAINE SAILING SCHOOL**—summer camp, coed, 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Roy and Emily Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California.

**BROWN LEDGE**—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, trail riding, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Mrs. H. E. Brown, 81 Tilden Road, Box C, Scituate, Massachusetts.

**A CAMP OF NOTE:** All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville 3, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

**D-ARROW CANOE TRIPS.** 36 boys, 10-16. Three age groups. On Grand Lake, Maine. Seven weeks. Lake, white water trips: Maine, Canada. Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, New York.

**CAMP CHOCONUT.** Stressing self-reliance. A summer of constructive fun for 40 boys, 9 to 16. Campcraft, trips, shop, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Private lake. 800 wooded acres in northeast Pennsylvania, 17 miles south of Binghamton, New York. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 33R, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania.

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**WILL YOUR RETIREMENT** be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

**RETIREMENT HOTEL** with the finest to offer in year-round living, low rates. The Manor Retirement Hotel, Asheville, North Carolina.

**RETIRE:** Best climate this hemisphere. Romantic city; low costs; Medical Plan. Box F-360.

**HAWLEY MANOR INN** — Comfortable country living. Completely modernized. Newtown, Connecticut.

**MODELS IN CO-OP** appealing to an intelligent clientele now opened. One and two bedrooms at lowest prices and upkeep. Crystal Court, Box 973, Hollywood, Florida.

## VACATIONS

**MEMORABLE MEALS** and associations. Gregg Hill Lodge, Box 277, Stowe, Vermont.

**WORKING CATTLE RANCH,** Indian country, beautiful surroundings. A few guests this June. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Crawford, Nebraska.

**VISITING ENGLAND?** For a unique and carefree holiday we offer: Daily tours by private car with driver-guide to Oxford, Stratford, Cotswolds, Cambridge, Coventry, Windsor, Eton, Warwick and Kenilworth Castles, Sulgrave Manor, etc.; stay in delightful manor house—good food, informal atmosphere. Shakespearean performance at Stratford-on-Avon. Meals out at picturesque pubs and inns. At an all-inclusive $175 per week—no tipping—no "extras." For particulars, write Box F-104.

**THE SEASIDE,** on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

**HORSEMAN'S HAVEN** in old Mexico! What more can you ask? Fine horses, beautiful trails, superb climate, outstanding instruction by cavalry officers based on methods of Mexican cavalry. Charming accommodations. Dressage, cross country, and jumping. Beautiful Colonial town, fiestas, academies, spas, library (bilingual). Write Escuela Ecuestre S. M. A., Apartado 185S, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

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**HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN,** directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy, A. P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

**WINDHAM HILL FARM,** West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Skiing, skating and tobogganing.

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**BLUEBERRY HILL!** Pussywillows! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

**LA ORILLA,** Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

**PATAGONIA, ARIZONA,** Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

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## SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

**LOW COST** College and Pre-college Study Tour Programs, including French and Spanish Language, European or Latin American Politics and Economics, Italian Art Seminar—all programs feature study and travel. Write: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. SRB, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016, or 1355 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90024.

**VICHY** Study and Travel Group. Girls 15-17. June 30th-August 19th. Supervised. French studies. All sports. Touring. $1,495, all-inclusive. Colvin Inc. Travel, 743 Fifth Avenue, New York. PLaza 3-2382.

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**PUTNEY SCHOOL** is sponsoring three study-trips: Alaska: a Drama Trip to England, Scotland and Germany; and Egypt-East Africa. Write Putney School, Putney, Vermont.

**COMPARATIVE EDUCATION:** classes in London (University College of Preceptors) and Paris (Institut Pedagogique National), seminars in Geneva, Florence, Vienna, Prague, Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo. July 10th-August 29th: a travel course offered by College of Education. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY, Philadelphia, with 6 credits. Cost $1,579 with full sightseeing, dinner meetings, evenings in theatre, opera. STUDY ABROAD, Inc./250 West 57th, NYC/Box 1505, Escondido, California.

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**BUENOS AIRES, SANTIAGO, MONTEVIDEO** summer study for students 15-18, free tuition. American Youth Exchange, 1000 North Krome Avenue, Homestead (Miami), Florida 33030.

**CARIBBEAN, TRADE WINDS SUMMER SCHOOL**—July 6th-August 7th. On beautiful St. Vincent. Stimulating courses: Art, Consumer Economics, Literature, Writers' Workshop. Bruce Pannier, Buena Vista Road, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

**CLASSES IN SALZBURG** (July 1st-August 7th), Dijon (July 6th-August 14th), Guadalajara, Mexico (July 6th-August 14th). College credits, tours. Write for bulletin. Dean, Summer School, Nevils 156, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20007.

## TRAVEL

**NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD,** 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town. Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

**JOIN** our pleasant little family group for a drive by automobile from Munich through Austria, Yugoslavia, Greece, Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia. Oh, yes! Bastille Day in Paris begins the trip. Donald Hart, Davis-Jacobs Travel Service, 242 Trumbull Street, Hartford, Connecticut.

**CITIES OF CENTRAL ASIA TOUR,** July 5th to August 23rd, 1964. Visit Samarkand, Bukhara, Ashkhabad, Dushanbe, Alma-Ata, Tashkent, Baku, Erevan, Tbilisi, Sochi, Kabul, Tehran, Isfahan, Shiraz, Persepolis, Istanbul, plus Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Irkutsk. $2,788 from New York by Sabena jet. For folder, see your Travel Agent or Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

## TRAVEL

**SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP** to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath: free swimming pool: family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

**TEENAGE ADVENTURES:** Hawaii/Mexico—"roughing it"—Quaker leadership. Director, 3473-8 Califave, Modesto, California.

**WASTING YOUR HOLIDAY? . . .** Over one thousand Americans last year enjoyed hobbyist, professional classes in arts, crafts, writing, Spanish, history at famed Instituto Allende. Sunshine, field trips, fiestas, Mexico's most beautiful town. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Box 6, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

**LOW COST STUDENT TRAVEL** that college and pre-college students can afford. Itineraries include Western and Central Europe, Scandinavia, Israel, Greece, Spain and Around-the-World. Write: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. SRA, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016, or 1355 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90024.

**ALPS OF EUROPE TOUR.** See the resorts, magnificent vistas, cosmopolitan cities, hidden valleys, international spas of the 7 Alpine nations. 27 days. Departures: June 17th, July 15th, and August 12th. $810.60, beginning Geneva. A few of the places you will visit include Chamonix, Courmayeur, Sion, Brig, Locarno, Lenzerheide, St. Moritz, Tarasp, St. Anton, Lindau, Garmisch, Innsbruck, Zell-Am-See, Cortina, Villach, Bled, Graz, Vienna. For folder, see your Travel Agent or Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

**TEENS IN EUROPE.** Escorted and supervised by teacher-directors. EDUCATOURS, 4348 Van Nuys Boulevard, Sherman Oaks, California.

**PLANNING A VISIT** to New York . . . on a budget? Then Beekman Tower Hotel is for you—because it offers everything you'll want and more! In the heart of midtown Manhattan's East Side—bright and cheerful guest rooms and suites overlooking the East River and near everything of interest. Two excellent but moderate priced restaurants plus famous Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge with its spectacular views of the city's fascinating skyline. Best of all are the attractive rates—especially for package combinations. Color folder on request. Dept. SR-5, Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street, at First Avenue, New York 17, Tel. 212-EI 5-7300.

**FOR STUDENTS 15-19.** Special travel programs that emphasize doing, rather than just sightseeing, and close contact with people of other lands. Travel with European teenagers and live with a European family; speak French in France all summer; visit a Soviet Youth Camp; study Spanish in Mexico—or choose from varied list of trips planned to help you know a part of Europe well. For full catalogue write: George R. Shumlin, Director, The European Travel-Camp, Putney, Vermont. (13th year.)

**333 EUROPEAN HOTELS**—Latest edition of seldom listed but modest and comfortable hotels in 140 cities covering 19 countries. Most extensive list available of inexpensive European hotels. Gives prices, addresses, telephones. Send $1 to: BON VOYAGE, Box 24684SR2, Los Angeles 24, California.

**FOURTH CLASSICAL WORLD TOUR,** June 14th—August 15th, 1964. Italy, Dalmatia, Greece. Professor James S. Constantine, Box 3441, University Station, Charlottesville, Virginia.

**YOU, TOO,** can sail around the world! Visit four continents (including Australia and New Zealand!). Travel aboard spacious Dutch passenger liners "Oranje" of Nederland Line, or "Willem Ruys" of Royal Rotterdam Lloyd. Enjoy Continental cuisine and attentive service. 76 day voyages for as little as $13 a day. 8 sailings annually from Port Everglades, Florida. Some calls at New York. See your travel agent or write Dutch World Services, Holland American Line, Pier 40, New York 14, N. Y.

**SUMMER IN EUROPE?** Challenging, unrushed tour; ages 19-33. Box F-366.

**HENRY HUDSON HOTEL.** 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single studio rooms, private bath, weekly $26 up, singles daily $7 up, doubles $11 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

## TRAVEL

**WANTED:** Congenial persons for informal European tour, including Greece—sailing June 20th, Mediterranean route. Dr. Stallman, 519 Glenwood Drive, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

**THE AUXILIARY KETCH "KANWARA"** is now being readied to visit the exotic and intriguing ports of the world. If you have $6,300 and 18 months to spare to satisfy your wanderlust, join her select band of congenial adventurers. Karol Yacht Service, 2601 Kerckhoff, San Pedro, California.

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**BACHELOR PARTY®**—Escorted Cruises and Tours—for single men and women. Travel with your own age group to Europe, Mexico, Caribbean, Hawaii, California, World's Fair, Orient, Around-the-World. Free 32 page catalogue. Contact Department SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

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**THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW** but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath, television and air-conditioning. Singles from $7, doubles from $10. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. The modernized and gracious Tudor offers special family rooms featuring two baths. Write Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street. Phone 212-YU 6-8800.

**SEMINAR TOUR,** Israel and Soviet Union. July 1964. Round trip jet. One month. $1,125 total. Write Dr. Samuel Freeman, Adult Education Council, Room 616, 145 East 32nd Street, NYC.

**NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR THEATOUR**—Complete package including hotel, theatre tickets, and other attractions. Your transportation to and from New York arranged at official rates. Complete domestic and international travel service. EMPIRE STATE TRAVEL, 201 West 46th Street, New York 10036.

**JAPAN, ORIENT, EUROPE,** including SPAIN. Fourth Annual Tour Around the World with Dr. Joseph W. Ballantine, U.S. Consul-General (Ret.). Experienced host and linguist. Privileged meet-the-people features, sophisticated native entertainment for mature, interested travelers. By jet—July 3rd, 1964. Transmarine Tours, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036, OXford 5-4460.

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**NICEST GIFT TO PARENTS**—The gift of a lifetime—A two-week de luxe escorted tour by rail and private motor coach around Florida, from only $669.90 for two (from New York). All expenses included: transportation, finest hotels, meals, gratuities, entertainment. Make new acquaintances on a leisurely, interesting vacation. Send for free detailed brochure. Le Beau Tours, 100 West 42nd Street, New York 36. WIsconsin 7-6190.

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1558

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

## DEFINITIONS

A. Having a great expanse of sea or lake (comp.).

B. A covering of the sky by clouds.

C. Ancient banner of St. Denis, carried on a lance-tip.

D. Twining spirally upward around an axis from left to right.

E. Ancient doctrine, that one fulfills moral duty by the pursuit of pleasure.

F. A formal hearing with some very V.I.P.

G. Term of endearment, often slightly contemptuous, for a child or a pet animal.

H. Common garden flower, *Dianthus barbatus* (2 wds.).

I. Familiar opening words by a former president of the U.S. (2 wds.).

J. The blood of gods.

K. Distinctive dress of any profession, esp. clergy (2 wds.).

L. One born of a European parent on one side, and a Hindu or Moslem on the other (comp.).

M. Specifying James Beatty as holder of a world record, June, 1962, at L.A. (comp.).

## WORDS

98 40 56 145 204 46 59 107 160 132 45

141 39 191 121 65 118 25 11

97 125 114 62 75 197 149 210 34

126 64 158 130 49 10 143 165 173

106 100 54 28 119 2 190 209

12 167 81 110 122 192 89 55

7 68 20 177 195 3

108 1 50 74 155 150 129 117 14 22 139 170

33 83 104 101 72 15 24 120 87

152 168 60 112 133

84 186 96 144 196 23 79 27

151 188 183 146 162 32 140 21 8

163 57 211 166 67 200 127 147

## DEFINITIONS

N. "From this moment on".

O. Tending to draw out.

P. Nickname for Gladstone by Lord Rosebery, 1882 (3 wds.).

Q. Small Antarctic amphibian, with only two upper incisors, claws on fore-feet only (2 wds.).

R. How Hitler described the victory of terror and force over reason (*Mein Kampf*).

S. First steps toward attainment of a result; the Victorian lady's "unwelcome attentions".

T. Passenger-carrying commercial vehicle, not running on schedule.

U. Exclamation of praise to the Lord.

V. Mummylike figures deposited in an Egyptian tomb, generally bearing inscriptions from the Book of the Dead.

W. Trifles; humbug; fiddle-faddle.

X. One name for an albatross.

Y. Subject of a lover's adoring ballads, acc'g to Shakespeare.

Z. Puts on the top of a house anew.

## WORDS

4 19 9 207 30 63 148 38 193 154

184 128 88 153 66 58 41 157

51 115 43 69 203 208 111 78 131 161 71

47 109 179 102 5 138 116 52 135

134 164 180 94 86 206 185

137 199 95 76 44 18 187 36

159 175 17 181 90 61 13

169 6 93 82 31 99 205

37 176 85 124 182 105 70 142

212 178 77 29 16 198 35 194

123 103 201 172 136

91 174 42 189 53 156 26

202 48 73 80 171 113 92

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 H | 2 E | 3 G | 4 N | | 5 Q | 6 U | 7 G | 8 L | | 9 N | 10 D | 11 B | 12 F | 13 T | 14 H | 15 I |
| | 16 W | 17 T | 18 S | 19 N | 20 G | 21 L | 22 H | 23 K | 24 I | 25 B | | 26 Y | 27 K | 28 E | 29 W | 30 N |
| | 31 U | 32 L | 33 I | 34 C | 35 W | | 36 S | 37 V | 38 N | 39 B | 40 A | 41 O | 42 Y | | 43 P | 44 S |
| 45 A | | 46 A | 47 Q | 48 Z | | 49 D | 50 H | 51 P | 52 Q | 53 Y | 54 E | 55 F | 56 A | | 57 M | 58 O |
| 59 A | 60 J | | 61 T | 62 C | 63 N | 64 D | 65 B | 66 O | 67 M | 68 G | 69 P | | 70 V | 71 P | | 72 I |
| 73 Z | 74 H | 75 C | 76 S | 77 W | 78 P | | 79 K | 80 Z | 81 F | 82 U | 83 I | | 84 K | 85 V | 86 R | |
| 87 I | 88 O | 89 F | 90 T | 91 Y | 92 Z | 93 U | 94 R | 95 S | 96 K | | 97 C | 98 A | 99 U | 100 E | 101 I | 102 Q |
| | 103 X | 104 I | | 105 V | 106 E | 107 A | | 108 H | 109 Q | 110 F | 111 P | | 112 J | 113 Z | | 114 C |
| 115 P | 116 Q | 117 H | 118 B | 119 E | 120 I | | 121 B | 122 F | 123 X | 124 V | 125 C | 126 D | 127 M | 128 O | | 129 H |
| 130 D | | 131 P | 132 A | 133 J | 134 R | 135 Q | 136 X | | 137 S | 138 Q | | 139 H | | 140 L | 141 B | 142 V |
| 143 D | 144 K | 145 A | | 146 L | 147 M | 148 N | 149 C | | 150 H | 151 L | 152 J | 153 O | 154 N | | 155 H | 156 Y |
| | 157 O | 158 D | 159 T | 160 A | 161 P | 162 L | 163 M | | 164 R | 165 D | | 166 M | 167 F | 168 J | 169 U | |
| 170 H | 171 Z | 172 X | 173 D | 174 Y | | 175 T | 176 V | | 177 G | 178 W | 179 Q | 180 R | 181 T | 182 V | 183 L | 184 O |
| | 185 R | 186 K | 187 S | | 188 L | 189 Y | 190 E | 191 B | 192 F | 193 N | 194 W | 195 G | | 196 K | 197 C | 198 W |
| 199 S | 200 M | 201 X | 202 Z | 203 P | | 204 A | 205 U | 206 R | | 207 N | 208 P | 209 E | 210 C | 211 M | 212 W | |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.



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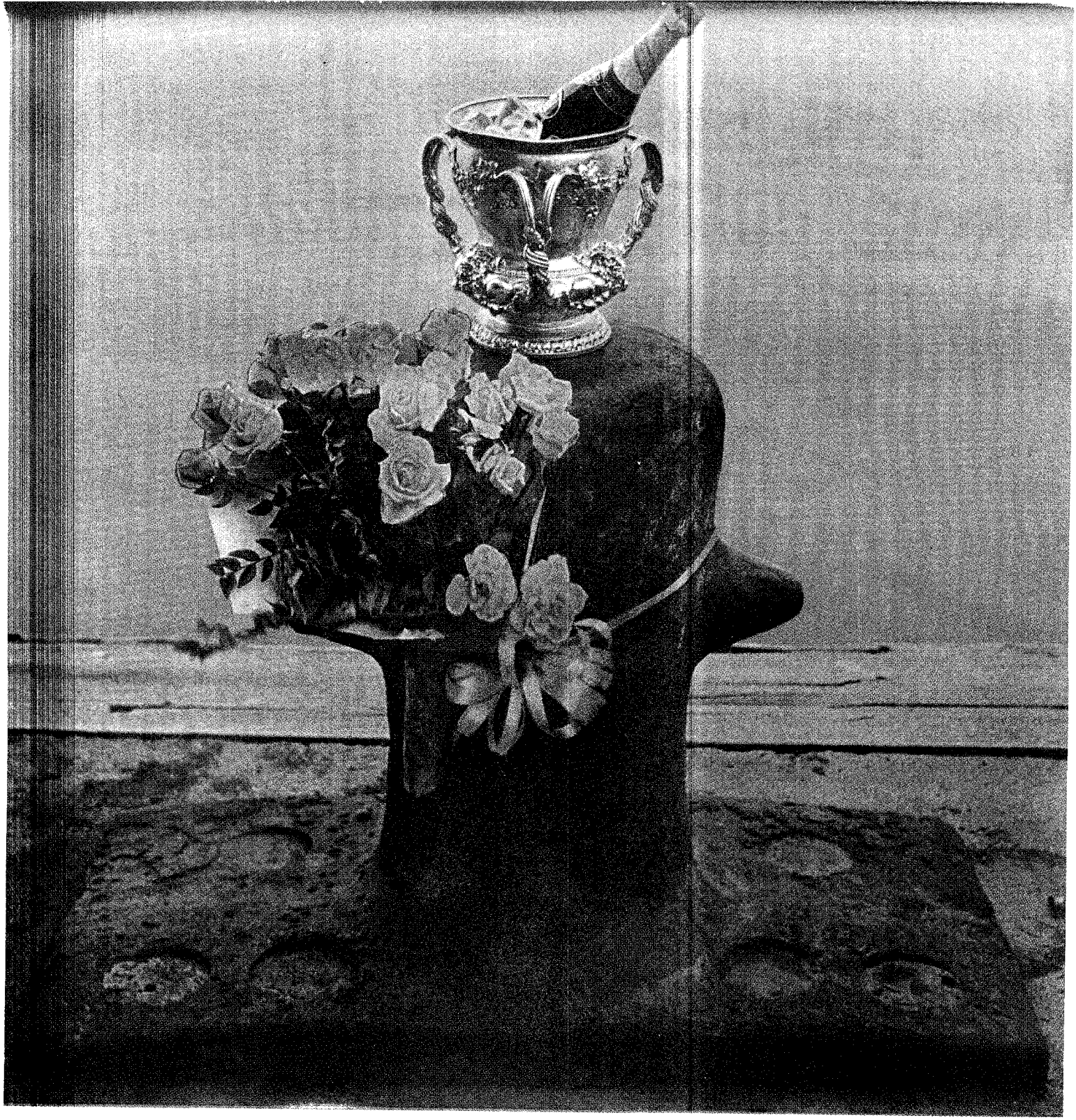

# Reserved for the Shalom /Arriving April 30

Pier 32, New York Harbor, is getting ready for Spring early this year. It's eager to welcome an exciting new arrival—a lady named Shalom. Shalom *should* arrive with Spring. She, too, is refreshing, light-hearted, joyful. And very friendly. More than a luxury liner, she is a special experience. The Shalom's maiden voyage is very special, too. You leave New York on May 8 and sail to sunny Lisbon. On to Barcelona, Piraeus, Rhodes. Next stop, Haifa. Spend four days exploring exciting, vibrant Israel. Then rejoin the Shalom and enjoy the good life as you cruise to Naples, Marseilles, Malaga and back to New York. After her maiden voyage, the Shalom will sail monthly to Malaga, Marseilles, Naples and Haifa. She will leave New York on June 11, July 10, Aug. 10, Sept. 10 and Oct. 9. And if you are planning to be in Israel on April 17, you can join the Shalom on her gala preview Atlantic crossing. See your travel agent and say, "Shalom."

BE A "GUEST"...GO ZIM LINES זים

And don't forget Zim's other fine transatlantic liners. One leaves New York for Haifa every third Friday throughout the year.

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